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MOVIE CLASSIC

SEPTEMBER

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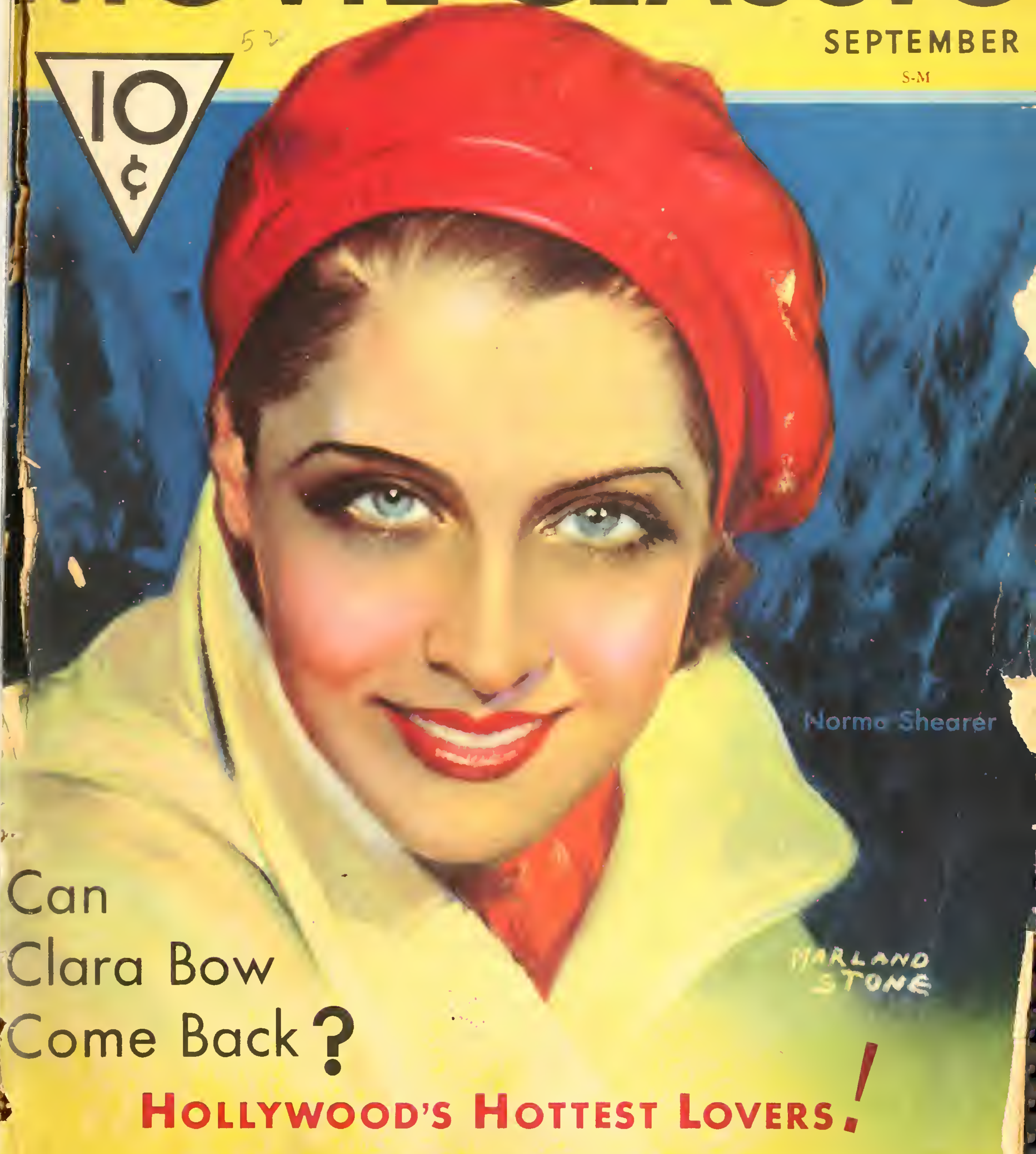
Norma Shearer
HARLAND STONE

Can Clara Bow Come Back?

HOLLYWOOD'S HOTTEST LOVERS!

Do MOVIES and MARRIAGES Mix?

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Laura La Plante
Columbia Pictures' Star

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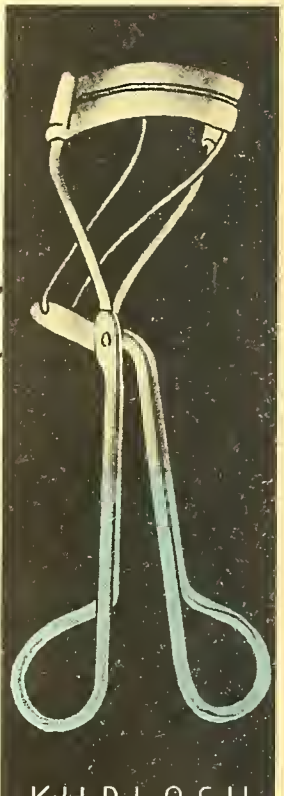

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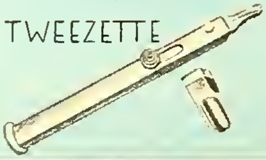

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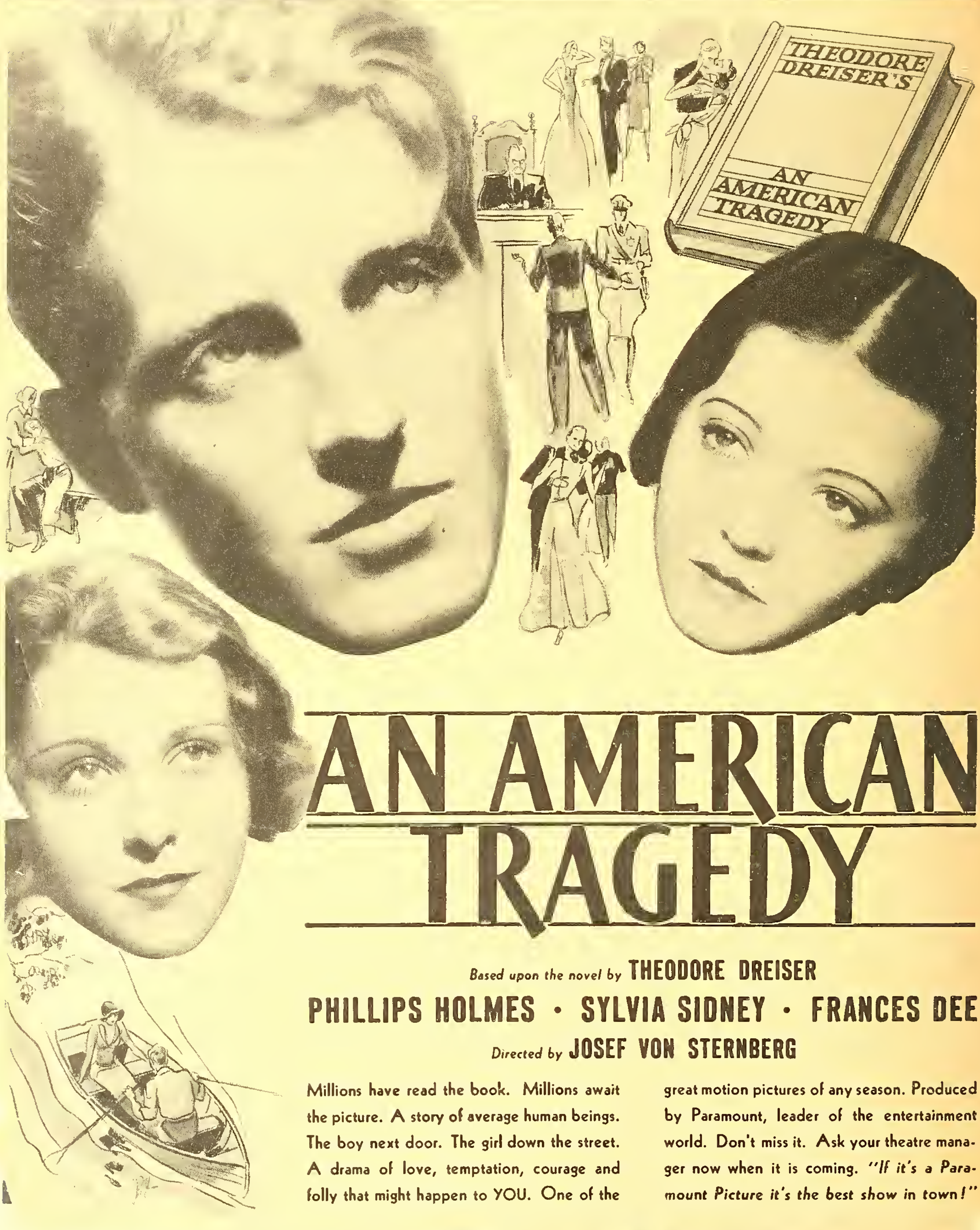

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MOVIE CLASSIC

I No. 1

SEPTEMBER, 1931

THE NEWSREEL OF THE NEWSSTANDS

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COVER DRAWING OF NORMA SHEARER BY MARLAND STONE

STANLEY V. GIBSON, Publisher

LAURENCE REID, Editor

HERMAN SCHOPPE, Art Director

MOVIE CLASSIC comes out on the 10th of every Month, MOTION PICTURE the 28th

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MOVIE CLASSIC *is published monthly at 350 E. 22nd St., Chicago, Ill., by* MOTION PICTURE PUBLICATIONS, INC. *Entry as second class matter applied for at the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, under the Act of March 3, 1879; printed in U. S. A. Editorial and Executive Offices, Paramount Building, 1501 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.,*
ight 1931 by MOTION PICTURE PUBLICATIONS, INC.
Single copy 10c. Subscriptions for U. S., its possessions, and Mexico $1.00 a year. Canada $1.50. Foreign Countries, $2.00. European Agents, Atlas Publishing Company, 18 Bride Lane, London, E. C. 4. Stanley V. Gibson, President and Publisher, William S. Pettit, Vice President, Robert T. Canfield, Secretary-Treasurer.

BETWEEN YOU AND M

DO you know who now has Paramount's No. 1 dressing-room, formerly occupied by Clara Bow—not to mention Pola Negri and Gloria Swanson? Sylvia Sidney, who took Clara's place in "City Streets."

The elf-faced, dark-haired newcomer may not have Clara's energy, Pola's passion, or Gloria's grandeur—but she is on her way to the heights. Don't miss seeing her as *Roberta Alden* in "An American Tragedy," which looms as the year's best picture—even if it may send shivers up Theodore Dreiser's spine.

PARAMOUNT seems to be starting all over again. Bow is out. Powell and Kay Francis have gone to Warners. Buddy Rogers is now but a featured player. (He is about ready to give up the screen for the radio. My spies tell me he'll have his own band at the New Yorker Hotel in New York.) Jack Oakie has also been demoted. The only stars left are Marlene Dietrich, Tallulah Bankhead, George Bancroft, Gary Cooper, Fredric March, Maurice Chevalier, Richard Arlen, Clive Brook and the four Marxes. (Don't forget the Marxes.) Ruth Chatterton and Nancy Carroll are likely to stay.

But Paramount has the most promising army of reserves of any studio in Hollywood: Paul Lukas, Carole Lombard, Sylvia Sidney, Phillips Holmes, Claudette Colbert, Miriam Hopkins, William (Stage) Boyd, Peggy Shannon, Lilyan Tashman, Eugene Pallette and Stuart Erwin. There are plenty of coming stars in that bunch!

CLARK GABLE and James Cagney are the two lads you want to keep your eyes on. They're the sensations of 1931. (And doesn't it seem like old times to have sensations again?) Their reputations have grown like Jack's beanstalk. Each is slated for stardom in the fall.

WOMEN—even the hard-to-please Hollywood kind—are calling Clark Gable the greatest lover since Valentino. And Gable's career, in part, is surprisingly like Valentino's. After considerable banging about the world, he finally drifted to Hollywood. After much struggle, he became an extra, finally graduating to "heavy" parts. But here their records differ. No single picture has pushed Gable ahead the way "The Four Horsemen" pushed Valentino. Despite the handicap, Gable has become the most romantic figure on the screen to-day.

Cagney is of a different stamp. He excites the admiration a great actor always excites. His type is also rare. There was little that was likable about his character in "The Public Enemy." He deliberately set out to show you how weak and despicable a gangster could be—and accomplished hi
He was different, intensely different. He didn
he didn't pose, he didn't look love-sick. He wa
With the rôles built to fit his youth, he is mac
the sort of thing that Jannings used to do.

YOU'D better give up that hope of seeing Ga
and Gilbert together again. (I have.) And W
ter Winchell had better give up that phrase: "they
Garbo-Gilberting." The new phrase for warm-em
ing, Walter, is going to be either "Garbo-Gable-i
or "Gable-Garbo-ing." John Gilbert is getting so
from his great-lover rôles that there now are
afoot to have him play *Arsene Lupin*, the cele
fictional detective. But one thing about Joh
has proved at last that he can lick the talkies.

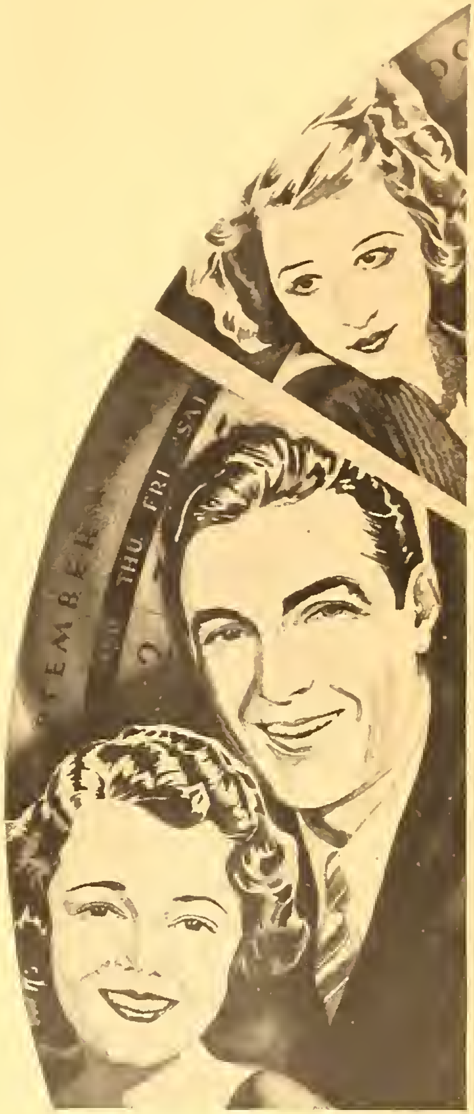
THE wisest thing Clara Bow ever did was to t
down those tempting stage offers (ten thousa
dollars or more a week). If she had accepted, t
natural conclusion would have been that she w
deliberately capitalizing on all those headlines—an
her popularity would have hit an all-time low. As
is, her fans—and there are millions of them—s
feel that Clara has had bad breaks, and still want
see her get a good rest and then come back with
bang.

WHAT won't flappers think of next? The newes
fad in Minneapolis is to wear tiny silhouettes
favorite movie stars—either sewn on dresses, or gl
on calves. Preferably, glued on calves.

THERE are only two stage stars of any importan
who have not heeded the siren call of Hollywo
—Katherine Cornell and Jane Cowl. Helen Hayes
here at last. Watch this girl. She may not have t
looks of a Dietrich, a Del Rio, or a Damita—b
what personality! She makes you forget she's a
actress. She makes you forget that you're watchin
drama that came out of somebody's fertile brain
You'll see her first in "Lullaby," and then as *Leora*
opposite Ronald Colman in Sinclair Lewis' best story,
"Arrowsmith."

YOU will notice that there are no fan letters in this first issue of MOVIE CLASSIC. But next month, watch for them! And how about yourself? Isn't there something you'd like to tell the movie world?

Larry Reid



YOU HAVE A DATE . . .

.and what a date! A date with Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell nd the golden world of sweetheart time...a date with Will Rogers and the laughter that sweeps you free of worries like a clean, strong wind. You have a date with a dazzling company of great stars, with the glamorous magic of great stories that will carry you out of a workaday world to a land of enchantment.

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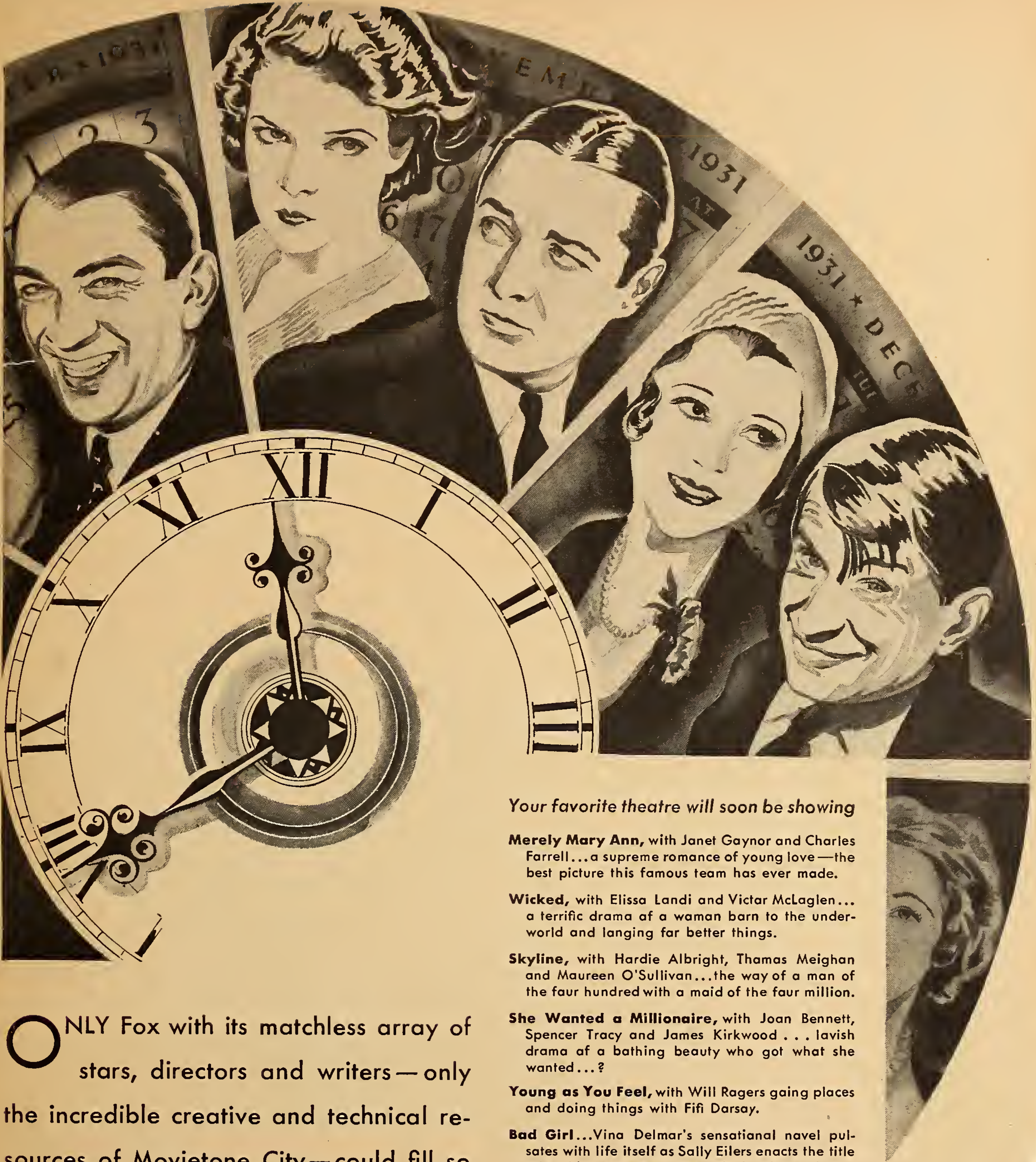


ONLY Fox with its matchless array of stars, directors and writers — only the incredible creative and technical resources of Movietone City — could fill so many hours with such superb delights. To make sure you don't miss a single one of these great Fox pictures, ask your favorite theatre when they will be shown — and the date is on!

Your favorite theatre will soon be showing

Merely Mary Ann, with Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell . . . a supreme romance of young love — the best picture this famous team has ever made.

Wicked, with Elissa Landi and Victor McLaglen . . . a terrific drama of a woman born to the underworld and longing for better things.

Skyline, with Hardie Albright, Thomas Meighan and Maureen O'Sullivan . . . the way of a man of the four hundred with a maid of the four million.

She Wanted a Millionaire, with Joan Bennett, Spencer Tracy and James Kirkwood . . . lavish drama of a bathing beauty who got what she wanted . . . ?

Young as You Feel, with Will Rogers going places and doing things with Fifi Dorsay.

Bad Girl . . . Vina Delmar's sensational novel pulsates with life itself as Sally Eilers enacts the title role with the newest screen find . . . James Dunn.

Over the Hill, with Mae Marsh and James Kirkwood . . . epic of tears and laughter and the heart's deepest passions.

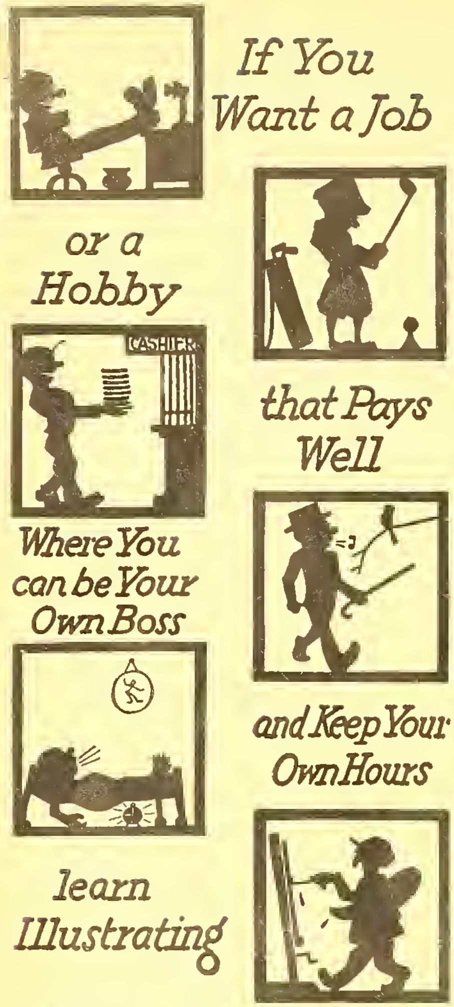
Sob Sister, with Linda Watkins and James Dunn.

Riders of the Purple Sage. Zane Grey's great story with George O'Brien and Virginia Cherrill.

The Yellow Ticket, with Elissa Landi, Charles Farrell and Lionel Barrymore.

The Brat, with Sally O'Neill and Frank Albertson.

FOX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Age
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TIPPING YOU OFF

Little Low-Downs On The Stars

IT'S getting so that a star can't be temperamental any more at Paramount. If she wants to stage a walk-out and threaten to break her contract, she is free to try. The studio has four girls—no less—all ready to be built into stars: Carole Lombard, Sylvia Sidney, Miriam Hopkins and Peggy Shannon. When Nancy Carroll recently flared up a bit, says one who should know, she was gently reminded of this little fact.

Speaking of Nancy, the ex-Mrs. Jack Kirkland lost no time in getting married again. Her six-weeks' Mexican divorce—obtained by proxy—was no sooner in effect than the changeable red-head murmured "I do" to Bolton Mallory, editor of *Life*. It's getting so that it's as easy to marry as it is to get a divorce.

Word seeps out that Garbo is nearly ready to break her long silence. Rumor has it that reporters for the dailies and the press associations will all be summoned into the Glamourous Presence one of these days and will be allowed a joint interview. If true, you have a right to suspect that Dietrich's meteoric rise and, moreover, her willingness to let the public know her are largely responsible.

Greta's new picture—"The Fall and Rise of Susan Lenox"—has caused no end of trouble. First, it was called "The Rise and Fall of Susan Lenox." That had to be changed, and with it the story. It took so long to agree on a leading man that Clark Gable had time to become a sensation meanwhile, so he was given the rôle. All in all, twenty-two writers have worked on the story. At least six times, Garbo herself has stopped production to have the plot altered.

Longworth

Just a little get-together as they do it in Mexico. James Cagney and Joan Blondell say it is the most delightful of old Spanish customs

---

As you thought, James Cagney will soon be a star. The youngster who made talkie history in "The Public Enemy" will be high-spotted in the fall in "Blind Spot." Did you know that he was born on the border of the "Hell's Kitchen" section of New York, that his father owned a handsome saloon, and that he used to play in the two-a-day—except that in the theaters he played the vaudeville was the five-a-day kind?

Duncan Renaldo, the *Little Peru* of "Trader Horn," has finally disproved his ex-wife's charge that he is an alien, but he hasn't seen the end of his troubles. He has convinced immigration authorities that he was born in Camden, N. J., in 1904, but was taken to Rumania by his mother when he was four, not returning until he was seventeen. All of which explains his foreign accent. Now the former Mrs. Renaldo is asking him to meet those alimony payments. The legal agreement was that he would pay when he was working. But he has been so busy disproving her allegations that he hasn't had a chance to work!

All of the principals in "Trader Horn" have had tough breaks. After returning from the long location trip to Africa, Edwina Booth was ill for months from jungle fever and hasn't yet done another feature. Harry Carey's fine performance as Horn was not rewarded by a flock of big-time offers. He now is making a serial.

Loretta Young has filed intention to unwed Grant Withers. But she will get her divorce in California, not Nevada—which means that she will have to wait a year before she can marry again. No marrying in haste next time for Mrs. Belzer's daughter! . . . Grant, who hasn't had much say in the matter of their separation, is back on the screen again, starting anew in Sono-Art's "First Aid." In the picture one girl leaves him cold, and he thinks another does—and in both cases he takes it hard. That's like Grant.

Lily Damita has gone back to *la Belle* France for a vacation. On the same boat that she hopped was a well-known picture executive. A strange coincidence? . . .

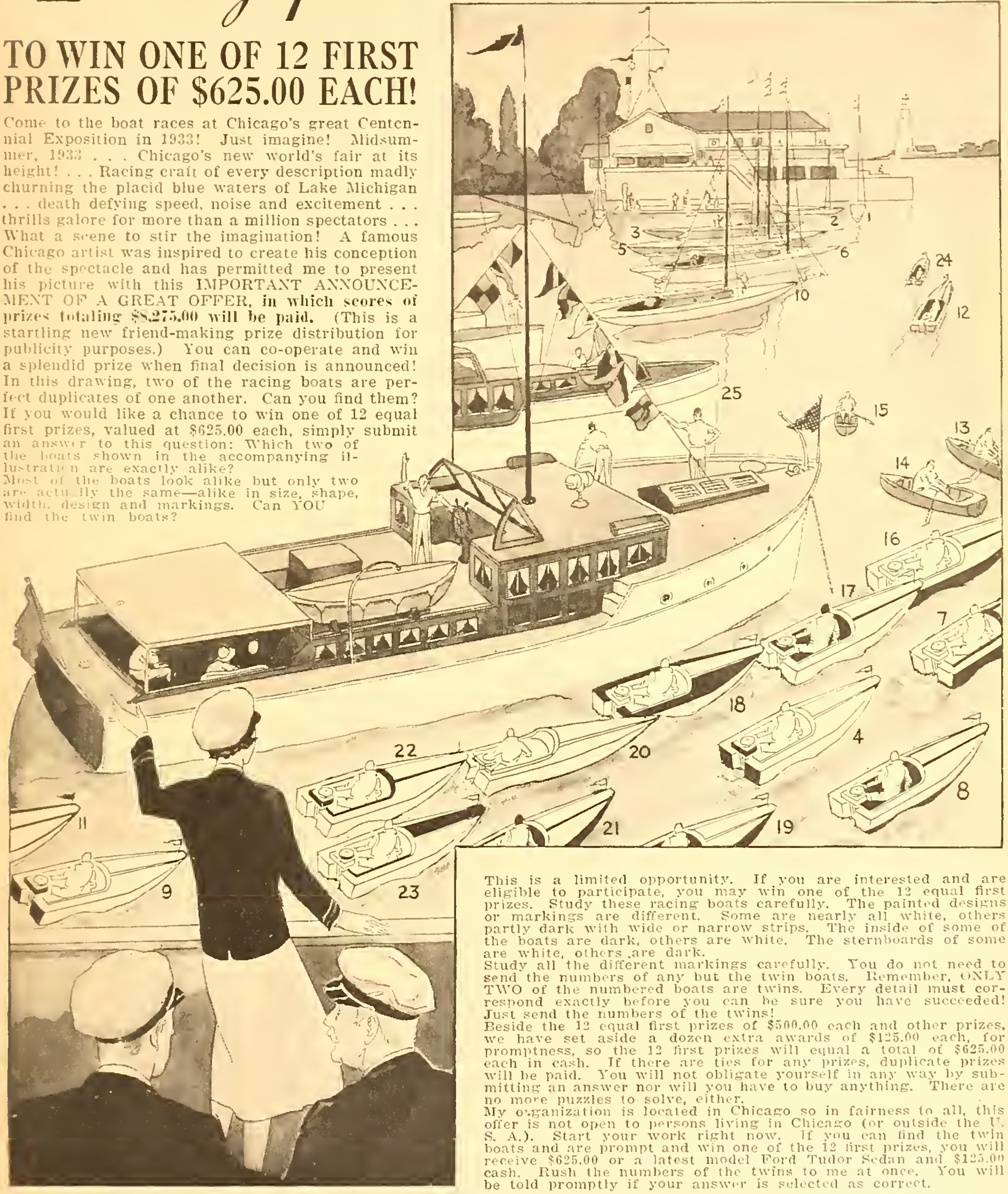
(*Continued on page 69*)

Qualify FOR THE OPPORTUNITY

TO WIN ONE OF 12 FIRST PRIZES OF $625.00 EACH!

Come to the boat races at Chicago's great Centennial Exposition in 1933! Just imagine! Midsummer, 1933 . . . Chicago's new world's fair at its height! . . . Racing craft of every description madly churning the placid blue waters of Lake Michigan . . . death defying speed, noise and excitement . . . thrills galore for more than a million spectators . . . What a scene to stir the imagination! A famous Chicago artist was inspired to create his conception of the spectacle and has permitted me to present his picture with this IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT OF A GREAT OFFER, **in which scores of prizes totaling $8,275.00 will be paid.** (This is a startling new friend-making prize distribution for publicity purposes.) You can co-operate and win a splendid prize when final decision is announced! In this drawing, two of the racing boats are perfect duplicates of one another. Can you find them? If you would like a chance to win one of 12 equal first prizes, valued at $625.00 each, simply submit an answer to this question: Which two of the boats shown in the accompanying illustration are exactly alike?

Most of the boats look alike but only two are actually the same—alike in size, shape, width, design and markings. Can YOU find the twin boats?



This is a limited opportunity. If you are interested and are eligible to participate, you may win one of the 12 equal first prizes. Study these racing boats carefully. The painted designs or markings are different. Some are nearly all white, others partly dark with wide or narrow strips. The inside of some of the boats are dark, others are white. The sternboards of some are white, others are dark.

Study all the different markings carefully. You do not need to send the numbers of any but the twin boats. Remember, ONLY TWO of the numbered boats are twins. Every detail must correspond exactly before you can be sure you have succeeded! Just send the numbers of the twins!

Beside the 12 equal first prizes of $500.00 each and other prizes, we have set aside a dozen extra awards of $125.00 each, for promptness, so the 12 first prizes will equal a total of $625.00 each in cash. If there are ties for any prizes, duplicate prizes will be paid. You will not obligate yourself in any way by submitting an answer nor will you have to buy anything. There are no more puzzles to solve, either.

My organization is located in Chicago so in fairness to all, this offer is not open to persons living in Chicago (or outside the U. S. A.). Start your work right now. If you can find the twin boats and are prompt and win one of the 12 first prizes, you will receive $625.00 or a latest model Ford Tudor Sedan and $125.00 cash. Rush the numbers of the twins to me at once. You will be told promptly if your answer is selected as correct.

COME TO THE BOAT RACES AT CHICAGO CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION 1933

W. M. CLARK, Manager, - Room 38, - 52 W. Illinois Street, Chicago, Illinois

Our Hollywood NEIGHBORS

GOINGS-ON AMONG THE PLAYERS

BY MARQUIS BUSBY

THIS might just as well be termed Rumor Month right in the beginning. Rumors have been flying around Hollywood as thick as actors at a producer's birthday party. And it's a good thing that there is something new to chin about. For awhile nobody did anything to get talked about. People at the Embassy Club and the Brown Derby resorted to talking about what they'd read lately. It was sort of tough on some of them. It looked like a laryngitis epidemic in some cases. Life and caviar-on-toast were awful bores.

It's all changed now. Howard Hughes has been reported as very friendly with Lillian Bond, and Billie Dove is also reported as pretty sore about the whole business. Howard ("Hell's Angels") Hughes is starring Billie in "The Age For Love," and a Hollywood wit suggests it would be just dandy to follow up with Lillian Bond in "The Second Age For Love."

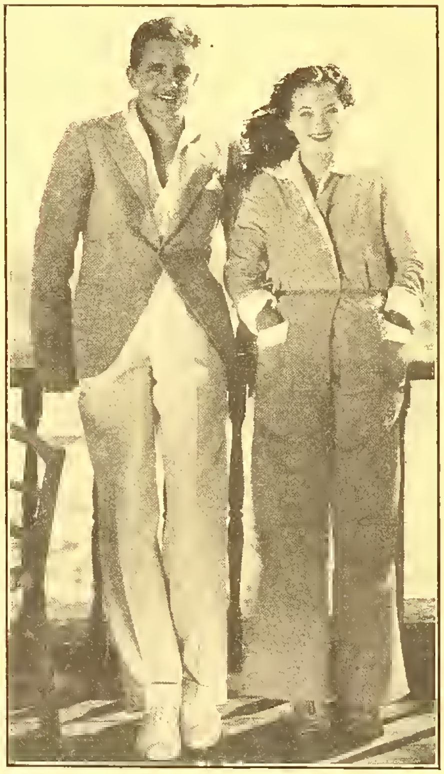
The Hughes-Dove romance has been reported as languishing for some time. What, no wedding bells!

NUMBER two in the rumors, and rather far-fetched if you ask me, is that Joan Crawford is expecting that old "blessed event." I'll believe that when I see Joan wheeling a baby carriage down the Boulevard. I thought it was definitely settled that there would be no patter of little feet in the Crawford-Fairbanks manse for quite some time. Unlike most royal houses, "Pickfair" doesn't exactly yearn for a third generation. After all, Doug. Sr. would look kind of silly hopping over pianos, with a grandchild in the background. Mary Pickford couldn't go *Kiki*-ing around if she were a grandma—even a step-grandma. However, friends of Joan assure me that she would like to have a child.

Until a year ago, it looked as if the stork had gone out of fashion with bustles in Hollywood. Norma Shearer sort of gave it social *éclat*, and now Bebe Daniels, expecting in September, makes it quite *comme il faut*. There goes that dollar-a-lesson conversational French.

NATURALLY there are always Garbo rumors. The world thrives on them. Right now the chatter has it that Garbo will "go home" to Sweden. Option time is coming around, and she is through with "Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise." (Gosh, it's going to be tough on the electrician, getting all of that in electric lights.) However, Garbo starts to work immediately in "Mata Hari," and that will carry her past the time when the option on her contract expires. Her fans (and if they all voted the Democratic ticket, the Republicans wouldn't have a chance) don't have to start worrying for awhile.

Gossip also has it that Garbo has bought a house near Stockholm, and that she has all the money she will ever want. The wildest report of all—and it just goes to show that you can hear anything in this town—was that Garbo would elope with King Vidor. I don't know what was to happen to Eleanor Boardman. Maybe she was to be poisoned first. At least, it was the most insane rumor since the sensational report that Gloria Swanson was dead.



After what he did in "An American Tragedy," you wouldn't think Sylvia Sidney would go down to the water again with Phillips Holmes. But off the screen, they're pals

WITH the dog days upon us, the town is pretty well deserted. To give any accurate report on stellar doings, a writer should be all of the Smith Brothers or the Seven Sutherland Sisters, and be all over the map.

A Paris letter reveals that Claire Windsor is making the tourists sit up and take notice at the Ritz bar, and glimpsed here and there about the oo-la-la city are Gloria Swanson, Corinne Griffith, Marion Davies and Constance Talmadge. Favorites of other days also in Paris are Nita Naldi, Alice Terry, Carlyle Blackwell and Pearl White, now the owner of a smart casino and wearing diamonds enough to pay the French debts. Grace Moore is at her villa at Antibes, near Cannes, with her brand-new Spanish husband, Vincente Parara. Doris Kenyon and Julia Faye are studying voice in Germany.

Bebe Daniels, Ben Lyon, Norma Talmadge, Gilbert Roland, Warner Baxter, the newly-wed Powells and Dorothy Mackaill are getting sunburned at Waikiki. They say Dorothy is so dark you can't tell her from a native. When she returns to Hollywood, she will bring back her Honolulu fiancé, Neil Miller, who is the son of a retired Los Angeles business man.

Malibu still holds forth. Speaking of Malibu, Lilyan Tashman wishes she hadn't made such a to-do about her new beach house, red and white inside and out. It's such a novelty that people swarm there. On the Fourth of July one hundred people were shown through. Lil feels as if she's living in one of those exhibition houses on the state fair grounds.

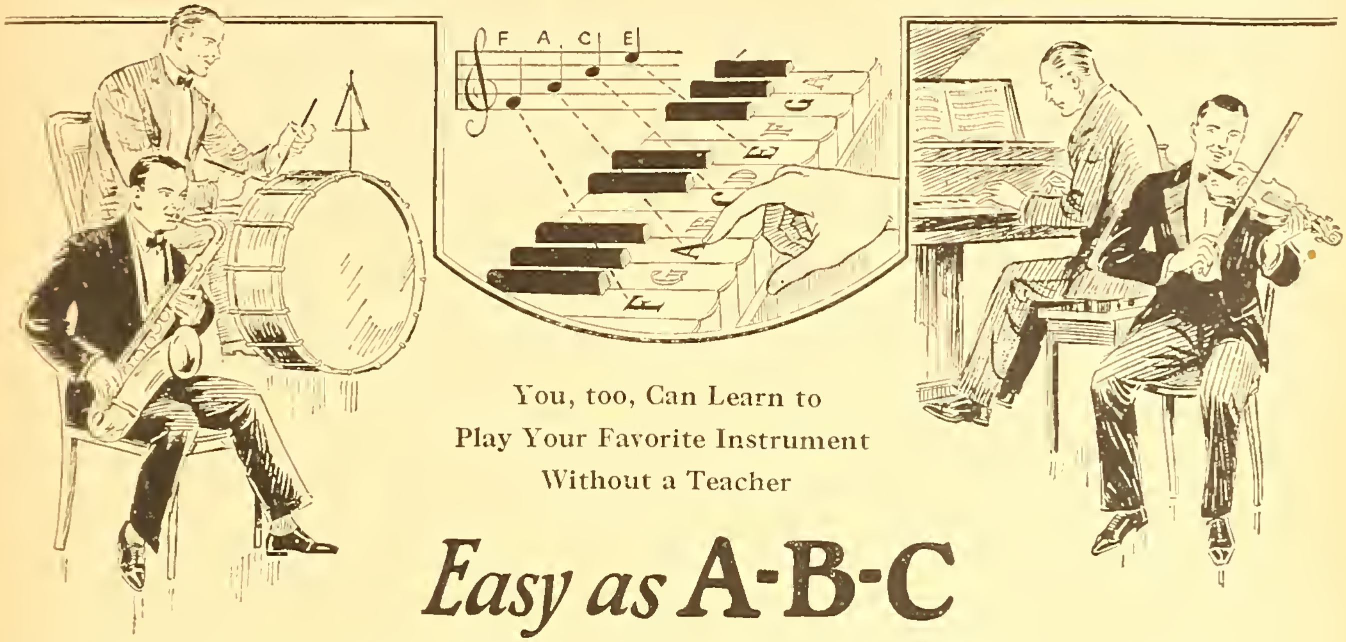
JACKIE COOPER was having some publicity stills made with Marie Dressler.

"I'm your new girl-friend," said Marie, beaming on the juvenile white hope of the screen.

(*Continued on page 74*)

Half a Million People

have learned music this easy way



You, too, Can Learn to
Play Your Favorite Instrument
Without a Teacher

Easy as A-B-C

YES, over half a million delighted men and women all over the world have learned music this quick, easy way.

Half a million—what a gigantic orchestra they would make! Some are playing on the stage, others in orchestras, and many thousands are daily enjoying the pleasure and popularity of being able to play some instrument.

Surely this is convincing proof of the success of the *new, modern method* perfected by the U. S. School of Music! And what these people have done, YOU, too, can do!

Many of this half million didn't know one note from another—others had never touched an instrument—yet in half the usual time they learned to play their favorite instrument. Best of all, they found learning music *amazingly easy.* No monotonous hours of exercises—no tedious scales—no expensive teachers. This simplified method made learning music as easy as A-B-C!

It is like a fascinating game. From the very start you are playing *real* tunes, perfectly, by *note.* You simply can't go wrong, for every step, from beginning to end, is right before your eyes in print and picture. First you are *told* how to do a thing, then a picture *shows* you how, then you do it yourself and *hear* it. And almost before you know it, you are playing your favorite pieces—jazz, ballads, classics. No private teacher could make it clearer. Little theory—plenty of accomplishment. That's why students of the U. S. School of Music get ahead *twice as fast—three times as fast* as those who study old-fashioned plodding methods.

You don't need any special "talent." Many of the half million who have already become accomplished players never dreamed they possessed musical ability. They only wanted to play some instrument—just like you—and they found they could quickly learn how this easy way. Just a little of your spare time each day is needed—and you enjoy every minute of it. The cost is surprisingly low—averaging only a few cents a day—and the price is the same for whatever instrument you choose. And remember you are studying right in your own home—without paying big fees to private teachers.

What Instrument for You?

Piano
Organ
Violin
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Clarinet
Flute
Harp
Cornet
Piccolo
Guitar
Hawaiian Steel Guitar
Drums and Traps
Mandolin
Ukulele
Trombone
Saxophone
'Cello
Sight Singing
Voice and Speech Culture
Harmony and Composition
Automatic Finger Control
Piano Accordion
Italian and German Accordion
Juniors' Piano Course

Don't miss any more good times, learn now to play your favorite instrument and surprise all your friends! Change from a wallflower to the center of attraction. Music is the best thing to offer at a party—musicians are invited everywhere. Enjoy the popularity you have been missing. Get your share of the musician's pleasure and profit! Start Now!

Free Booklet and Demonstration Lesson

If you are in earnest about wanting to join the crowd of entertainers and be a "big hit" at any party—if you really *do* want to play your favorite instrument, to become a performer whose services will be in demand—fill out and mail the convenient coupon asking for our Free Booklet and Free Demonstration Lesson. These explain our wonderful method fully and show you how easily and quickly you can learn to play at little expense. The booklet will also tell you all about the amazing new *Automatic Finger Control.* Instruments are supplied when needed—cash or credit. U. S. School of Music, 609 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

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U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC

609 Brunswick Bldg., New York City

Please send me your free book, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," with introduction by Dr. Frank Crane, Free Demonstration Lesson, and particulars of your easy payment plan. I am interested in the following course:

.... Have You Instrument?........

Name....................................
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Adventure in an oasis of missing men and women

You have *always* loved Samuel Goldwyn's pictures

- You have *always* looked forward to seeing

RONALD COLMAN

- You will *never forget* . . .

"RAFFLES"
"BULLDOG DRUMMOND"

and now—during a time when theatre goers are selecting their pictures as they have never done before

Samuel Goldwyn presents

RONALD COLMAN

A new, adventurous . . . *different* picture to thrill you who have demanded more than the *ordinary* . . . the unusual.

- Samuel Goldwyn has once again created superb entertainment . . . swashbuckling excitement, with Ronald Colman . . . gentleman adventurer in the oasis of "THE UNHOLY GARDEN" on the edge of the Sahara.

- There you will meet "The Unholy Family" . . . a dozen *unforgettable* souls, gathered together in this refuge . . . beyond the reach of the law . . . to plot *new* murder, robbery and rapine.

with **FAY WRAY** *and* **ESTELLE TAYLOR**

"The UNHOLY GARDEN"

A United Artists Picture . . . . . Story by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur

A GEORGE FITZMAURICE PRODUCTION

BY SARA HAMILTON

The Screen's Most Baffling Blonde

Who Is She?

Read this unusually vivid character study and you'll see this star in a new light. She's popular and personable and totally feminine—an enigma to herself as well as to her friends. Possessing a keen mind, she uses it—but her heart more often rules. She's a star who has all Hollywood baffled

SHE reads poetry. And loves it. And not only reads it, but writes it—and what is more, sells it to magazines. Reams of it. Signs it "Miss Anonymous." Which means absolutely nothing to you when reading the little verses. What you haven't suspected, however, is that "Miss Anonymous" is one of the most popular actresses on the screen to-day.

Sophisticated. Ultra-smart. And completely unpoetical in aspect.

She's a weird jumble of many traits.

For instance, for all her haughty mien, she has a delightful sense of humor.

You knew, of course, that she had two dogs, an expensive roadster and a swell coat of tan, but somehow, you have felt that humor is out of this young modern's scheme of things.

It isn't.

More than that, she likes people with a quick sense of humor. And loathes affected people. If a broad "a" and a cultured accent are part and parcel of yourself, be a broad-"a" person by all means. But if you naturally speak with a healthy twang, twang away. She likes that.

She smokes a low-priced brand of American cigarettes and eats the plainest food imaginable. She has no time for rare or fancy foods.

Dora, who has been her housekeeper for eight years, comes to the studio each day and cooks her lunch. It consists of soup, meat, vegetables and dessert. She never diets. It's never necessary. In fact, she constantly despairs of being too thin. She weighs ninety-four pounds.

Contrary to all the rules and regulations of the well-dressed woman, she does not cling to any one particular scent. She uses many different perfumes. And changes them according to her moods. She may feel "lilac-ish" one week and like "something from Chanel" the next.

She works harder than any average working-woman and puts in hours that would drive many a shop girl to Russia.

She arrives at the studio before eight and never leaves before eight at night. And goes home so wretchedly tired that one wonders why a woman of wealth would do it. She wonders herself, sometimes.

She owns twenty-five pairs of pajamas, ranging all the way from the cheapest cotton to the sleekest satin. And wears them about the house constantly.

She runs her house on a budget and keeps a keen eye on all the expenditures. Nothing gets by her.

Her servants remain with her for years.

Her chauffeur has the easiest life in all chauffeurdom, for she loves to drive, herself. And nearly always does. She handles the wheel like an expert.

(Continued on page 64)

Do Movies and

You never can tell how screen
fail more often than they succeed.
marriages can be blamed
and not enough

By Lillian

POLA NEGRI

JOBYNA RALSTON

GLORIA SWANSON

INA CLAIRE

VIOLA DANA

MILDRED DAVIS LLOYD

CAN'T a woman be a movie star and be happily married at the same time? Can't marriages and movies mix? A few say, "Yes" and a few say, "Sometimes." Most say, "No." Some put it into words, and some put it into actions—which speak louder than words. It's like this:

"I had to quit my work or my husband," says Ina Claire. "You can't have two stars in one family—and keep it a family."

"Gloria's a great girl, but as a wife she's a business woman first, and that smashed us up," says the Marquis Henri de la Falaise et de la Coudraye.

"The money and fame that go with screen stardom can't compare with the happy companionship of a congenial, affectionate husband," says Florence Vidor.

"I couldn't raise a family at home while my husband was raising Cain outside of it, so I went back to my screen job, got me a governess and a divorce," announces another actress, who doesn't let me use her name.

There you have four different points of view that just about explain all the screen marriage troubles, and out of them we can make this four-cornered rule:

You can't have a happy marriage in studio or theater if (1) both parties put their jobs first; (2) if one of them is in pictures and the other in commerce; (3) if both are egotists, or (4) if either one thinks more of a career than of husband or wife. There are exceptions, but they are not numerous enough to upset the rule.

Gloria Gloried in Business

THE Swanson-de la Falaise marriage went on the rocks after one of the most promising starts imaginable, because—Hank says—Gloria insisted on putting her screen business first.

"If she had been content to be my wife, to live in my home and to help me make it a real love partnership, we should have gone on together nicely. But no, she is a business woman, and her business took so much of her time that we must live apart too long. I respect her immensely, but no real marriage can continue under the shadow of a wife's business career."

So Henri shrugs his Gallic shoulders and is to be seen much

WHAT SOME OF THE STARS

"You Can't Have Two Stars In A Home"—*Ina Claire.*

"One Of Us Working Is Plenty And My Husband Can Be It. I'm Out For Keeps"—*Jobyna Ralston.*

"The Money And Fame That Go With Screen Stardom Can't Compare With The Companionship Of A Congenial Husband"—*Florence Vidor.*

"I Think Two's Enough In A Family"—*Estelle Taylor.*

Marriages Mix?

marriages will turn out. They
The failure of most Hollywood
upon too much love of business
business of love

SHIRLEY

in the company of Constance Bennett. Which makes the Marquis look a trifle inconsistent, for Constance also seems pretty thoroughly wedded to her screen career, and has been ever since her first marital experiment with young Chester Moorhead, which lasted very briefly and suffered an annulment. Phil Plant tried desperately to keep Constance in private life—and failed.

Perhaps it would not be kind—or wise—to hint that the depth of love is to be measured by self-sacrifice. Usually the self-sacrifice is supposed to be supplied by the woman. Though once in a while a very adaptable gentleman may be found who is willing to forsake anything in the way of a business career he might have had and let his wife do the family earning. Generally, the lady tires of the rôle of breadwinner in the end.

Pola Wasn't "Princess" First

THERE'S Pola Negri, who doubtless loved her princeling husband, but became as angry as a wet partridge if anyone assumed to forget that she was Pola, the artist, first and the Princess Mdivani afterward. I know, because I had a very snappy note from her once, calling my attention to it. It may have been this arrangement of her titles that sent her marriage with a bang into a Paris divorce court.

Phyllis Haver was rising steadily through the picture grades when she met Billy Seeman, the young scion of a New York family that owns one of the great grocery concerns of America. Now, Phyllis may be light-hearted and gay, but she's not light-headed. Doubtless she went into conference with herself and thought it all out. If she should become Mrs. Seeman of New York and try to be Phyllis Haver of Hollywood also, it would only be a question of time until she or her husband or both of them would begin to chafe.

"So," says Phyllis, "it was just a case of deciding which I loved most, and I decided it was the man I was going to marry." Whereupon she put the screen behind her and substituted New York and a husband for Hollywood and a career.

When newspapers told us that Jack Dempsey had gone to Reno to divorce Estelle Taylor, there was a gasp all over Hollywood.

(*Continued on page 70*)

SAY ABOUT MARRIAGE

"I Wouldn't Give Up My Children For All The Screens In Hollywood"—*Mildred Davis Lloyd.*

"Two Might Be Married, But Only One Can Do Screen Work"—*Marilyn Miller.*

"Love And Marriage Is The Life"—*Viola Dana.*

"The Screen? No, Thank You—Marriage Means A Home, And A Home Is Everything"—*Dorothy Dwan.*

HELENE COSTELLO

PHYLLIS HAVER

FLORENCE VIDOR

DOROTHY DWAN

ESTELLE TAYLOR

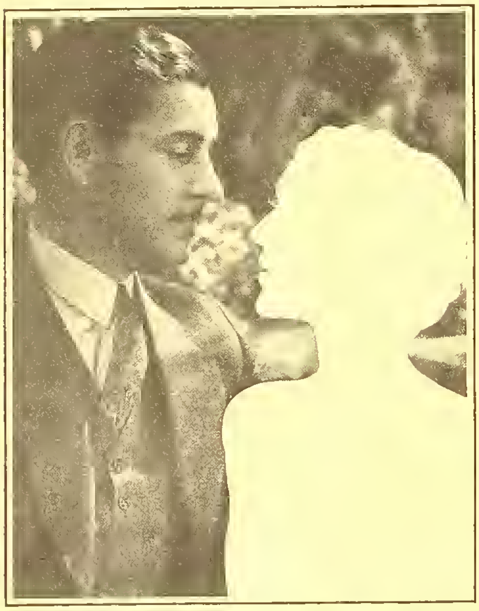
MARILYN MILLER

Hollywood's Hottest Lovers

The art of making love has come back to the screen and there are many experts. But who are the champion heart-breakers of the talkies as picked by Hollywood actresses themselves? This story tells you

THESE screen boys who have the women of America all jittery, these burning-eyed, broad-shouldered, well-tailored sheiks—are they so hot in Hollywood? Which of the screen's professional love-makers are favored by the lovely ladies of their own home-town?

Male sex appeal seems to be the box-office lure these days. There are fifty male stars under contract, while less than forty women rate headline honors. "It" is masculine gender these days. What is this mysterious quality? Ask the blasé feminine stars—women who have known every type of love and lover!



Ronald Colman may be the reserved type of Romeo—but how filmdom's own sirens rave about him! He's close to being their favorite

Pola Negri says, "Give me the dark man. He has passion, romance, fire, and for love he is wonderful." The world knows of Pola's adoration for Valentino. She responds readily to the Latin type. There's a reason. When swarthy skin and passion-laden eyes flash across her vision, Pola's senses quicken—she is thrilled.

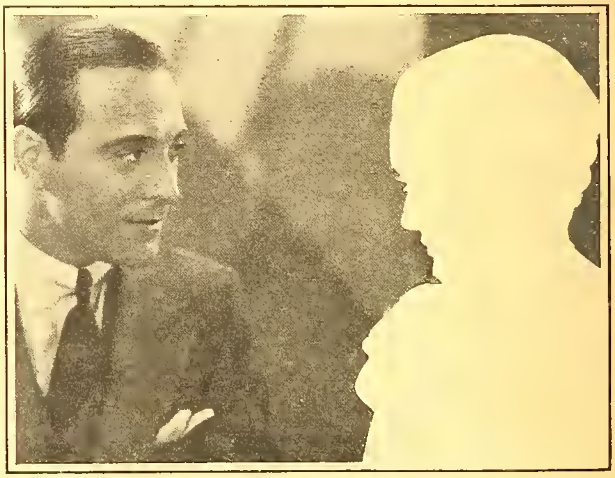
"When it comes to real love, bringing kindness and understanding, we get that mostly from fair men. They reach our hearts a little more slowly perhaps, because our eyes take longer to see them. But while I may be attracted to a fair-haired man off the screen, it is the dark man who holds my interest in love scenes. Think of Casanova—dark, dangerous—the greatest lover the world has ever known. He was so dangerous they've talked about him for centuries."

Why Gable Thrills Them

POLA is right. The box-office proves dark leading men attract feminine patrons. There are six dark boys for every blond lover in the movies. Clark Gable is the heart-flutterer of the moment. Six feet three, dark almost to swarthiness, he flashes on the screen and feminine pulses quicken, cheeks flush, flesh tingles. The combination of Garbo and Gable in "Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise" is about the hottest cinema offering of the season.

John Gilbert, who was king of all he surveyed at M-G-M until Gable arrived on the lot, is probably pondering on the fickleness of feminine fancy. Clark has none of the suave Gilbert manner. While John is lithe and polished, Gable is more of rough-and-ready calibre. He gives one the impression of

There probably isn't an actress in Hollywood who wouldn't like to have Clark Gable look her way. He's even a man's idea of a great lover



Ricardo Cortez may be the Latin type of lover, but he doesn't show his emotions so much as he hints them. And how Ric's "finesse" gets across!

One Hollywood beauty confesses she can hardly wait to see Richard Dix's pictures—because of his "intense virility." He's the big he-man of the screen Romeos

Joel McCrea is the lad some of the feminine favorites prefer off the screen, as well as on. It's his physique that gets them

being a high-powered engineer on a construction job. Not that he's uncouth. He isn't. He proves that he can wear expert tailoring in some of his drawing-room scenes.

In the final analysis, it's this virile muscular something that knocks the feminine contingent for a loop and temporarily distracts their attention from the finesse of a Gilbert. Heavy-lidded eyes and a dimple as deep as a scar are other features that add to this Gable chap's attractions. But they can't explain the sudden sweep of his popularity.

It is a fact that when only his hands appeared across a keyboard during a scene in "Dance, Fools, Dance," thousands of letters poured into the studio addressed, "To The Man With The Magnetic Hands."

Joan Doesn't Always Prefer Blonds

JOAN Crawford may have succumbed to the sensitive-faced, fair-haired Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., but she believes that dark-haired men are ace-high when it comes to pictures. "They have a forcefulness, a virility that goes with their natural make-up," says the gorgeous Crawford (now blonde herself). "There's no use denying that a dark skin and richness of coloring appeal to the senses."

"Richard Dix has intense virility," says Dolores Del Rio. (She is speaking as a fan. She has never worked with him in a picture.) "He intrigues me," she continues. "I can hardly wait to see his pictures—he's so handsome, so romantic. I thought he was superb in 'Cimarron.' It would thrill me to work with him. Ronald Colman has great appeal, too, but I don't think we would work well together, much as I admire him. Our temperaments might clash. Just the same, I'm crazy about him on the screen. So are many of my girl-friends."

Jean Harlow is another Colman fan. "There's something grandly romantic about him," says the girl who started the platinum-blonde epidemic. "He has that restrained way that's rare among men, particularly those who capitalize on their appeal to our sex." Jean wants you to know that she is speaking purely from a fan angle. "Nothing personal," she smiles.

Robert Montgomery's sex-appeal is his Prince-of-Wales nonchalance and tender love-making.

Phil the Most Dangerous Blond

PHILLIPS Holmes runs away with fair-haired honors. This boy has a cameo-like profile and that certain haggard fascination that makes a blond deadly. Helen Twelvetrees has said, "I believe blonds arouse the maternal instinct." And when you start stirring up a woman's m. i.—well, you can look for danger ahead!

Phillips Holmes is the most dangerous blond. Built along the general lines of a young Greek god, he looks like a lover with Ideals

Holmes is a rare type—a throw-back. He resembles to a marked degree the famous statue of *Apollo Belvedere*. Just as *Apollo* was the ancient Grecian ideal of youthful strength and beauty, so Phil has been timidly referred to by many of his feminine admirers as a beautiful man. I say timidly, because it's not just the thing in this age to call a man beautiful. It's apt to cast a slur of femininity on the man admired. Phil's life has been shadowed by that sort of thing.

"It's too bad," laments Elissa Landi, "that we can't say a man's beautiful without reflecting on his character." Elissa is a great admirer of fair men. "When I find my ideal in a screen lover, he will be a 'blond *Siegfried*,'" she boldly asserts.

Blond Joel McCrea is admired to an extravagant degree by several of the world's most attractive and highest-paid stars. Constance Bennett and Dorothy Mackaill laud his charms to the skies. Gloria Swanson deigns to glance his way. Hedda Hopper comes right out in the open and declares him to be an *Adonis*. And Hedda tells why: "He has the most perfect

(*Continued on page 77*)

BY HARRY D. WILSON

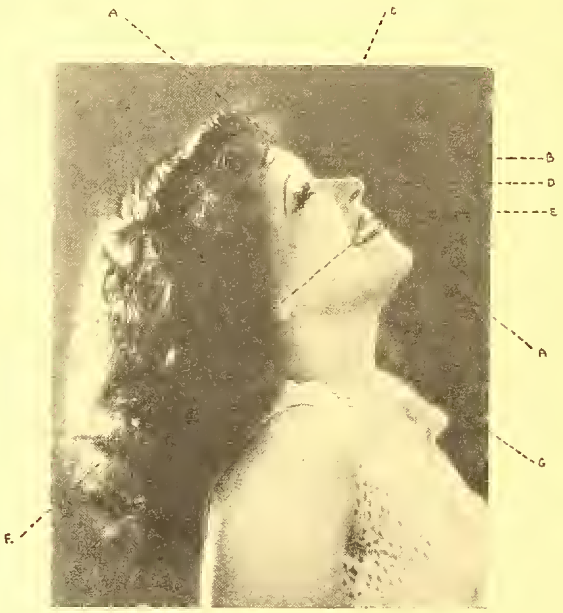
CAN CLARA BOW

Yes--if Clara is the one to decide. This is the opinion of an impartial character-reader who puts the question squarely up to the former Paramount star. The tremendously vital features of Clara reveal the secret of all her troubles

CAN Clara Bow come back? Only recently a powerful executive in the Paramount organization expressed his opinion that the tempestuous redhead had little chance of ever making another big picture. He further intimated that her waning health during the past two years had been a large contributing factor to her recent troubles.

Physiognomy disagrees. We believe that one can alter all external conditions, but never the inherent characteristics stamped indelibly upon the face. They remain as basic as the individual's love of his religion, his family and his country. In the case of Clara Bow they are impulse and vitality.

Her face presents a mass of contradictory feelings. She is jealous and tenderhearted, affectionate and impatient—and extremely human. Every contour of her face reveals an ardent love of life and people. She is surrounded with love as with an aura—the very quality that prompted Elinor Glyn to pick her as the "It" girl.



A—Profile slant—Impulsive. Second thought invariably better than the first.

B—Forehead—Jumps to conclusions. Impatient of elaborate plans. Keen observer. Inventive. Forceful.

C—Nose (brow arch)—Changeable memory. Excellent on some matters, poor on others.

D—Nose (tip fullness)—Force of character. Great ability.

E—Lip (upper)—Excitable. Hysterical. Artistic and literary ability.

F—Lips (line)—Love of children.

G—Neck (contour)—Immense vitality.

Born to Trouble

SO far as difficulties are concerned, I believe Clara Bow has always had them, although probably few have been so deep as her recent ones. This is because of another organic formation. Her eyes, you will notice, are just a trifle too far apart. A person possessing this peculiarity is much too ready to trust in the better part of human nature. He just can't believe a likable person could do wrong. It is unfortunately more than normal faith. It is so all-encompassing that he is apt to think more of others than those others do themselves. This trait was strikingly revealed in the Daisy De Boe trial. Clara had thought her secretary her best friend, had trusted her implicitly.

To augment the pity of it, Clara Bow's chin is of the variety generally classed as "broad-round." It gives a spasmodic determination. She struggles only under opposition. She is also apt to be turned away from her own natural inclinations by persuasion. Another evidence of her trust in others' goodness.

She is generous to a fault. Trusting to foolhardiness. Over-ardent. It is a fatal combination—dynamite! Her life is a constant whirlwind of contradictory moods. Sometimes excitable, even hysterical, adoring, jealous, dreamy, faithful, vacillating, genial, sullen, witty, courageous, independent, perverse, generous, affectionate, impulsive, and forceful. Is it small wonder that she crossed the Hollywood horizon in a flaming trail?

Clara Bow is flame personified. Even though she never comes back, she will not readily be forgotten. Hers will be the same memory as Barbara LaMarr and Mabel Normand—geniuses both, in misdirected channels. Strangely, her case is parallel to these two women. She has the misfortune of drawing disaster to her. Her forehead-curve predicts this point.

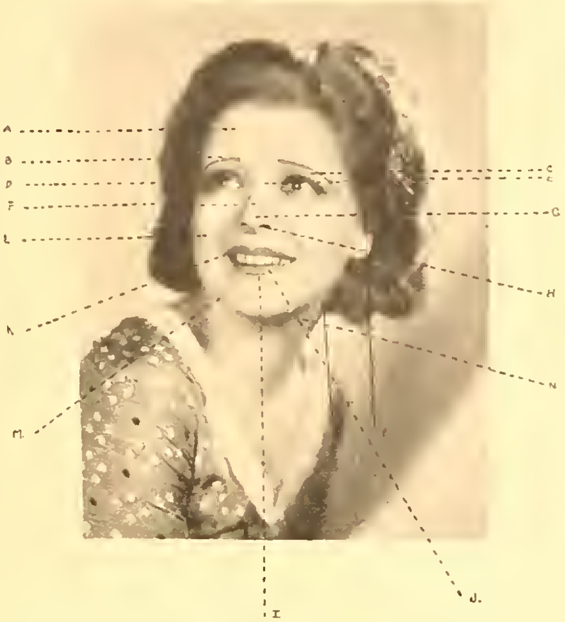
Why She's Popular

UNCONSCIOUSLY, the public loves Clara Bow for the very qualities that tend to bring her grief—an utter lack of caution and gay recklessness. These are the secret

AFTER READING TONI GALLANT'S ANALYSIS OF CLARA'S CHANCES

EVER COME BACK?

BY TONI GALLANT



Facial Contour—Round—Impulse.

Color of Hair—Red—Love of strength and beauty. Dislike of conventions.

Skin texture—Medium—enormous endurance. Moody and jealous. Enjoys being different.

A—Forehead front—Personal magnetism. A person usually beloved by others because of lack of caution and recklessness.

B—Eyebrows—Dreamer.

C—Eyes—Well set. Talkative and silent by turns. Good story-teller. Could write wittily.

D—Contour of Eye—Round. Great faith in human nature.

E—Width of Eye—More than an eye-width apart. Too readily believes in the better part of human nature.

F—Nose—Lively, genial, optimistic.

G—Nose tip—False sense of economy. Spendthrift in some directions and economical in others.

H—Nostrils—Courage, wit and independence.

I—Mouth—Extremely generous.

J—Mouth (fullness)—Intense ardor. Ardent attachments.

K—Lips (corners)—Wit.

L—Cheeks—Ability to come through, no matter what the difficulty.

M—Chin—Affectionate.

N—Chin (shape)—Determination spotty. Indolent until anger is aroused.

O—Jaw—(Smaller from jaw-turn to turn than from ear-tip to tip.) Can be swayed from own natural inclinations.

P—Ear to nose length—Not interested in abstract reasoning. Never thinks for the love of thinking.

of her fascination, topped by wild, extravagant love of life.

But—how can she come back?

Easily. By the same factors that have caused her troubles—only directed into useful channels.

It is impossible to stem the flow of her natural vigor. The redhead, no matter who he may be, lives in danger of nervous collapse. Clara Bow has shown this twice publicly. But I should be willing to venture that it has been a chronic state in her private life. Tempestuous storms and heady climaxes. She senses her rights and runs amuck to preserve them. It is the natural heritage of all redheads—hair-trigger nerves.

The period of her recuperation depends on the depth of the wound. From a physiognomic standpoint, I should judge that it will take much time. Being sensitive, she probably feels that all of her friends and her public have deserted her. It is a grievous trial for one who loves people as she does.

Deserves a Break

CLARA BOW deserves a *beau geste*—as noble as the one she displayed towards Daisy De Boe, when from a sick-bed she arose to plead mercy for the girl convicted of betrayal of trust. That gesture was not staged. Any character-analyst, studying the set of Clara Bow's eyes, would vouch for that. It was instinctive kindness.

She can come back—if the possibility depends upon Clara. She is built for resistance—a goodly width between the ears bears testimony to that. She cannot stay down, if she is allowed the chance to progress. She can fight terrific odds and come through. Any redhead can. They are born fighters against big odds—and fight to win.

The fact that Clara has temporarily gone blonde does not alter anything but her appearance. She is still the same. And sooner or later that love of strength and beauty—revealed by the original titian color of her hair—will find an outlet. Perhaps in romance. Perhaps on the screen. There is little doubt that if she should have a beautiful story, strongly constructed, she could do wonders with it.

Her eyes—her best feature, by the way—show that she can do something with them besides wink. They are eyes that do not miss a trick—and they are sensitive eyes. They are the eyes of one who knows a good story when she sees one and, moreover, is a good story-teller, herself. Clara must have some idea of the sort of drama she would like to do. When she comes back—if she decides to do so—let us hope she will insist upon doing just that drama.

She is both quick-witted and witty. That is revealed by no less than three of her features—her eyes, her nose, and those uptilting corners of her mouth. It is lucky for Clara that she is. Both characteristics are excellent shields against the barbs of sharp headlines. The color of her hair, her nostrils and her forehead all denote that she is independent. Independent, perhaps, to the point of recklessness—but independent. Combine that trait with impulsiveness and generosity—and you have a world-beater. And that's what Clara still might be. Isn't it true, Clara?

TURN OVER THE PAGE AND READ WHAT REX BELL HAS TO SAY

Clara *Will* Come Back— A Bigger Star Than Ever

So says Rex Bell, her fiancé, who believes she'll become one of the greatest actresses of her day when given the chance to make a *really big* picture

BY AUDREY RIVERS

USUALLY when a studio lets a star go—with the proper pretty phrases of esteem and affection—Hollywood shakes its head and mutters, "She's through!" But nobody thinks Clara Bow is through. From the moment when the newspapers carried headlines of her recent breakdown, telegrams and letters with offers of theatrical engagements and movie contracts have been coming in. Rex Bell was staggering under a pile of them the other day.

"Can you imagine?" he said ruefully, "They want her in Earl Carroll's 'Vanities' now! As soon as I turn my back, an agent from New York lands on the ranch in an airplane with a contract in his pocket! Clara was willing to sign, but she wouldn't without me. I can't see it—it would be keeping alive that 'It Girl' stuff I hate. Still they offer a whole lot of money. Say! If you added together all the money that's been offered Clara in stage and screen contracts since she's been out at Paramount it would amount to millions! One offer for vaudeville alone was twenty thousand a week!"

Clara Bow's name still spells money. She has made fortunes in the last few years—for somebody. And came out of it with a hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars in a trust fund for herself—a pathetically small part of the huge sum her flaming hair and electric personality have earned. If Rex Bell had not insisted on salvaging this sum, she might have left Hollywood as poor as when she came to it.

Keystone

Rex Bell and Clara Bow are very happy at the former's Nevada ranch, where the famous star is recuperating from a nervous breakdown. Clara dyed her hair blonde to keep from being recognized when she left Hollywood

Hollywood Has Been Unfriendly

SEVEN years older, perhaps a little wiser, certainly sadder, Clara Bow has left Hollywood with infinite relief—for Hollywood has not been friendly to her. There have been many tales written about Clara, but this has never been written. From the moment she stepped foot in the movie town—a vibrant, beautiful child of seventeen—*she was socially taboo.* The famous, and fading woman stars of that day took one look at her and knew that she meant Danger. They hated her for her Undeniable Youth. They turned their backs and drew their skirts away. Even after she became famous the lists of invited guests to filmdom's most exclusive parties did not carry her name. The doors of most picture peoples' houses were closed to her. She was an outcast—not because of gossip or scandal—*but because she was too beautiful.*

Naturally as friendly as a puppy, Clara shed tears—at first. Later she tossed her crimson head and pretended that she didn't want to go to parties, that she preferred to stay at home in the cramped little bungalow that made such an odd setting for the most exotic, sensuous-looking star in Hollywood, shaking dice with her chauffeur, or listening to the radio with her maids.

But at the beginning she did care—terribly. Once at a restaurant where Clara was having dinner with some acquaintances, the waiter ignored a remark she made. "There!" cried Clara, tears starting to her eyes, "you see! Even the waiters look down on me!"

At the very height of the fame that was to come to her in later years she was visiting her father at dinner one day, and, suddenly, for no apparent reason she pushed back her plate and burst into tears. "What's the matter?" asked Robert Bow. "Haven't you got everything to make a girl happy? Haven't you got fame and fortune?"

"To hell with fame and fortune!" cried Clara Bow. "I wish I was back in Brooklyn with the gang!"

When Clara, crimson tresses bleached platinum blonde to disguise her and obviously shaken by her nervous breakdown, left Hollywood, she cried out that she was glad to be free at last.

Surely Coming Back

BUT Clara will come back. "She has never made her big picture yet," says Rex Bell. It is amazing that in spite of so many commonplace pic-

(*Continued on page 73*)

Crawford--Shearer--Garbo Are Now

THREE OF A KIND

By HELEN LOUISE WALKER

Back in the days of silent pictures, Joan Crawford, Norma Shearer and Greta Garbo were given different types of rôles, but with the talkies these stars, so unlike one another, now fit in the same emotional groove. What will be the outcome? Are there enough good stories to go around—and will Joan threaten the security of her rivals? This "inside" story reveals the problem confronting these talented and popular actresses who work side by side in the same studio.—Editor.

STRANGE situations are always popping up on motion picture lots, what with rivalries and temperaments and the fluctuating popularity of various players. But Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is facing one of the oddest dilemmas we have seen in a long time—with Greta Garbo, Joan Crawford and Norma Shearer all beginning to fit into the same groove.

Three years ago, things weren't like this. Garbo was, as she is now, the Great Garbo. She did the big sex pictures. Norma, who was fluffy (then), did the nice, wholesome stories with the happy endings. Joan was the hey-hey girl, doing mad, modern dances in her teddies. All three as different as different could be.

With talking pictures, Garbo became an important emotional actress. Shearer blossomed suddenly into one of our finest and most sophisticated dramatic players. And Joan—well, Joan went on being hey-hey, for the time being.

Then, last summer Norma retired from pictures for a time in order to present Irving Thalberg with a son. And while she was gone, Joan made "Paid," which had been bought for Norma. That was the beginning of all this.

We thought, when we saw that picture, that now Joan had done it: she, too, had proved herself an emotional actress and had realized the ambition of years. Joan, we told ourselves, was no longer "one of the promising young actresses." She had arrived. She was established.

Goodbye to Whoopee?

NOT that "Paid" was the best opportunity in the world for her to show what she could do. It was old-fashioned melodrama, made over and modernized. But it served. It had shown us a mature and dramatic Joan.

What now? Critics had hailed a "new dramatic actress." The public had flocked to see the erstwhile "dancing daughter" in a real drama. We waited impatiently for M-G-M to cash in on this newly-developed talent.

"Strangers May Kiss," we understood, had been bought for her. We sat back and waited—well, not exactly breathlessly, but maybe puffing just a *little* bit—to see what she would do with that. But something happened. Suddenly Norma, all recovered after having her baby, was making that picture and it was scheduled for a big, special opening. And Joan was working in "Dance, Fools, Dance"—another hey-hey opus, embellished with ladies in lingerie, back of its melodrama. Just another Crawford picture of the type Joan has been doing for years. What in the world?

Then she made "Laughing Sinners." That was an emotional opportunity—but when it was previewed, the audience objected to it because they thought it sacrilegious. They also said it was hard to believe. So back it went to the studio to have some scenes remade. And then Joan went discontentedly to work in a chatty, sexy little thing called "This Modern Age."

Well, we said, tapping our foot impatiently, what about this, anyhow? Is Joan a dramatic actress—playing serious rôles—or is she still flaming youth, romping about in its underwear? Were all our huzzas over "Paid" wasted? Does anybody *listen* to our huzzas? We should go getting our throat all sore for nothing!

We dropped in to see Joan on the set. "Let's get this thing

(*Continued on page 66*)

Dolores Del Rio Isn't Beaten Yet

BY GLADYS HALL

Cedric Gibbons, art director of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, waited three
introduction they were married. The Santa Monica home, one of the wed-
and furnished by the happy husband, himself. Every piece of furniture
silver—and the couch, grass-green satin. At the right is a

DOLORES DEL RIO *has a second chance at life in every one of its aspects.* A second chance at love, a second chance at marriage, a second chance at stardom—even a second chance as a personality.

In the past year and a half, Dolores has known the imminence of death. She has lost a contract and won another. She has married again. She has done more than these things—she has remade herself. She is a new personality. She is more mature in her point of view. She is kindlier, more tolerant. *She is happy.*

When last I talked with Dolores, she was a passionate devotée of Freedom. Recently a widow, after unhappiness and misunderstanding and unkind criticism, she violently renounced all ties and bonds and fetters. She would be free. She intended to be free. She would not fall in love again, not for years and years. No marriage for her. She had never in her life been really free to come and go, to speak, to think as she pleased.

Then she met Cedric Gibbons and that was the finish of the battle-cry of freedom.

This is the story of the romance of Dolores and of Cedric, never told before:

How They Met—At Last

SHE had been in Hollywood some three or four years and had never met Cedric Gibbons. She had even worked on the Metro lot (where Cedric is Art Director *de luxe*), making "The Trail of '98," and they had not met. Not through any fault of Cedric Gibbons. For Cedric had been in love with the lovely Dolores since she first appeared on the screen. He used to go every day to the set to watch her work.

He told Clarence Brown, directing, that he wanted to meet her, that she was the most beautiful thing in Hollywood. Clarence laughed him off. He told Cedric that she wasn't his type, but was cold and lifeless. He didn't know *what* was the matter with her. (The matter was that she was unhappy about Jaime, distressed, confused.) But there was matter enough, he said, to render an introduction futile. She would just barely acknowledge the introduction and walk away, he said.

Cedric Gibbons was unconvinced. "Not with those black eyes," he declared. But he couldn't manage the meeting. Fate was playing a whimsical game. Every time he mustered up courage to go and speak to her, she was called on the set. Something absurd always intervened.

Cedric told her afterwards that he had spent three years going to parties, solely in the hope that she would be there. She never was. Then he would decline an invitation and learn that she had been among those present. At last, long after her divorce and the death of Jaime, they faced one another across Marion Davies' dinner table. Cedric turned to the woman next to him and begged her to introduce him. He said, "I have been trying for three years—" And the woman, a friend of Dolores, said, "Why, that is absurd! Of course, I will!" She did.

Swept Off Her Feet

TEN minutes after the formality of the introduction, Cedric was making violent love to the cream-colored Spanish girl. And she loved it . . . She told me, "All women love a man like that—let them pose and be as superior as they will! *I* loved it. I knew, mysteriously but surely, that I loved him."

Six weeks to a day after that first meeting, they were married in Santa Barbara, and for six days Dolores grasped with both arms at such happiness as she had never known. At the end of the sixth day she was stricken by the illness

Just as she found greater happiness in her second marriage, the Mexican beauty may find greater fame in her screen comeback. She looks too happy to fail

C. S. Bull

years to meet Dolores Del Rio. Six weeks after their
ding presents from Cedric to Dolores, was designed
is built into the house. The floor is black, the walls
brand-new close-up of the now-happy Dolores

that proved almost fatal and lasted months.

Oddly, she told me, both came to the marriage disbelieving in the state. Dolores had had an unhappy experience. Cedric ditto. They had decided that romance could not flourish in the marriage bond, that freedom was too winged and beautiful a thing to be clipped by binding promises. They had decided to remain individuals, unhampered. The power of love may laugh at bolts and bars. It also laughs at freedom.

And when love came to them as it did, they talked it all over, talked it *out*. They felt themselves to be civilized beings with a broad and comprehensive tolerance. They would try it once again and if a break should come, they knew that they could discuss even the break understandingly.

It has been said that second marriage is a mirage. That after the honeymoon rapture wanes, the second marriage approximates the first so closely that all the victim has done is to exchange one misfit shoe for another.

Second Trial Happier Than First

DOLORES vigorously denies the truth of this: "There is no similarity between my first and second marriage, except this—both times I married a gentleman. That is the only likeness. Jaime was jealous of my shadow on the wall, he was jealous of the clothes I wore, the chairs I sat in; he was jealous of my friends, my directors, my leading men, my girl-friends, my pets. He was frantic with jealousy. He couldn't stand my success, though it was he who brought me here, thought it would be fun. It wasn't fun for him. And so—it wasn't fun for me. He didn't like the people I liked, he didn't like the things I liked to do. He didn't want to go anywhere, he didn't want to entertain. Our sympathies were divorced long before *we* were.

"Cedric is absolutely different. You wouldn't believe that two men could be so different. He has no jealousy—because he has confidence. He *likes* people to admire me, men as well as women. He is proud of me and he likes to take me out, to entertain, to display me. He loves my work. He is more ambitious for me than I am for myself, if that is possible. We laugh together, we have fun together, we discuss everything under the sun and moon together.

"Our one and only thought right now is for me to *come back on the screen*. To be where I was, to be *more* than I was. If I can't do it, if the talkies defeat me, I shall try the stage. I may be able to do a great play there. But first and foremost and before everything, I am trying to come back. The first story planned is 'Bird of Paradise.' After that, 'The Dove.' And I am giving everything I have in me, *everything. . . .*"

Why Dolores Has Changed

DOLORES has been face to face with Death. For three months she never stepped from her sick bed. She found that pain is not so dreadful as you imagine it is going to be. She lost her fear of pain. She found that the face of Death softens and becomes kindly as it bends

(*Continued on page 73*)

Anonymously Yours

By CHOLLY HOLLYWOOD

THE pretty blonde dancer brought from Broadway to star in singing and dancing productions has startled even Hollywood with her parties. The studio couldn't find a suitable story for her, so she took a cabin at a resort up in the Arrowhead Mountains. Party after party took place. The studio sent up script after script to her by special messenger, hoping she would approve one. She didn't even glance them through—champagne glass in hand, she simply scrawled "n.g." on the outside and sent them back.

* * *

A STAR of the old days, back when they had alliterative names like Lucy Lush and Dan Dangerfield, divorced her husband some years ago. He had managed her money for her, and when she came to settle up, she found he owed her several thousand that he couldn't pay. She let it go—glad to be rid of him. Then he married another star of more recent fame, a heroine of gangster pictures. His former wife found another mate. The other night she was on a party, and the crowd decided it would be fun to "frame" her ex-husband. She 'phoned him and said she needed money desperately. Could he give her some of what he owed her? Trembling—for she threatened to drop a few words in the ear of his new wife unless he came through with a few hundred—he assented.

When she met him, he handed over a roll of bills—five hundred dollars. He felt sorry for her, thinking that she must be in need, until he heard some of her merry friends hooting from their nearby hiding place. The next day she and her friends spent the money on perfumes and other liquids. Not a pretty story, but it shows one brand of Hollywood humor

* * *

THE prop-boy rushed onto the set. "You'd better go rescue your star," he called to the director. "He's getting all mussed up." It seemed that the star's wife had found another woman in his dressing-room and objected, physically as well as vocally. A few minutes later the star walked out to the lot, debonair as ever. He had failed to notice that most of the make-up had been scratched off his face. Hollywood angle to the story: the complaining wife, herself a star and one of the best-dressed women in the film colony, has little right to criticize her spouse for occasional flirting.

* * *

THE party was on, down in Santa Monica canyon, where the actors and actresses forget their public and feel free to do as they choose. But for some reason, this party was a little dull. Nobody was drunk, nobody was very funny. Then a few visitors appeared, stayed a while, and went away. The original crowd didn't like them, and when they threatened to return, they turned out all the lights in the house. "When they come back, they'll think we've gone." The house remained dark for an hour, with the party in full progress.

Then the danger of the unwanted guests' returning was considered over, and they turned on the lights again. Up spoke a star who is known for her mysteriousness and unsociability. The most alluring woman, according to many, on the screen. "The lights hurt my eyes," she said. "Couldn't we have them off again?" Nobody objected, so they turned off the lights and the party continued. One of the most successful parties, people tell me, Hollywood has seen—or not seen.

* * *

SYMPATHY among the gossip columnists seems to be pretty much against the stage director from New York—noted for his lavish and beautiful productions—who was given a year's contract and hasn't made a single picture. The salary was thirty-five hundred dollars a week, and Hollywood snickers that the studio is burned at having to pay such a fee for nothing. There is another story, probably quite as true. Several other studios have been bidding for the director, offering even more money. He refused them. If he sits around much longer without making a picture, his reputation suffers—and that's worth more to him than Hollywood's gold.

* * *

TOWN TYPE: the girl, formerly a well-known vamp in pictures, whose bank roll is well-padded, even though her salary was never very large. She received presents, took them down to a store in Los Angeles, and turned them in for cash. The idea, my informant adds, came from the plot of one of her early thrillers.

* * *

IT ISN'T often that Hollywood reporters get downright mad about marriages among the stars, but they did this time.

The groom-to-be, famous for his ultra-suave rôles on the screen, has been famous off the screen for the way he has shied away from women. Of late, however, he has thawed and has been giving out interviews about his eagerness to try marriage a second time. Since he was seen everywhere with a blond who had been his leading lady and, thanks to him, is practically a star herself now, it was assumed that she was the bride-to-be.

Reporters covering the marriage license bureau spotted the couple filing their intention to wed, and clustered around. The pair denied their identity and refused to pose for news photographs. From that time until they hopped a boat for Hawaii, no reporter was able to find them.

(*Continued on page 68*)

Otto Dyar

RICHARD ARLEN

Jus' cogitatin', that's all. And well Dick might. Can *you* figure out how a Hollywood star could remain a star without ever playing a sophisticated role? The secret is that fans like those All-American Arlen features—clean-cut, youthful, strong. If anyone can put across another football picture—and one called "Touchdown"—Dick's the man to do it

The Beautiful

This business of the screen beauties acquiring a tan has become more important than options and contracts. Before she gets through, Anita Page expects to have the same color as your mahogany table. But she's going native-brown in easy stages. Before she turns her well-exposed back on Old Sol, she applies a sunburn remedy (above). And to start with, she develops a sunny disposition behind the glass front of her new beach house (at the top and at the right)

Portraits by Wm. Grimes

And Tanned

Anita Page is keeping sun-kissable this summer. She has a picket fence that keeps out all intruders but the big red orb in the sky. She doesn't even have to go outdoors (see top) to get brown. But she does. Drying in the sun (as at left) speeds up that beach-girl complexion—and sitting bareheaded in the sun (as above) makes blonde hair blonder

Hurrell

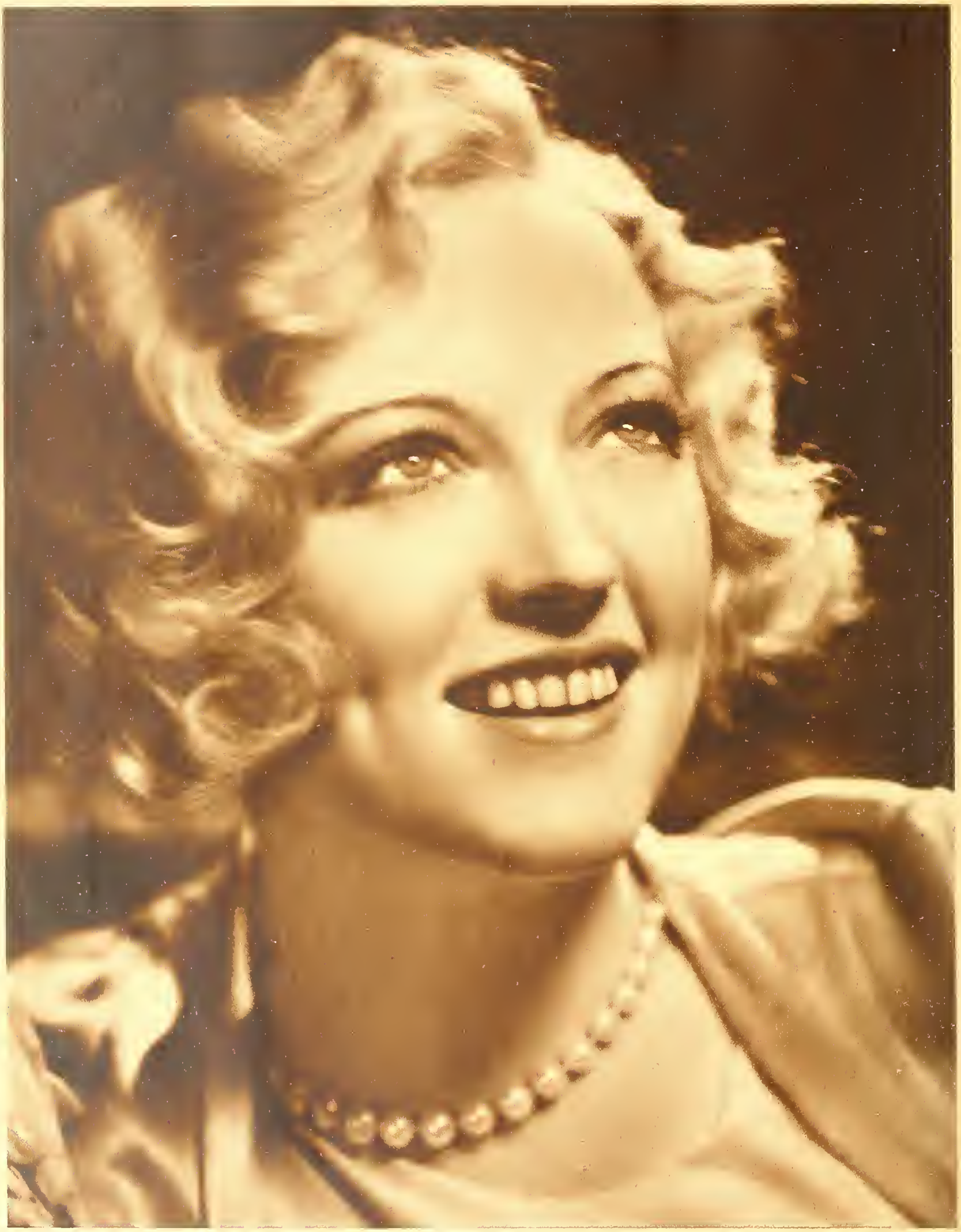
She looks as Joan Crawford did before Joan went dramatic and developed tragic eyes. Like Joan also, she made a non-stop hop to Hollywood from Broadway musical comedy. But don't get the impression that Lillian isn't individual. After only three pictures, she is being hailed as the screen's most promising ingénue

LILLIAN BOND

A SUB-DEB SUBDUES A SUB-TROPICAL SUN

What is it that the doctor orders when the mercury soars from here to there? Doesn't he always tell you to dress lightly and not to think about the heat? Well, if you obeyed him as willingly as Joan Marsh, you'd look just as happy, too. Here is one girl who keeps pace with every whim of the weather—being perfectly dressed for all climatic conditions on the Coast

Health hints are made to order in the Sunkissed State. With its fair and open weather (no adv.) native daughters like Joan Marsh grow up to excel in athletic sports. Joan, by the way, excels in swimming, tennis and horseback-riding. And doing very well with her acting, too. Did you see her in "The Great Lover"?



C. S. Bull

If you're looking for the source of Hollywood's present blonde epidemic, here she is. Back in the days when producers thought blondes didn't screen so well, Marion stayed fair. Time proved Marion right, and the producers wrong. Now they all want blondes. But they'll have to search far before they find another who can smile (and act) like Marion

MARION DAVIES

MOVIE CLASSIC TABLOID NEWS SECTION

♦ THE NEWSREEL OF THE NEWSSTANDS ♦

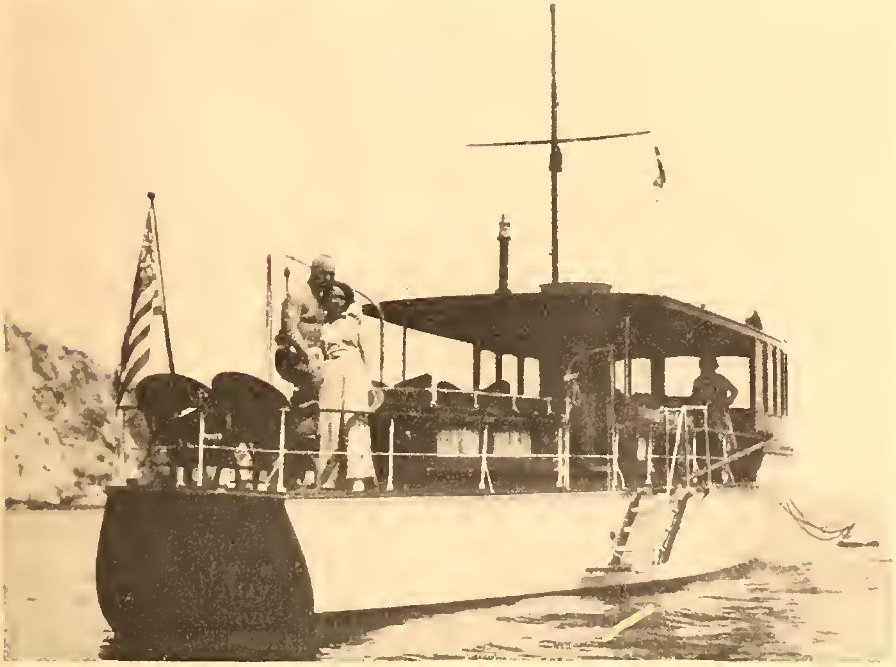
Acme

William Powell renounces bachelorhood and marries Carole Lombard. The above photo shows honeymooners sailing for Hawaii. See story page 37

The Vagabond Lover isn't vagabonding any more. Rudy Vallee marries Fay Webb, movie actress (left). He states he's in love for first time

Talk about quick divorces! How about quick remarriages? Nancy Carroll was no sooner parted from Jack Kirkland than she wed Bolton Mallory (right)

Acme



Schafer

Here's one movie hero who's a hero in real life—Bill Boyd, with his wife (Dorothy Sebastian) right beside him on the veranda of their floating summer home. Bill recently saved H. E. Huston, Los Angeles sportsman, from a burning yacht

Keystone

It's official this time! Dorothy Mackaill and Neil Miller, young Hawaiian planter, are laughingly—not jokingly—telling the world they're engaged

◆ CUPID TRADES BOW AND ARROW FOR BOXING GLOVES ◆

REX LEASE PARTS FROM BRIDE

DOMESTIC TIFFS SEPARATE COWBOY ACTOR AND BRIDE, ELEANOR HUNT, AFTER FEW BRIEF WEEKS OF WEDDED BLISS

BY NANCY PRYOR

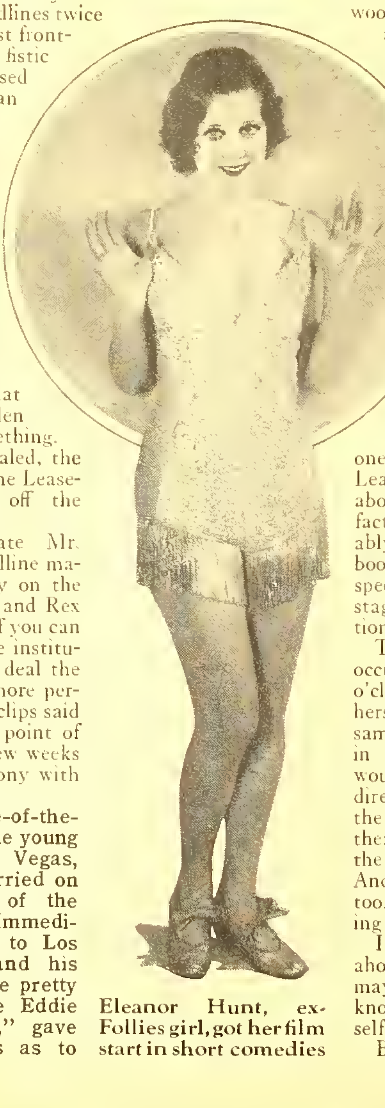
Rex Lease, cowboy actor, hit the headlines last year over a quarrel with Vivian Duncan. Now his marital mix-up is news

REX LEASE and Jack Dempsey have a lot in common. It's true that Rex is an actor and Jack is a fighter—but they get the same kind of "knockout" publicity.

Rex has made the headlines twice in the last year. The first front-page story concerned a fistic encounter he was supposed to have had with Vivian Duncan—a little tiff from which *Little Eva* emerged with a black eye and a legal suit against Rex for "playing too rough." Vivian's story was that Rex "hauled off and socked" her for no reason at all while they were both guests at a mutual friend's beach home. Rex denied all. It was his idea that Vivian must have fallen down the stairs, or something. In due time the eye healed, the suit was dropped, and the Lease-Duncan bout moved off the street-corner bulletins.

Now the unfortunate Mr. Lease is once again headline material, with Matrimony on the socking end of the deal and Rex taking the count. And if you can believe all you hear, the institution of marriage didn't deal the only blow. There are more personal and specific—er—clips said to have landed on the point of Rex's chin during the few weeks of his round of matrimony with Eleanor Hunt.

Rex's second battle-of-the-century began when the young couple eloped to Las Vegas, Nevada, and were married on the sunny morning of the eighth day of April. Immediately upon returning to Los Angeles both Rex and his bride, who is the same pretty girl you saw opposite Eddie Cantor in "Whoopee," gave out poetic statements as to their ideal happiness and generally thrilled condition. It looked like a nice ending to a lot of bad publicity for Rex.



Eleanor Hunt, ex-Follies girl, got her film start in short comedies

Nine days later all the people who had wished them well were amazed to read that the Rex Leases were reported separated. There's a three-day notice of intention-to-wed law required in the State of California. But someone had forgotten to check up on a nine-day matrimonial venture, *following* the ceremony.

When pressed for details, Rex admitted: "Well, we did have a little tiff—but it's all straightened out now. We're back together again, and everything's all right now."

Maybe everything was all right for Rex and Eleanor—but it wasn't with the neighbors. The Leases lived in a bungalow-court on Beechwood Avenue in North Hollywood. Before they had lived there a month, it is said that two families moved out completely and the rest were complaining bitterly of feuds that kept them awake all night.

Only a few of the more courageous souls ventured to stick out a head, or to add a word to the mêlée of the newlyweds. According to an eye-and-ear-witness, Mrs. Lease began complaining early of the fact that things weren't on the up-and-up with the Leases. It was called to the attention of everyone within the court that Mrs. Lease had a movie job that was about as good as Mr. Lease's. The fact seemed to fret her considerably. Not only words, but dishes, books and furniture flew at top speed during these preliminary stages, according to the aforementioned neighbors.

The Main Event is said to have occurred one morning at four o'clock when Mrs. Lease worked herself into such a fret that the same lovely arm that used to wave in "Follies" ensembles suddenly wound itself into a flying punch, directed a pretty, but firm fist at the point of Rex's chin, and landed there in as true an aim as you, or the neighbors, would care to see. And the story goes that Mr. Lease took it sitting down without trading a single pass in return!

If Vivian Duncan was right about that punch in the eye, she may now have the satisfaction of knowing that Mrs. Rex Lease, herself, packs a very nifty wallop.

But there is something about the whole deal that makes you pause and wonder: an actor who refuses to pass punches with a lady who is legally his wife and sparring partner can hardly be suspected of fistic encounters with a comparative stranger. Does it seem logical or doesn't it?

Eleanor Hunt as the bride in "Whoopee"—and as she may have looked when she became Mrs. Rex Lease

Rex is now reported to be living across the street from his first wife, Charlotte Merriam. If true, it looks like a case of love at second sight.

When Rex and Eleanor were reported separated the first time—that is, after the initial nine days—they managed to get together in time to tell the newswriters that it was all "just a practical joke on friends." It looked a little like a joke on the public, too—at least to the reporters.

This time neither intimated that a penchant for fun had split them apart. They had been dynamited apart this time. It won't be long now, say friends of both, before they're in the papers again, with the date-line most likely reading, "Reno, Nevada." Or "Nogales, Mexico"—which was where Nancy Carroll and Jack Kirkland were divorced in short order.

Rex, say actor-friends, has made the usual declarations of independence and swears that he is "off women for life." These friends also claim that Rex doesn't blame the women so much as himself, for ever getting involved with them.

Certainly the young cowboy star—a very likable chap—would be going ahead much faster if he hadn't hit the headlines twice in the past year, both times because of women. Not that either difficulty has been sensational, but neither has made Rex a hero. And stars must remain heroes—even in their off-screen encounters.

♦ HAPPY COUPLE HONEYMOONING IN HAWAII ♦

WILLIAM POWELL WEDS CAROLE LOMBARD

FAMOUS MAN OF THE WORLD TIRES OF BACHELOR'S FREEDOM - - BILL AND BRIDE PLAN QUIET LIFE

BY JOAN STANDISH

"SO Bill Powell's married . . .!" It is with a mixed feeling of best wishes and still a bit of it's-hard-to-believe that Hollywood is making the above observation on that ex-bachelor of bachelors, William Powell.

In spite of his former marriage, Bill has always been more than a bachelor to the home-town natives; he has been a stag—a Lone Wolf. Not that Bill hasn't liked the ladies at various times and in various moods, but they have been little more than passing fancies, mere ripples on the surface of his self-sufficiency. A dainty glove, carelessly left in Bill's bachelor apartment, only added spice to his bachelordom, like the bookshelves of erotic literature and the French prints of charmingly unrepressed ladies in the hide-away apartment where he was known as "Mr. Thorne."

International

Mr. and Mrs. at last, William Powell and Carole Lombard escape from reporters and sail for Hawaii for their honeymoon

Well, the pictures are all packed away now. So are the books. The key to the hide-away has been thrown away. Make no mistake about it, it is no hang-over from "Mr. Thorne" who married the beautiful Carole Lombard. Bill has packed his man-of-the-worldliness away for good.

I talked to him a couple of days before he and Carole were planning to be married. Suave? He was about as suave as Charlie Ray. Billy Bakewell, getting married to Mary Brian, couldn't have been more naïve than polished Powell.

"Carole and I spent our lunch hour to-day figuring out where we wanted to live when we get back from our honeymoon in Hawaii. We thrashed out the benefits of a furnished *versus* an unfurnished apartment—and a furnished house *versus* an unfurnished one. Frankly, I have a leaning toward a house. I've lived in apartments a long time. Somehow, marriage always seems more 'settled' in a home of your own—or have I been reading too many of those 'You furnish the girl—We furnish the house' advertisements?

"Do I hate to give up my freedom? Good Lord, no! Freedom is one of the great disillusions of the world. We think we want it above all things, and when we get it, what in the world can we do with it? What's the fun of going places and seeing things if there isn't someone important to share the thrill of traveling? What's the fun of accomplishing things if there isn't someone who means a lot to applaud and tell you what a remarkable fellow you are? I've had a great many years of the 'coveted freedom.' I've found that I can be the loneliest in the most crowded places when all I have to celebrate with is—freedom.

"I think I'm getting the most wonderful girl in the world. Freedom? I'd trade every bit of it just for a few hours with Carole. We've opened secret doors in one another's personalities. We've found that we are new people—to each other.

"Carole is supposed to be the sophisticated type. I'm supposed to be suave and polished—I'm supposed to drip with polish and slide with suavity. Well, it isn't true. We are both the shyest, most sensitive people you'll ever know. Carole's supposed sophistication is just a mask he has used to get over the hard bumps of life. Nobody knows where I got my reputation for 'suaveness.'

"The other night we braved the crowds to attend the opening of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. in his stage play, 'The Man In Possession.' Carole and I were asked to speak over the radio. I started trembling with nervousness. Suddenly I felt Carole's hand in mine. She was shaking, too. 'This is awful, darling,' she whispered in my ear. 'This is the last one of these we'll ever attend.'

William Powell has been converted to "the calm and unexciting life" of a husband. Wonder what he'll do with the top-hat?

"After our honeymoon, we're going to settle down in the old-fashioned idea of a calm and very unexciting life—as exciting lives are judged in Hollywood. We have a few close friends who mean much to us. We're going to play tennis, and quietly attend theaters—other than opening nights, and take drives to the beaches, and get our own meals on the cook's day out, and go places and do things—always together. I've found a pal, a sweetheart, a friend, a wife—let those who will keep their freedom!"

So Bill Powell's married . . .

And may we add—*and how!*

Hollywood sees romantic irony in the fact that the girl who changed Bill was the same girl who helped him look like the not-a-husband type in "Man of the World."

The movie colony also is amused at the way Bill and Carole went through the ceremony. Here probably, was the biggest chance for publicity either of them had ever had—and they dodged reporters!

When they appeared to take out the license, reporters spied them and garnered the facts that the groom was thirty-eight and the bride twenty-two. But not a single newshawk knew of the simple wedding at the home of the bride—until it was all over.

It took Carole Lombard to make Bill Powell realize he was lonely. She's "a pal, a sweetheart, a friend and a wife," says Bill

◆ YOU'LL SEE FAMOUS INDIAN IN "BATTLING WITH BUFFALO BILL" ◆

OUT OF THE DITCH AND INTO THE MOVIES

BIG JIM THORPE, GREATEST ATHLETE OF ALL TIME, FOUND WORKING AS LABORER, GETS CHANCE AS MOVIE ACTOR

By
J. EUGENE
CHRISMAN

Acme

The late Knute Rockne used to tell a story on himself to show what a football player Big Jim was—the greatest of them all

Big Jim puts on the warpaint and fights back in "Battling With Buffalo Bill"

Acme

Thorpe, now poor and obscure, was found working as a ditch-digger in Los Angeles

BOBBY JONES, Big Bill Tilden, Charlie Paddock, Red Grange and the late Knute Rockne all had their fling before the camera—and now the noblest Roman of them all, Big Jim Thorpe, Olympic champion and the greatest all-around athlete of modern times, has emerged from the limbo of forgotten heroes to don the greasepaint.

Once the idol of the world of sport, guest of emperors and kings, the great Indian was recently discovered working as a common laborer in Los Angeles at a wage of three dollars a day. Universal promptly offered him a contract and wrote a part for him in their serial, "Battling With Buffalo Bill." It was a big day for the Laemmles, as well as for Jim.

Throughout his astonishing career, during which he has run the gamut from fame and fortune to oblivion and poverty, Big Jim Thorpe has stood for clean sport. His record and his achievements once were the inspiration of thousands of young athletes who sought to emulate his accomplishments. On the talking screen, Jim Thorpe may once more find himself and again exert his influence on the youth of the nation.

Born in Oklahoma in the late 'Eighties, a member of the Sac and Fox tribes, Jim attended the Indian school at Haskell and then at Carlisle. It was there, under the direction of "Pop" Warner (now coach of Stanford), that his almost incredible prowess was developed. Although he was unquestionably the greatest football player the game ever produced, he set records with equal ease in running, jumping, skating, swimming, rowing, handball, tennis, hockey, lacrosse, shot-putting, hammer-throwing, hurdles and in every form of gymnastic endeavor.

In 1912, representing the United States in the Olympic games at Stockholm, Sweden, he gave the greatest demonstration ever witnessed in Olympic competition. Out of ten thousand possible points, Thorpe individually won a total of 8,412—more than eight times the number won by all athletes of all the nations in competition! As winner of the pentathlon and decathlon he received many trophies, including special awards from the King of Sweden and the Czar of Russia.

The disclosure that he had once played baseball on an obscure semi-pro team swept away his triumph and he turned professional. As a member of the New York "Giants," he won further laurels in baseball. Later going in for professional football, he toured the country for years, meeting all comers. Gradually he sank into obscurity. The name of Jim Thorpe became a legend. His achievements lived, but the man was forgotten. Although there were no doubt hundreds of influential men who, remembering his former glory, would have given him aid, Big Jim scorned such tactics. With the same spirit with which he had so often bucked the line, he asked no favors.

Then an item in a national magazine caught the eye of John Le Roy Johnson, director of publicity at Universal. The fact that the famous athlete was employed in Los Angeles as a common laborer was brought to the attention of Junior Laemmle. Big Jim was brought to the studio, a part was written for him as *Chief Swift Arrow* in a forthcoming serial, and he was ready to make his second bid for fame and fortune.

Countless stories are told of the days when the Indian was making football history at Carlisle. Knute Rockne loved to recount the story of his own meeting with Thorpe on the gridiron. Rockne, end on the Notre Dame team, was instructed to stop Thorpe, at all costs. As the ball was snapped and the Indian tore through the line, Rockne tackled and although he stopped Big Jim, he was sorely shaken. Thorpe walked over to him and, placing his huge paw on Rockne's shoulder, said kindly,

"Next time, be good boy and let Jim run."

Again Thorpe came through and again Rockne stopped him, but was scarcely able to regain his feet after the play. Once more the Indian said softly,

"No. Be good boy and let Jim run."

For the third time Thorpe came plunging through. Rockne tackled. The next thing he knew, the stands were cheering and Thorpe was walking back from his touchdown. The Indian came over to where the dazed Rockne lay on the field and reaching over to help him up, said with a broad grin,

"That's good boy—let Jim run."

Thorpe resents the thought that this new opportunity may have come to him because of sympathy created by his "come-down."

"I don't want sympathy. All I want is a chance to fight back. This is my first appearance as an actor and I'm going at it just as I used to go into a football game. I'll buck the line and try to carry the ball for a gain every time I appear on the screen. I am only forty-three years old. I am a few pounds overweight, but I can soon get back in shape. I have always tried to set a good example for young athletes and I believe that if I am given the proper parts, I can still carry on that work."

SOUTH SEA DANCER NOW GLORIFIED BY ZIEGFELD

RERI'S REAL NAME IS ANNA

THE NATIVE STAR OF "TABU," NOW A FOLLIES BEAUTY, ISN'T SO SAVAGE, AFTER ALL

By DON WINTERS

THE screen's latest acting sensation, the morning paper said, will never see the one picture in which she has starred. She is Reri, lovely savage, unspoiled daughter of the South Sea Islands.

The little sob-story went on to tell how the late F. W. Murnau had discovered Reri on the tiny isle of Bora Bora and had cast the inexperienced maiden in his tragic South Sea love-drama, "Tabu." The part she played, according to this sentimental little account, was much like her own life—highly dramatized, of course, but essentially the same. It told of the testing of dozens of native girls and the ultimate selection of Reri. Then concluded:

"With the picture completed, Murnau sailed away, leaving Reri to continue her life as a carefree Bora Bora maiden, living with her family, having her romances with her island lovers. The star of 'Tabu' will probably never know what the world thinks of her as an actress."

Semi-tragic, this little story. Poor Reri. Doubtless even Bora Bora girls possess their modicum of feminine vanity. Imagine never knowing of your success—for Reri is a sensational success in "Tabu"—never reading the plaudits of the picture critics, never knowing the public's reaction to a sincere, vivid performance.

This excursion into the maudlin was due, however, to receive a sudden jolt. For in another section of that same morning paper appeared a second item, a news dispatch from New York, stating that Florenz Ziegfeld was to feature a new dancer in his next "Follies"—a little South Sea Islander named Reri. So Reri *was* to know. She had attracted his attention in "Tabu" and had been persuaded to make the seven-thousand-mile trip to that other famous little island, Manhattan.

This reporter looked up Guy Wilkie, who was a member of the Murnau troupe in Bora Bora. Wilkie was the cameraman chosen by the director to accompany him on the original South Seas trip, but when financial difficulties arose after several months, Wilkie returned to California. Finances arranged, Murnau cabled Wilkie to return—an offer the cameraman was unable to accept because of other contracts. So another photographer finished the picture.

Does "Reri" look primitive in this exclusive snapshot?

The "native" girl who was a sensation in "Tabu" (right) isn't so naïve in real life (above). She is half-French, speaks French, wears French clothes

We asked Wilkie if he had heard of Reri's "Follies" offer.

"Reri?" he repeated. "Reri? I know no one named Reri."

"She was the little native girl who played the lead in 'Tabu,'" we explained.

Wilkie continued to profess himself unacquainted with the lady until stills from the picture were procured.

"Oh, you mean Anna," he said, glancing at the photographs. "Maybe her last name is Reri, but no one called her anything but Anna. Sure, I remember Anna. She was a nice kid. A little wild, perhaps, by our standards—but a nice kid.

"Bill Bambridge, who runs a general store in the islands and helped us with locations, introduced her to Murnau. She was a friend of Alice, Bill's wife, and because of that friendship Bill looked after Anna's business interests. Sort of a manager, you know, and public relations counsel.

"Anna danced a mean hula and used to put on shows for tourists who wanted to see some 'native life.' She loved to dance, though she was sort of bashful and shy with people she didn't know. She always needed a little urging to get started; but once she started, she'd dance all evening just for the fun of it. Many's the time she did her hula for the entertainment of the fellows in the troupe.

"I believe Anna came from Tahiti or some place like that. Her father was French, as I remember, and her mother Polynesian. She was very light. She spoke very good French and not such good English. But she understood plenty. She was up on her French novels, and she knew a good cigarette from a poor one.

"She didn't mix very much with the natives. Nor did she ever wear native costumes, except in the picture. She dressed like the other girls in the French colony. The only time she wore a grass skirt was when she danced. I have some snapshots of her, if you'd care to see them."

So this was the real story of Anna, not quite the simple little island maiden who was such good material for a little newspaper sob-story. She is destined to know what the world thinks of her acting and her dancing, for now she is being glorified by Ziegfeld, and being interviewed by New York newspapermen.

Yet perhaps Anna Chevalier—Reri to you—is more of a pathetic figure because she *is* to know. Thrust into the maelstrom of New York night-life, she will find it difficult to readjust herself to her former carefree existence.

She disappointed San Francisco ship news reporters by arriving there dressed *a la Parisienne*. So when she reached New York, she was wearing a grass skirt.

She told reporters, through an interpreter, that she does not speak Polynesian and learned her French in a convent. (One ex-A.E.F. man among the reporters picked up a few words that weren't learned in any convent.) She likes American cocktails, airplane rides, skyscrapers, night-clubs and American reporters. She has quickly adapted herself to high-pressure America.

Yes, we're sure that we are sorrier now for Reri than we ever were.

◆ HELEN HAYES SAYS "ACT-OF-GOD BABY" STEALS SPOTLIGHT ◆

STAR ANNOYED BY WISECRACK

HELEN HAYES WILL NOT RAISE HER DAUGHTER TO BE AN ACTRESS

BY MURIEL BABCOCK

Helen Hayes is a victim of headline-hunters

Hurrell

HOW would you like it, if you were a famous stage actress, a favorite of critics as well as public, and suddenly lost all personal identity? Simply because a headline-writer waxed facetious and coined a phrase of deadly cleverness that the public, even after a year, refuses to forget?

Helen Hayes, small, blonde, blue-eyed, about to make her début in pictures in "Lullaby" for M-G-M, complains bitterly.

"In the first place, it is very hard on the child," she told me. "What if people never forget it? Imagine her being known as 'the Act-of-God baby' after she is grown up, or even while she is a child!

"I remember hearing about the Million-Dollar Baby years ago. Only recently I read somewhere that he had married—'Million-Dollar Baby Takes Wife' was the headline. How funny, and yet how awful! An appellation like that might affect character. It would certainly be more of a handicap than a help to anyone.

"Personally, I have been slightly irritated. The day I arrived in Los Angeles, I was met at the train by reporters and cameramen. I posed for pictures and went home pleased that I had attracted enough attention as a stage personality to merit newspaper space in the movie town. The next morning I picked up the paper to read 'Mother of Act-of-God Baby Arrives.'!"

You may remember how the unsought title was earned. The young stage celebrity, starring in "Coquette," the play, was forced to leave the cast several weeks before her baby was born. The show closed without notice and players brought suit against producer Jed Harris for additional salary. Harris defended the case by maintaining that the arrival of a daughter to Helen Hayes and her husband, playwright Charles MacArthur (he was co-author of "The Front Page"), was an "Act of God." The courts finally ruled that young Miss MacArthur was NOT an "Act of God"—but the negative part of this, laments Miss Hayes, has long since been forgotten.

"At first it made the funny pages," she said plaintively. "There were cartoons. One in a New York paper pictured a stork carrying a baby and smacking its beak over the words: 'Aha! I've been vindicated after all these years!'

"Charlie says she will live it all down in due time, but I doubt it. Here you are talking to me about her instead of what I think of films. The baby gets all the attention, even in my first picture interview!

"She is a beautiful thing, like a baby on the cover of a women's magazine—all red cheeks and big eyes and lovely hair. Did you hear of Charlie's awe-stricken remark when he first saw her? He said, 'God! She's more beautiful than Brooklyn Bridge!'

"I was separated from her for ten weeks last summer. I left her in New York with the nurse to join Charlie on the Coast. It seemed cruel to take a five-months-old baby across the continent in the heat.

"One of the first persons I met when I returned was Alice Roosevelt Longworth. And her first remark upon learning my name was, 'Oh, so you're the mother of the "Act-of-God" baby! Tell me, how are you bringing her up? How do you go about your work and still take care of her?'

"I was a little shamefaced. 'I don't,' I said, 'I've just abandoned her for ten long weeks.'"

"'That's lovely,' she returned. 'I wish I had done the same thing. Don't ever stay too close to your children because, if you do, you cannot get away later. I had my baby when I was older and I simply couldn't spend a minute apart from her. Now I cannot bear to be separated from Patricia and it's very hard on the child.'

"And that," continued Miss Hayes, "has helped give me a pattern for bringing her up. She's to be independent and so are Charlie and I. She's going to be a tomboy, I think. Not an actress, because Charlie wouldn't like that."

Young Miss MacArthur, her mother points out, is NOT an "Act-of-God baby"

Will one "Act-of-God" baby be sufficient in the Hayes-MacArthur home? It will. But don't think by that that more babies are not wanted—just no more headlines.

"I want two more children—a boy and a girl, or two boys. Just so there is a little variation of sex. I would just as soon never act again if we had lots of money. I don't just want to retire and live in a cottage. I want a town house and a country house with ponies and swimming-pools and things for the children."

If Helen Hayes can manage to exert a small portion of the magnetism that has been hers on the stage, you will hear a lot of her in films. Maybe you'll forget all about the "*Not* The Act-of-God" baby.

INSOMNIA HAS ROBBED HER OF ROMANCE AND HAPPINESS

GARBO NEVER SLEEPS

This Is Her Tragedy--The Real Explanation Of Her Strange Life And Her Broken Romance

By FAITH SERVICE

Garbo wears a slouch hat so that passersby will not recognize her. Forced encounters with people haunt her

THERE is a woman in Hollywood who never sleeps. A woman who is unutterably tired. A woman exhausted. A woman who cannot rest—GRETA GARBO.

From one woman in Hollywood who is a close friend of Garbo's I heard this one authentic explanation of Garbo. There have been so many. "She is dumb . . . She is perverse . . . She is temperamental . . . She is acutely conscious of the business values of her sphinx-like seclusion . . ."

All wrong. All guesses. The reason why she does what she does, the reason why she doesn't do the things that other people do, the reason for her famous eccentricities and hermit-like existence, her lack of response to the social life, her lack of response to eager lovers is this—*Garbo is an insomniac.*

She never sleeps.

Leslie Howard has said to me, "By our physical disabilities should we be judged."

This is diabolically true of Garbo.

How can one judge a woman so mortally tired?

At the most, at the best, Garbo knows fifteen minutes of sleep at a stretch.

For years, the famous Garbo eyes have remained open many a night

She doesn't go out, she doesn't entertain, she doesn't mingle or know friendships—because, she says, an evening with people is an evening of possible sleep lost. It is, at best, only possible. The faces of people she has seen keep coming back to her, in procession, over and over again, gesticulating, grimacing, laughing. And so she doesn't see people. The words she has heard spoken repeat themselves in her mind, over and over again, with endless variations.

The mannish clothes she affects—the drab tailored suits, the heavy shoes, the slouch hat—are worn partly for purposes of exercise, but more for purposes of disguise. When she walks along the Boulevard, she doesn't want people to recognize her, to stop her, to try to interview her. When she dines in downtown Hollywood, she selects some little-known, out-of-the-way café, where there are no celebrity-chasers. And if anyone recognizes the unobtrusive diner as Garbo, she is likely to leave abruptly. Such forced encounters haunt her.

Insomnia is why Garbo takes her endless walks, up and down the beach, miles and miles of beach, in rain as in sunshine—tramping, tramping—in the hope that physical exhaustion will induce oblivion. Mental exhaustion never does.

Insomnia is why Garbo takes her constant sun-baths. Sitting in the sun—as near a somnolent condition as possible—is the nearest Garbo ever comes to a protracted rest.

Garbo has been an insomniac off and on for years. To begin with, the malady was mild. With the death of Mauritz Stiller, the famous director who brought her to America, it became chronic and hideous. Since that tragedy, the deepest in her life, her eyes stare open through the long hours of the night as, preceding his death, Stiller's eyes stared open through the long hours of the night. Stiller, who had to have a house with several bedrooms in it, hoping that if sleep would not come to him in one room it might in another. There is no room where sleep will come to Garbo.

It may be this hitherto unknown secret in Garbo's life that prevents her from love. It was death-like exhaustion that sent so ardent a lover as John Gilbert away with a heart-breaking refusal. Gilbert, whose heart *is* broken, who still speaks of Garbo with the naïveté of a boy knowing his first love: "I saw Garbo on the set to-day—*she spoke to me!*" Of no other woman in his life does Gilbert speak as he speaks of Garbo.

Garbo, *too tired for love.*

No other star in Hollywood has such a reputation for fascinating her leading men. Romance is continually beckoning to the sad-eyed Swedish girl, but she turns her head away. She is too tired.

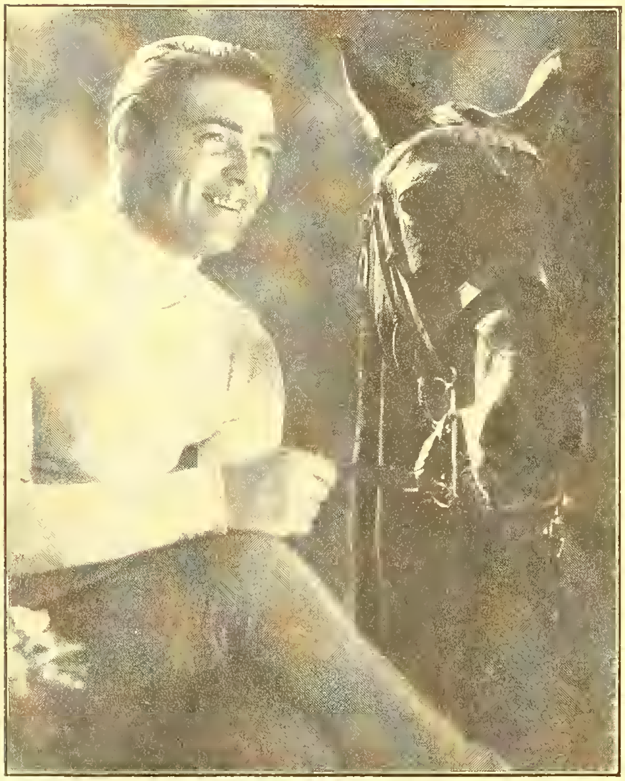
Is there no medicine, no magic of science that might bring her relief? She never thinks of sleeping potions, never will. That is the easy way. Garbo prefers the hard way, the Spartan way.

Some night, perhaps, sleep will come as it did when she was a child. . .

◆ NEW SCREEN SHEIK HAS HOLLYWOOD GUESSING ◆

HOW MANY MARRIAGES FOR CLARK GABLE?

POPULAR ACTOR SAYS HE HAS BEEN WED TWICE, BUT FRIENDS CLAIM FOUR MARRIAGES FOR HIM



By DOROTHY CALHOUN

"NO," Clark Gable's friends quote him as saying last summer, "I'm not married now. My wife just got a divorce in April."

"Yes," Clark Gable admitted six months later to inquiring interviewers, "I'm married. But I'd rather not discuss that, please."

Then, a few weeks ago, came a hasty trip to Santa Ana, where a license was secured for William C. Gable and Mrs. Rita Langham to wed. The license indicated, it was reported, that this was the lady's third marriage, and Clark Gable's second. Maybe his first marriage to Mrs. Langham did not count.

How many times has Clark Gable really said, "I do"? Let us see! The newest "great lover" of the screen labors under the misfortune of being a local boy who hung around Los Angeles casting offices for years. There are altogether too many people here who "knew him when"!

Friends warned Clark that if he wanted to keep his remarriage to Rita Langham secret, he had better not go to Santa Ana, whose courthouse has been the scene of so many headline romances that reporters watch it like hawks. But Clark is apparently sincere in his declaration, "Why, I'm *nobody!* I'm not important! I'm just an actor working at his job!"

If he really thought that no notice would be taken of his wedding, he was very much mistaken—as mistaken as Rudolph Valentino when he thought that no one would find out that he had married Natacha Rambova in Mexico before his California divorce was final. For an exactly similar reason Clark Gable says he remarried the lady whom he first wed "somewhere back East," a trifle too soon after he and Josephine Dillon were divorced. Though he does not declare dramatically, like Rudy, "My love could not be kept waiting!"—a line that thrilled a million women.

Clark Gable, who is making feminine hearts flutter as no one has since Valentino, prefers women older than himself

Who is the present Mrs. Clark Gable? Apparently an attractive, smartly-dressed and well-to-do divorcée, with two previous husbands and a son and daughter. Clark met her in the East when he temporarily gave up the struggle to make a go of picture work and tried his luck on Broadway. Was he married to her when he returned to Los Angeles in the stage production of "The Last Mile" and won a screen contract? If so, why did he tell friends last summer at Malibu that he wasn't married? If not, when and where were they married the first time?

As though this were not enough mystery, the newspapers printed the ages of the couple—the lady's as forty-one, Gable's as thirty. For the second time he has married a wife ten years his senior.

While he was living here humbly several years ago, often going hungry, one of the women who saw him making his endless rounds of the theaters, agencies, and casting offices was Josephine Dillon, a well-known vocal teacher. She took pity on this ambitious, poorly-prepared boy and worked with him tirelessly, coaching him, improving his delivery of dramatic lines. At length they were married. Though they separated not long after, it was not until April, 1930, that the lady obtained a divorce from her young husband. Her age was given as forty-two.

But according to one of Clark's closest friends, a young screen actor, even this was not Gable's first marriage! For good measure this friend's story mentions a young son also, and swears that he has often seen telegrams from the boy to Clark. Which, if true, would make four marriages for the newest screen sheik, counting two to Mrs. Langham!

"Clark's preference for older women is easily explainable," says a well-known actress, who helped him get small theatrical parts in the old days. "He was never sure of himself—he relied on other people's advice. He had terrific respect for experience. He needed guidance and knew it. Older women's liking for Clark is also understandable. He appealed to their maternal instinct. He was very humble about himself, boyishly enthusiastic, grateful. He used to have plenty of chances to go out with beautiful girls, but he always chose to be with mature women, whenever he could."

The mere fact that the Gable-Langham marriage at Santa Ana was a remarriage did not surprise Hollywood. Only last spring Helen Twelvetrees announced her marriage to Frank Woody, only to remarry him a few days later, just to make sure that the titles to community property were all in legal order. John Gilbert and Leatrice Joy once remarried, too.

Hollywood doesn't know what to make of this matrimonial mystery. Why hasn't Hollywood seen the new Mrs. Clark Gable with her young husband at openings and restaurants? Did Clark Gable really say, as he is quoted as saying when an actor mentioned Josephine Dillon, "Dillon? Josephine Dillon? I don't believe I know the lady"? Has Clark a nine-year-old son? Why all the mystery? It's an out-of-date superstition that the public prefers its romantic heroes unmarried!

♦ EUROPEANS BELIEVE HER "DOUBLE" IS PLAYING HER RÔLES ♦

STAR REPORTED SLAIN BY PRINCESS

EUROPE CONVINCED JEANETTE MACDONALD WAS "PUT OUT OF WAY" BY JEALOUS ROYAL WIFE

By JACK GRANT

JEANETTE MacDONALD has lost the sight of one eye as the result of being shot by a royal bride in a quarrel over the affections of a European prince.

No—it was vitriol the princess threw in Jeanette's face; and Jeanette, in despondency over the loss of her beauty, committed suicide.

No—Jeanette did not take her own life; she was killed by a bullet from the royal gun.

These and a score of equally fantastic rumors have spiced the newspaper gossip of Europe's capitals for the past several months. The reports have reached the proportions of an international scandal. Open discussion of the "affair" has occupied the foreign press since last fall. Neither denials, affidavits nor pictures seem capable of stopping the gossip, which is driving Jeanette almost frantic. Now even Charlie Chaplin is mixed up in it.

The weird stories have complicated details. They started with a mysterious automobile accident near Bruges, Belgium, last August. There were two occupants in the car, a woman and a man, both of whom were seriously injured and taken to a nearby hospital. Two days later they strangely disappeared in the night, being secretly transported to a special train. It was whispered then that the man in the accident was a crown prince, heir to a great throne. But not until some months later was it said that the woman was our own Jeanette MacDonald, whom the prince was once quoted as calling his favorite movie star.

This apparently came about with the rumor concerning the alleged intention of the crown princess to divorce her royal husband. The princess was said to have met Jeanette on the Riviera where the purported shooting occurred. First, Jeanette was supposed to have lost an eye—then came the vitriol and subsequent suicide version, which finally became the murder story. People can be found who firmly support one or another of these rumors—some who believe all three.

At any rate, in Europe the general consensus of opinion is that Jeanette MacDonald is really dead, however she met her fate. You see, the existence of "doubles" for movie stars is well known the world over and the belief is that Jeanette's "double" is now appearing in her place with her name. Such an idea is palpably absurd to American fans, but apparently the term "double" is taken more literally by our Continental cousins.

Even the announcement of Jeanette's engagement to Robert Ritchie did little to quell the reports of her death. One French newspaper admitted receiving the announcement. "But," it stated, "this is not quite the truth, either. It is not Jeanette MacDonald who is marrying Mr. Ritchie, but her sister. They told of the marriage to kill rumors."

It is at this point that one Charles Spencer Chaplin makes his bow. He is mixed up in the case for no other apparent reason than his presence in Europe. But, the stories go, Jeanette—doubtless just before her sudden demise—turned over letters to him that told of her "royal lover." Charlie, being a gentleman, is said to have surrendered them upon the request of a certain king, who personally came to Paris to receive them. Some say it was not the king, but a duke. Just another of the many conflicting reports. It was, however, for this "service," according to several newspapers, that "Charlot" received the ribbon of the Legion of Honor.

A few European papers view with distress the diplomatic difficulties that might arise as a result of the stories, but only one of the many clippings that lie before me suggests that the story might be a publicity stunt. This dispatch shrugs, "American publicity is capable of anything."

And what of Jeanette MacDonald, about whom all this turmoil is raging? She has done her best to stop the rumors, cabling emphatic denials whenever a new story appeared. But according to the European press she is quite dead and they apparently do not believe in spirit messages, refusing to recognize her cabled denials.

The oddest phase of the affair is that Jeanette has never met a crown prince and until this spring, had never been to Europe. She was really in Hollywood, working on her first feature for Fox Studios, during the entire period she was supposed to have been in Europe, being murdered.

And the picture she was making was, ironically enough, titled, "Oh, For a Man!"

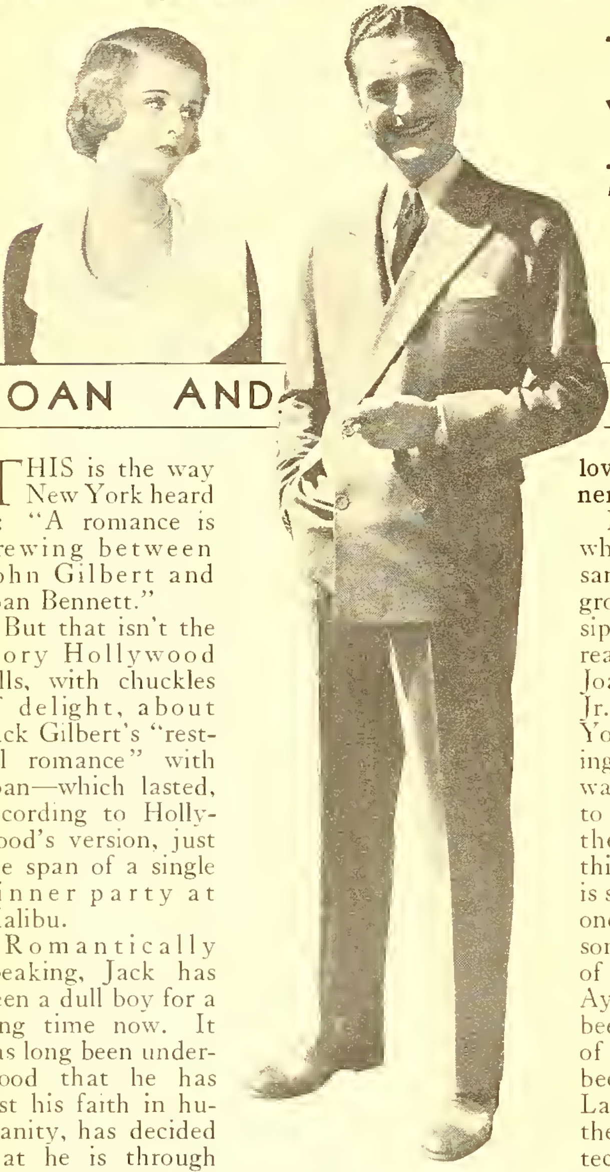
Now on vacation from film work, Jeanette has gone abroad—principally to dispel the scandal rumors. She is making a concert tour of the chief Continental capitals—Paris, Berlin and London (with particular emphasis on Paris)—in a determined effort to stop the stories. Europe has to see to believe!

Jeanette MacDonald didn't smile like this when she heard she had been "murdered." She tried — in vain — to stop the stories

THE GILBERT-BENNETT ROMANCE FADES OUT

THE LONELY JOHN AND THE WISTFUL JOAN ARE NOT *THAT WAY* ABOUT EACH OTHER AT ALL

BY DOROTHY DONNELL



JOAN AND JOHN ARE MERELY FRIENDS

THIS is the way New York heard it: "A romance is brewing between John Gilbert and Joan Bennett."

But that isn't the story Hollywood tells, with chuckles of delight, about Jack Gilbert's "restful romance" with Joan—which lasted, according to Hollywood's version, just the span of a single dinner party at Malibu.

Romantically speaking, Jack has been a dull boy for a long time now. It has long been understood that he has lost his faith in humanity, has decided that he is through with love, and has retired into a sort of Garboredom, refusing himself to interviewers, the public, and even most of his friends. People just didn't understand him, that was all. He played tennis with a few masculine friends, and looked dark and stern and heart-broken, and very, very handsome. Gilbert the "great lover," disappeared.

Then suddenly, for the first time apparently in months, he saw a woman. Joan Bennett is young, fragile, wide-eyed and wistful-looking. Playing with her young daughter on the sands, she was a womanly picture, you may imagine, to the eyes of a disillusioned man. Or, to produce a metaphor in harmony with Malibu's landscape, to a shipwrecked sailor of the sea of matrimony, looking for a sail.

"She's restful. She has repose. She's serene," those near Jack heard him murmur.

Whereupon the impulsive screen lover invited Joan to dinner at his bungalow.

Now, to understand what follows, it is necessary to give you a background of Hollywood gossip. You may remember reading of the romance of Joan and John Considine, Jr., young film executive. You may remember reading also that this romance was off. The truth seems to be that it still is one of these on-again-off-again things. Between tiffs each is seen dancing with someone else at the Mayfair or some other favorite resort of the screen stars. Lew Ayres, for example, has been an occasional escort of Joan—probably only because Lew and Lola Lane were temporarily on the outs. It is recognized technique in the game of Love, to keep up interest by arousing jealousy. Which may be why Joan accepted Jack's invitation to dinner—and again, of course, may not be.

At any rate, it seems certain that she must have let her part-time admirer know in some way that she was dining with the fascinating Jack. And it seems certain also that he retaliated by inviting the seductive Lola Lane to dine with *him*, and allowed this fact to be known.

The stage was set for Jack Gilbert's Restful Romance, with varied emotions seething beneath the small-talk at several Malibu dinner tables. Some possibly guessed that all was not as serene as it seemed. Malibu keeps open house and people continually stroll in upon their neighbors. Among those who strolled in upon the Gilbert dinner party, so Hollywood relates the tale, was a friend of John Considine, who glowered at Jack's guest and presently strolled out again.

However, says Hollywood, Jack was finding Joan everything he had hoped—gentle, sympathetic, restful, romantically lovely—when the peace was rudely shattered by the arrival of Considine, who, having sent his guest, Lola Lane, home to Hollywood in his car, had had time for reflection and considered himself ill-used. If you wonder how this tale got out, you must remember the topography of Malibu. The houses are built so closely together there that the inhabitants have no secrets from each other, and in this case many were those who were witnesses, auditors and practically participants in the evening's events.

They relate excited demands for somebody to leave the house at once, equally irate refusals, statements. "This lady is under my protection! She shall do as she pleases!" Plaintive feminine queries (what lady doesn't like to be the center of a fight?): "How can you do this to me?" Invitations to somebody to come outside while somebody popped somebody in the nose, interspersed with protests of eternal friendship.

In the midst of the general uproar appeared Lew Ayres, who had heard that Lola was dining at Malibu, was inclined to disbelieve that she had left, and—so we are told—insisted upon searching for her.

The argument moved from house to house, from beach to interior, now waxing loud, now almost dying down, so that the sleepy neighbors turned over in bed and drowsed off, only to be awakened by an offer to pop somebody's nose on the midnight beach outside their windows.

At last, when everyone was too sleepy to be amused any longer, the roar of several automobiles, carrying the invited and uninvited guests away, fell upon the silence of early dawn.

And John Gilbert's Restful Romance was at an end. A complete end, so we hear.

LOOKING THEM OVER

Gossip From The West Coast

By Dorothy Manners

Edwina ("Trader Horn") Booth—in black—looks all set for a big party. Yes, and another big rôle

Lillian Bond—in white—is also dressed to go places. To New York, so rumor has it, for a summer revue

POLA NEGRI and Marlene Dietrich certainly eyed each other carefully, if cautiously, at the première of "Rebound."

Marlene had the first good look as **Pola**, in a stunning white gown, swept down the aisle to her seat in front of **Marlene** and **Josef von Sternberg**.

Every eye in the house, including *la* Dietrich's, was on the Polish flame as she flamed and bowed herself into the theater. The scouts from the outside say **Pola** occasioned even a greater "Ah" from the crowd than had **Marlene** herself when she entered—though Marlene's "Ah" was gasping enough.

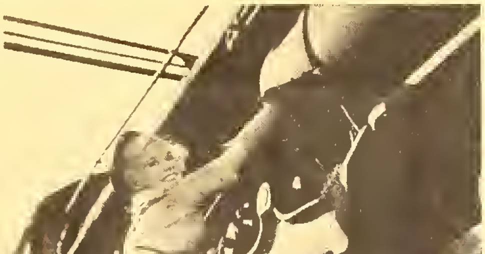
Any way you want to figure it, the girls stole the honors of the evening away from **Ina Claire**, who stars in the picture.

DURING that big Taking A Bow Number at the end of the evening's festivities, **Ina** acquired the spotlight long enough to make a quaint curtain speech. She said: "For the first time in my life I am speechless."

Maybe she realized for the first time that she was the only member of the cast to get her face into the camera! Or do you suppose she knew it all along?

CHARLIE CHAPLIN'S next picture, so the story goes, will be a talkie—but **Charlie** will keep his promise to remain silent *by playing a deaf-and-dumb man!*

No one seems to know when impulsive *Charlie* will decide to come home. He likes the Riviera so well he has been trying to rent a château. But one of these days he'll pack up and take the first boat. It's a bet.



Hurrell

Fryer

It isn't quite hot enough for Joan Marsh (above). Or does an engine boiler seem cool after those scenes in "The Great Lover"? But Polly Walters (right), out from New York for "Expensive Women," is keeping herself on ice

ROBERT MONTGOMERY has a right to be sore at those rumors that he is "hiding his wife in the background." Wherever that silly story started, it couldn't have been inspired through any actions or wishes of **Bob's**.

The truth is that Mrs. Montgomery does not wish to be interviewed or quoted on her husband's success, and his company is not anxious to play up their fascinating leading man as "already spoken for." So far as the public goes, Mrs. Montgomery doesn't want to exist—but in private she's usually to be found right at **Bob's** elbow. (You may take that almost literally. She's not very tall.)

The other night **Bob** and Mrs. **Bob** occupied a ringside table at the Cocoanut Grove. They danced together and held hands just like all the collegiate couples that jammed the floor.

It's a funny thing about the Montgomerys—like **Mike** and **Ike**, they look alike. They could pass for brother and sister. Even their names are alliterative—**Betty** and **Bob**.

JACK OAKIE is getting fat!

Honest, pounds and pounds of it.

Love increaseth the weight.

WHAT in the world has happened to the romance rumors concerning **Richard Dix**?

Rich, who used to be reported engaged on an average of once every six months, has not had his name linked with a pretty girl's for nearly a year now.

Another "great lover" turned hermit?

NEWS AND VIEWS OF

Dyar

Now that she has that mahogany complexion she went after, Lilyan Tashman is hiding most of it under French-sailor pajamas. Lil isn't blushing. That's just tan!

ROMANCES That Continue:

Ina *Claire and* **Robert** *Ames.*
Clarence *Brown and* **Mona** *Maris.*
Alice *White and* **"Cy"** *Bartlett.*
Buddy *Rogers and* **Harriet** *Lake.*
Loretta *Young and* **Ray** *Le Strange.*

MARCELINE DAY managed to keep her marriage to Arthur J. Klein a secret for some time.

According to Marceline's mother, the couple have been married in two ceremonies—the first occurring several months ago in Mexico, and the second taking place recently in New York.

LOLA LANE got all up in the air when some meanie suggested that she was not **Lew Ayres'** type of girl.

"Whoever heard of such a thing?" she sputtered. "No two people were ever more congenial than **Lew** and I. We even think alike, we like the same people, we like the same places, we laugh and cry at the same things. The whole thing is too silly, preposterous, absurd, inane, *crazy*—"

Here **Lola** became so upset that she ran out of adjectives.

THE movie fans in a certain café certainly must have had a big thrill the other night, when **Janet Gaynor** and **Charlie Farrell** stepped out on the floor and danced together—just like old times. But don't get excited—

Lydell Peck and **Virginia** Valli were in the same dinner party, which was given in honor of the visiting Hawaiian princesses. Next to **Janet's** dance with **Charlie**, her light fantastic with **Monte** Blue proved the high-light of the evening—**Monte** being so tall and rangy, and **Janet** being so tiny. Once **Monte** stooped 'way down and yelled above the jazz din: "Hello, young lady! How's the weather down there?"

AFTER making up with M-G-M and promising to be a good boy, **Charles** Bickford is once more free of a contract with that studio. **Charlie** didn't squawk his way out this time. He was merely unrenewed.

Wm. Grimes

Every studio in town wanted young Jackie Cooper, but M-G-M managed to keep him. For one thing, he likes Lew Cody, the jovial villain

THIS Month's Crop of Rumors:

Joan *Crawford's expectation of a "blessed event."*

The impending marriage of **Ernst** *Lubitsch and* **Ona** *Munson.*

The same talk about **Helene** *Lubitsch (ex-Mrs. Lubitsch) and* **Hans** *Kraly.*

Charles *Bickford as a substitute for* **Richard** *Dix on the RKO program.*

The **Fredric** *Marchs' not expecting an interesting event after all.* **Freddie** *was only kidding* **Walter** *Winchell, who publicly forecasts such big moments.*

The possibility of a romance between **Mary** *Astor and a handsome young doctor.*

Kent Douglass, stage juvenile who went movie, is plotting to return to Broadway. His hound's homesick for New York

Richee

Water, water, everywhere—and not a chance to sink! This is how Wynne Gibson rests up from those strenuous rôles as The Other Woman—the latest being in "The Road to Reno"

THERE is no doubt that **Clark** Gable is a very sex-appealing young man.

But something should be done about the way **Clark** calls the ladies he meets "Ma'am."

If there's anything that spoils a romantic feeling like a misplaced "Yes, ma'am," it's a thrill-dulling "No, ma'am."

A WEEK before **William** Powell and **Carole** Lombard were married, he invited his ten-year-old son, Bill, Jr., who is attending military school in Los Angeles, to dine with his very-nearly new step-mother. Later, when asked how **Bill, Jr.**, and **Carole** got along, Powell made a wistful remark:

"It is sometimes difficult to get all the threads of one's life pulling in the same direction."

The former Mrs. Powell (**Eileen** Wilson) has recently moved to Hollywood to be near her son's school.

PERCY CROSBY was so pleased with **Jackie Cooper**'s portrait of his cartoon character, *Skippy*, that he sent the young star a gold watch in appreciation of his work.

Bette Davis is a little beauty—bathing and otherwise. Being one of Mr. Universal's favorite chillun, she has a big chance in "Waterloo Bridge"

SEEN *At Malibu:*

Little **Mary** *Hay Barthelmess, back from a visit to her mother, sitting on the beach in front of her father's house with* **Joan** *Crawford.*

Constance *Bennett's Russian wolfhound adding a note of formality to the beach scene.*

John *Boles riding a new bicycle along the road back of his home.*

William Haines came back from Europe to spend the dog days here. He's making "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford"

MERVYN ("Boy Director") Le Roy, who recently separated from **Edna** Murphy, is going places with **Ginger** Rogers—and **Jack** White, the "ex" of **Pauline** Starke, is ditto with **Blanche** Mehaffey.

THE best news Hollywood has had in a long time is that **Evalyn** Knapp's injury, brought about when she fell thirty feet over a rock embankment and injured some vertebræ, will not keep her permanently from the screen.

Evalyn and her brother, **Stanley**, were hiking in the Hollywood hills when the pretty little Warner Brothers' player suddenly lost footing and plunged into a deep ravine.

She was immediately rushed to a hospital in a police car that happened to be nearby. For two days it was not known if she would ever be able to appear again before the camera. Her doctors are now of the opinion that **Evalyn** will recover—but her studio contract cannot be resumed for three or four months.

WHOOPEE—**Lupe** Velez has certainly been burning up vaudeville circuits with hot imitations of the folks she left behind her in Hollywood. And how the audiences love it! From the reports that drift back, **Lupe** is the most sensational headliner who ever stepped from Hollywood to the two-a-day.

And she still doesn't care what she says!

In prefacing her imitation of **Dolores** Del Rio, she remarks (so it is reported): "*Maybe* you will remember **Dolores** Del Rio—"

And an ex-titled lady of the screen, say the reports, is referred to merely as "the Marquise de la Faw-Faw."

Richee

You'll see Junior Durkin and Jackie Coogan hanging around together again in "Huckleberry Finn." Did you know they're as clubby as *Huck* and *Tom* off the screen, too?

IT'S a ten-to-one shot that **Lupe** won't be back in Hollywood for a long, long time. Worried musical comedy producers, who haven't known where their next audience was coming from for the last year are besieging **Lupe** with starring contracts that are far more flattering than anything Hollywood has to offer her at the present moment.

There is a strong rumor that **Lupe** will wind up in **George** White's "Scandals," which are the Follies' chief competition. White tried to get **Clara** Bow, but she didn't accept his big offer (reported to be ten thousand a week). **Clara** needs some more rest.

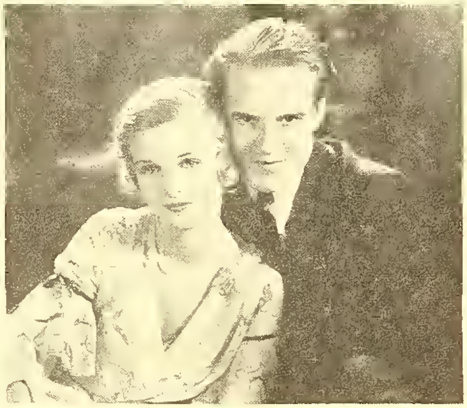
(*Continued on page 76*)

Wm. E. Thomas

Finished with "Rebound," which promises to be a hit, Ina Claire is down at Malibu, sipping her iced tea all alone. Wonder what will happen if she spots John Gilbert, her Ex?

TAKING IN

LARRY REID'S SLANT



HUSH MONEY

For an underworld picture of a familiar pattern, "Hush Money" is surprisingly good entertainment. This may be traced to the fact that you see practically no murder done, and are spared all but the briefest scenes of prison life. Or, again, it may be traced to the excellent performance of Joan Bennett—easily the best she has given to date. The story deals with the traditional innocent young thing who finally discovers that her companions are crooks, tries to get away from them, and is blackmailed. Except for Hardie Albright as leading man, the entire cast—which includes Myrna Loy and Owen Moore—does wonders with the well-worn plot and dialogue. And one scene—in which the inspector tips off the gangster—packs a real punch.

FIVE AND TEN

Marion Davies deserts comedy for Fannie Hurst melodrama, and the result is not half so entertaining as the usual Davies picture. This is chiefly the fault of the story. Stripped of Fannie Hurst's literary style, it is revealed as one of the oldest plots in existence. The big business man is too busy with his investments (a chain system, in this case) to pay much attention to his family. His wife amuses herself with a gigolo, his daughter falls in love with a sophisticated architect, his son takes up with the servants—and all three get into such trouble that father finally sees the light. The excellent cast includes Irene Rich and Richard Bennett (father of Connie and Joan), but only Marion and the always-capable Leslie Howard rise above their material.

NIGHT NURSE

Here is a picture to keep you on the edge of your seat from the first scene to the fade-out. Here is something new. Here is the tense drama of life and death, set in a natural stage—a huge hospital. The chief character is a nurse, trapped in a net of intrigue on her first private case—and so cleverly is the picture put together that you seem to see events through her eyes. Barbara Stanwyck carves a niche for herself among the movie great in the rôle of the nurse. Ben Lyon is the hero—a good-natured bootlegger. And just for good measure, Clark Gable—who is beginning to rouse women as Valentino once did—is the "heavy" of the piece. What if it does have a tendency to be melodramatic? It also has suspense and some intense acting. Don't you dare miss it!

POLITICS

With political scandals flowing over the front pages in a steady stream, the newest Dressler-Moran comedy-drama is timely. Moreover, it suggests an amusing remedy for municipal corruption. Embattled suffragettes is what they are this time, with Marie leading a revolt of women voters against the politicians and racketeers who rule their fair city. Needless to say, the men all bow to warlike Marie, who gets results by persuading housewives to strike until conditions are bettered. She is as amusing as ever, but many will miss the little moments of heartache that Marie can portray so aptly. Polly clowns satisfactorily, though her new teeth change her appearance. The romance—supplied by Karen Morley and William Bakewell—is cleverly managed.

THE TALKIES

ON THE LATEST FILMS

THE SECRET CALL

This is the picture Clara Bow was just starting when she suffered the nervous breakdown that ended in her parting with Paramount. Her place was taken by Peggy Shannon, who now is being ballyhooed as "the greatest find of the year." The reason for all the enthusiasm is not apparent in her first screen effort. The new star is a personable young lady, more attractive than most, and immensely likable—but "The Secret Call" hardly gives her a chance to show great talent. The story—unintentionally amusing at times—revolves around a telephone operator, who overhears a call that gives her a chance to get even with the man who ruined her father. Richard Arlen, co-starred, also has small chance to glitter.

THE COMMON LAW

Again we have that ancient poser: "When a lady kisses, should she tell?" And again we have Constance Bennett as the lady with the slightly-soiled past. It is now a familiar rôle with Connie, so familiar that she can play it effortlessly, almost mechanically. And, moreover, does. As usual, the background is sophisticated. As usual, Connie is so glamourous that you get the distinct impression that her original indiscretion would have been all right if she hadn't been so indiscreet as to tell about it. However, to make things harder to believe than usual, the young man who objects to girls-with-pasts is an artist. Joel McCrea plays this rôle so sincerely that it's obvious he's on his way to bigger things.

NEWLY RICH

Norman Taurog, who directed "Skippy," took a Sinclair Lewis satire of Hollywood, called in three talented youngsters and two capable comédiennes, and mixed them well. The resultant cinema cocktail is called "Newly Rich." Mitzi Green and Jackie Searl play the parts of two obnoxious child stars of the movies, whose mothers—Edna May Oliver and Louise Fazenda—spend most of their time battling over the kiddies. Toward the end, the fighting shifts to London, where each has taken her offspring to meet a child king (Bruce Line). The sequence where the three little idols escape and find out how other youngsters live is the high spot of the picture. The rest of the fun, particularly the farcical version of Hollywood, verges on slapstick.

MURDER BY THE CLOCK

William (Stage) Boyd is to escape being typed as a "hard guy" and is to be built into a star. "Murder by the Clock" is the picture that starts him on his way. But behind the intriguing title lurks only a pale thriller. A cold-blooded, avaricious woman persuades her husband to murder his aunt for her money, and then induces her artist-lover to do away with her husband. The suspense of the picture lies in wondering if she will eventually be trapped. Boyd, of course, plays the detective and does it capably enough. But Lilyan Tashman, in the thankless rôle of the sinister wife, walks away with the individual honors. (Wonder when they'll begin to build Lilyan into a star?) You'll be surprised to see Sally O'Neil as the comedy relief.

A New Redhead Succeeds Clara Bow

BY ELISABETH GOLDBECK

Many were called, but Peggy Shannon was chosen when a vivid redhead was needed to replace Clara Bow. She came to the screen by way of Arkansas and the Follies—and is now doing very well for herself

THIS is going to be a Peggy Shannon Year at Paramount. Peggy has been billed as Clara Bow's successor, because she has red hair and took Clara's part in "The Secret Call" when the original redhead broke down.

But Peggy is more than that. She's the successor of everybody at Paramount who, for one reason or another, has not fitted into the scheme of things.

In her first two months in Hollywood she has played the lead in two pictures, and is scheduled for two more. No languid moments for Peggy. All she has seen of California is one glimpse of the Brown Derby, and a very close view of the grindstone—where most of us have our noses.

That pleases her, for she's a little afraid of Hollywood people, and feels they're just waiting around to see how you'll act, now that you're getting along in pictures.

Her face defies all the laws of beauty and photography. She has a too-generous mouth, and none of the other conventional perfections, but she looks grand. With very long hair, hazel eyes, and friendly grin, Peggy doesn't fit into any definite type. That's her greatest asset. She can pinch-hit for Clara Bow or Mary Brian with equal ease. She hasn't Clara's "It" or Mary's sweetness, but she has acting ability, which can give a pretty good imitation of either.

Her second rôle was Mary's coveted part in "Silence."

When it became apparent even to the most optimistic that Carman Barnes had been shrewd in signing up at a thousand a week before anyone had a chance to see her perform before the camera, Peggy was put into her modern-youth rôle in "The Road To Reno." Next she'll probably be announced as the new Chatterton, when and if, Ruth goes to Warner Brothers.

Miss Shannon comes from Pine Bluff, Arkansas, where the natives consider themselves Southerners and talk with a drawl. Peggy went to New York with her mother and sister as soon as she finished high school, and her first act was to lose her accent, though it was a bitter struggle. But you can still tell she's from the South because she loves Southern cooking.

Paramount found this little wonder on the New York stage. She started auspiciously in the Follies, and soon graduated into the serious drama that was her goal. But her career was more full of flops than the average. In two years she was in fifteen failures. In fact, she never did have a real success, but Paramount liked her performance in "Napi" so well that they signed her up.

"They had approached me several times before that," she said, "but I was so sure I'd look horrible on the screen that I wouldn't take a test. Finally, last winter, they said, 'Well, at least come over and *try*. It can't hurt you.' So I did, and this is what happened.

"The make-up girl here is a genius. I simply can't believe the wonders she has worked with my face.

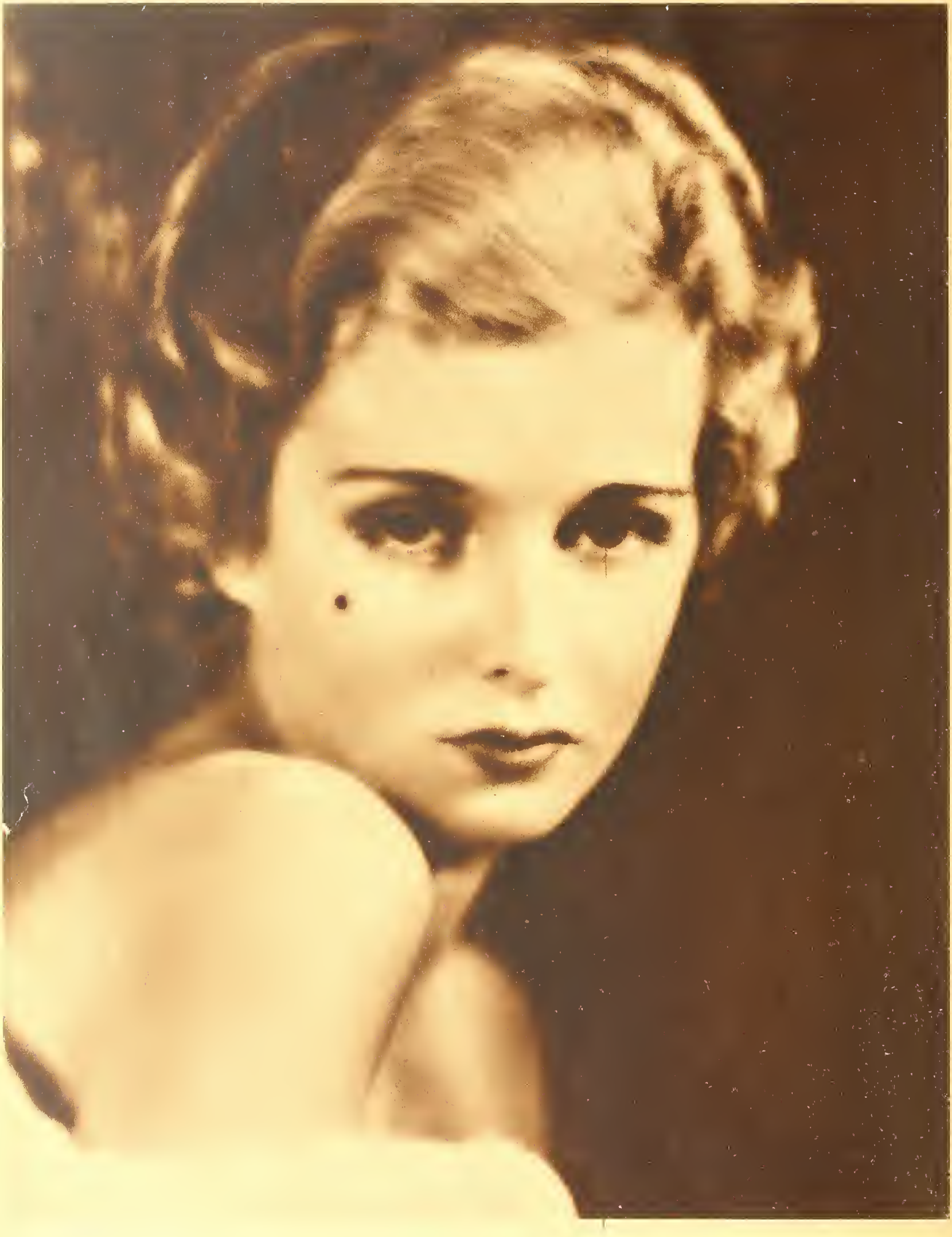
"It's entirely new to me, this studio method of discussing your good and bad points as if you were a horse, standing you up and turning you around and examining you and bringing everyone in for consultation. Do you know that on the stage I've never even had my hair dressed? Now I'm surrounded by make-up men, hairdressers, and wardrobe mistresses, being waved and patted and powdered and sewn up."

It's just like being on the auction block, says Peggy. Only everybody's just about as impersonal about it as if you *were* a horse. If you develop an unwanted pound of flesh somewhere, they do everything but send out bulletins. Everyone on the lot knows about it, and everyone comes around with helpful

(*Continued on page 75*)

MIRIAM HOPKINS EARNS A HOLIDAY

Miriam Hopkins surely had a holiday coming to her after contributing such a sparkling performance in "The Smiling Lieutenant." That Miriam's talents were appreciated is proved by her sponsors bringing her West—and giving her a beach vacation before she started her new picture, "The Dover Road"



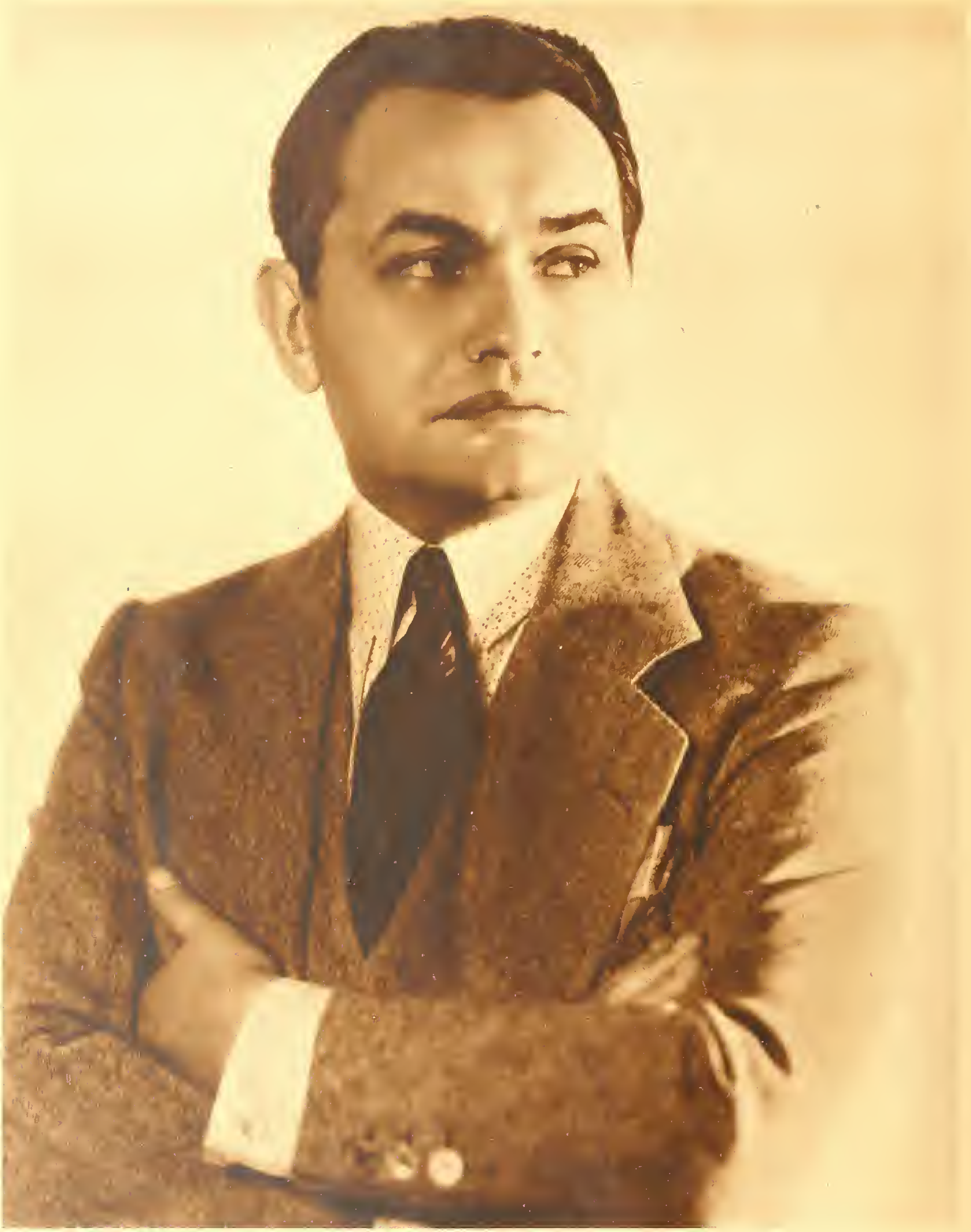
There isn't a steadier pair of eyes in Hollywood than Joan Bennett's. Or a more wistful, more appealing pair. What gives her eyes that look of longing? Some untold sadness? Or simply the knowledge that no girl can be an ideal heroine unless she has I'll-be-faithful-forever eyes? That is a mystery you may never solve—even in "She Wanted A Millionaire"

JOAN BENNETT

Wm. E. Thomas

HELEN TWELVETREES OF THE SCREEN'S NAVEE

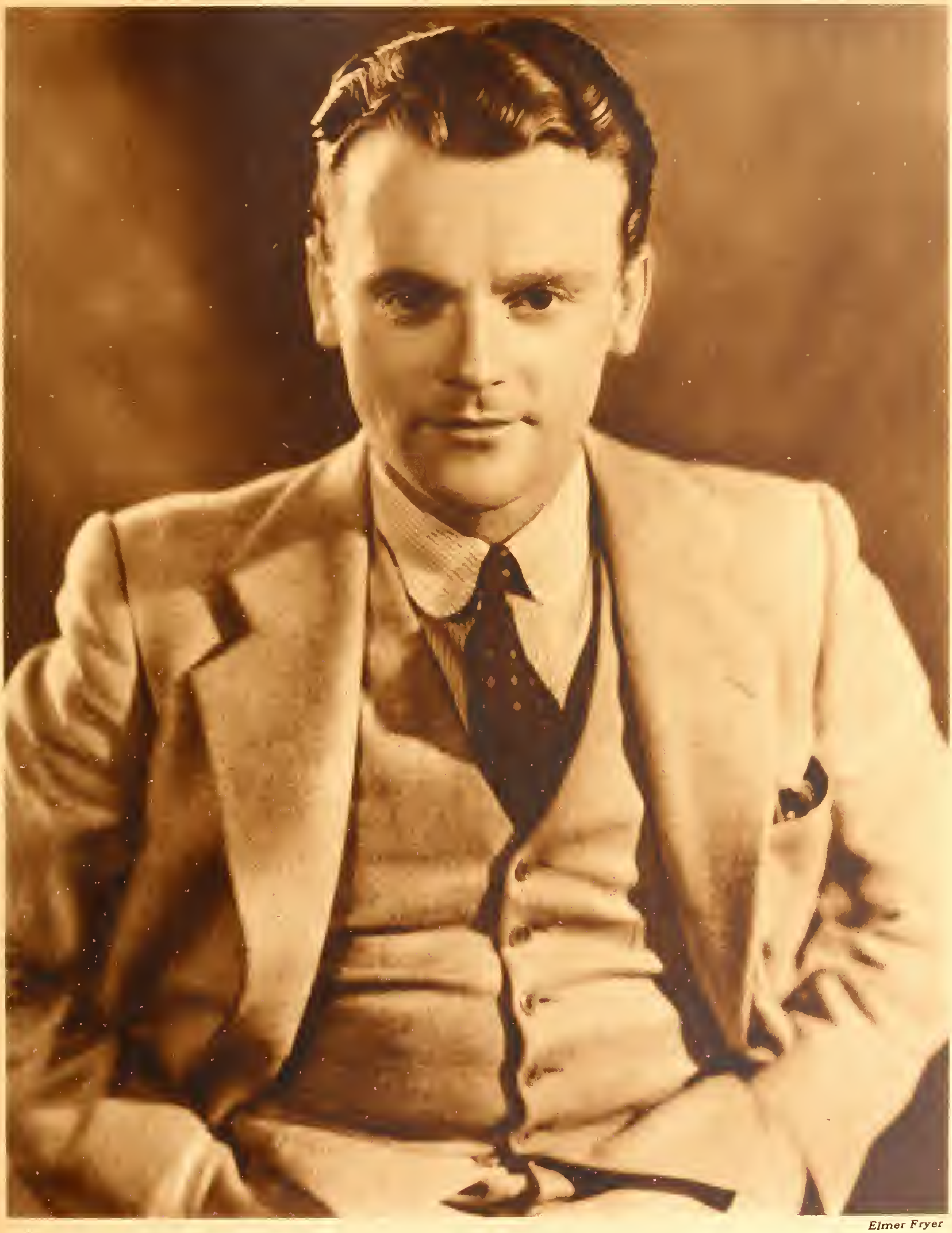
O, it's great to be a sailor, if you have an expert tailor, and a yacht to sail upon! All decked out in nautical pajamas, cruising dreamily over a very Pacific ocean, Helen Twelvetrees looks like a girl who might be thinking of the sea of matrimony, instead. She is a recent bride, and the picture she is now embarking on is called "The Mad Marriage"



Elmer Fryer

By superb acting—by seeming to *be* each character he plays—he has made it difficult for most people to visualize the real Edward G. Robinson. His middle name is not "Gangster," but "Gould." If you must know, he has a passion for music. But acting comes first. He is making you forget the real Robinson again in "Five-Star Final"

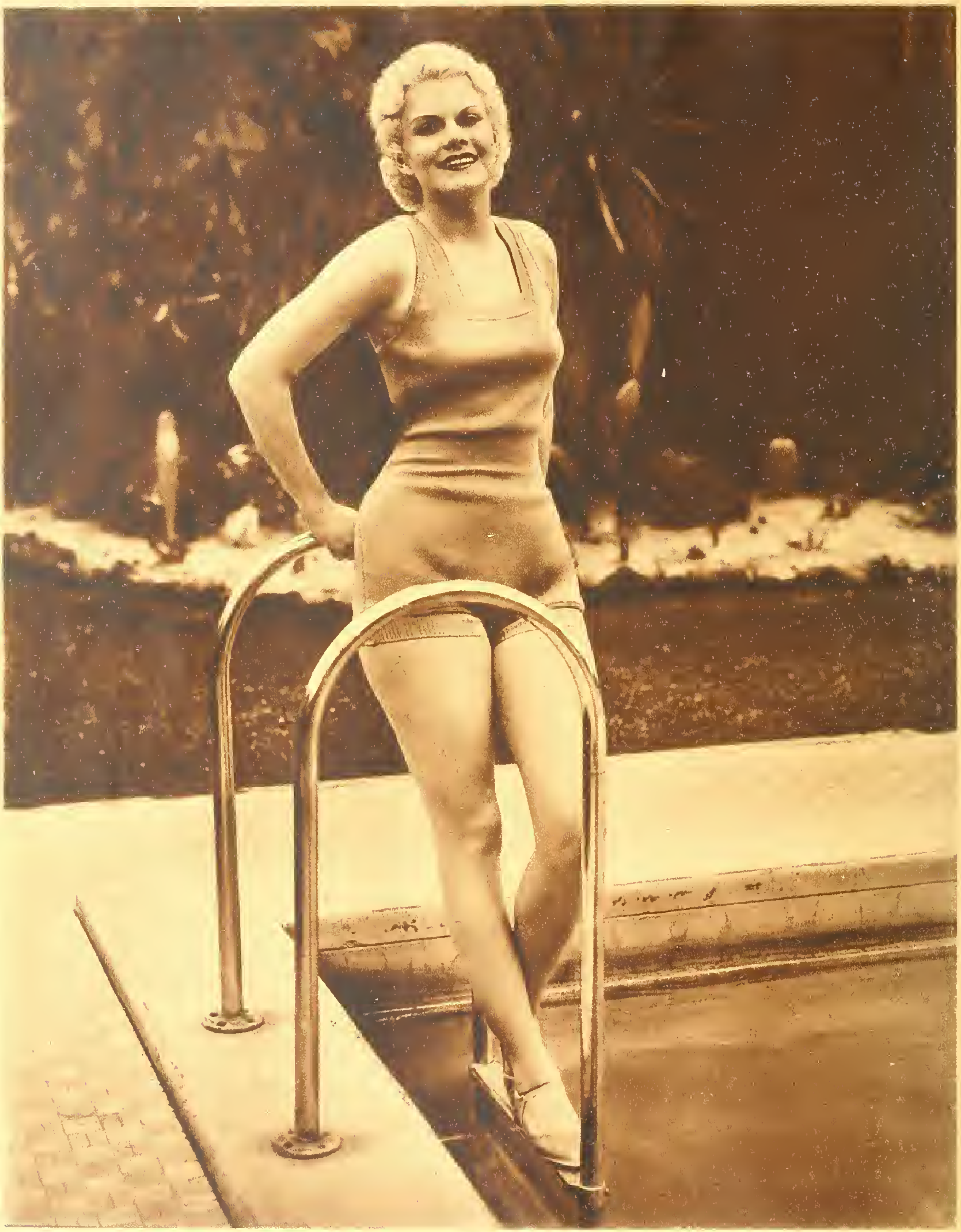
EDWARD G. ROBINSON



Elmer Fryer

JAMES CAGNEY

Tough? James Cagney looked it in "The Public Enemy." He didn't leave a thing undone to show you what a gangster is really like. But, like Robinson, he isn't what he sometimes seems. Off the screen, he is mild-mannered. He'd like to be a paintbrush artist instead of a dramatic artist. But not a chance, after the performance he gives in "Larceny Lane"!



Bullock

There's one thing about Jean Harlow—when you see her in a bathing-suit, she certainly takes your mind off the Hoover moratorium, John D. Rockefeller's birthday and the fact that the Prince of Wales has new purple clothes. Jean does it in any kind of togs, of course, but she doesn't lose a bit of her charm when togged out in these one-piece things. That cool-looking platinum-blonde hair deserves a cool setting, and here it is—Jean (*Psyche*) Harlow's own private pool

THE CINEMA PSYCHE AT THE POOL

A New Favorite With The Women

The very newest screen lover—Warren William—is keen for Hollywood girls, and Hollywood girls are keen for him. With a Barrymore profile, the roving eyes of Edmund Lowe and the easy manner of Ronald Colman—he should appeal to feminine fans everywhere

BY BETTY WILLIS

WARREN WILLIAM has been labeled by Hollywood as a sophisticate and is expected to live up to it, though he doesn't in the least agree with the movie-town's conception of one. In "The Vinegar Tree," where the Warner Brothers discovered him in New York, he played a very experienced man of the world—an "older man." This gave rise to the superstition that, even in his own apartment, he must be bored and blasé and, above all, impervious to the crude and obvious charm of Hollywood's women.

When you don't yet know a handsome male newcomer very well and aren't up on his likes, dislikes and family history, it's pretty safe to ask him what he thinks of filmland's beauty brigade. It's a never-failing way of thawing out strangers from the stage—even the sophisticated-looking kind. Keeping his reputation in mind, I tried it on Mr. William.

"You'll never get me to say anything bad about girls," he smiled. "I love girls—not only Hollywood girls, but New York, Minnesota, and any other kind you can name."

His smile was a tip-off on Hollywood's big mistake in character-reading. He is a sort of discreet blend of John Barrymore, Ronald Colman and Edmund Lowe. He has the Barrymore profile, and the manner and accent of Ronnie. But he has the roving blue eye of a *Sergeant Quirt*, without the slang and cuss-words. He gets the effects without the actions.

"Besides," he continued, "I don't want to get in wrong with the 'Hollywood babes,' as a friend of mine calls them. I haven't seen much of them, but the ones I've seen are lovely.

"I'm always inclined to find excuses for everyone—probably because I need to make so many for myself. And I make them for the Hollywood girls.

He Alibis for the Girls

"THEY'RE accused of being ego-maniacs—selfish, conceited, and absorbed in themselves and their careers to the exclusion of everything else. It may be true. But I can understand it perfectly. In this business you are kept so close to the grindstone—up at six-thirty or seven, working from nine till seven at night, and often till eleven or twelve, and back at nine the next day. By the time you've done that for a few months, you've lost the ability to look around and become interested in anything besides yourself. All your thoughts and efforts are concentrated on yourself. There's no breathing space in which to know or care about anything else.

"I should think it would be a great fight to keep from becoming an ego-maniac. Pictures in the paper. The whole world writing you fan letters. How could you help it? Some of them, who've come from nothing into sudden wealth and fame, who've had nothing before that to anchor to, are swept away by it and lose their heads. I think it the most natural thing in the world. I don't see how they could be expected to do otherwise or be otherwise.

"They're accused of having no personal feeling about men, no real emotion, but of merely collecting scalps—of boasting about who gave them this diamond bracelet or that emerald necklace, or who committed suicide for love of them. No doubt it's so. But isn't that typically feminine? All women love to be admired and desired. It's only nature. Moving picture actresses are more extreme about it. That's because they're more plentifully endowed with beauty and charm and the things that set them off. They are more attractive, and they have more admirers. And more bracelets. All women would boast about their bracelets—if they could get them.

These Girls Have Chances

"HOLLYWOOD girls are merely the glorification of the feminine—they're what all women would be if

(*Continued on page 72*)

Born to the Spotlight

Leila Hyams was bound to make good in the movies because she was reared in the theater. The daughter of well-known vaudeville parents brought her poise and talent to the screen—and uses them to fine advantage

LEILA HYAMS' cradle was the conventional troupers' trunk—and what is more, she slept in the tray for years afterwards. As everyone must know by this time, her mother and father are the well-known team of Hyams and McIntyre, who have made a trek over the vaudeville circuits every year since some time before Leila was born. Little Leila trekked with them each winter for fifteen years. While other tots were learning their "Mother Goose," she was lisping, "Waltz Me Around Again, Willie."

When she outgrew the trunk-tray, they got her a little red stool, on which she sat in the wings during every performance, so her mother could cast oblique glances from the stage and see that she wasn't getting into any trouble.

Not just the life for a child? Don't you believe it!

"A stage child is self-reliant," maintains Leila, with a candid blue gaze. "I really don't think anyone could have had a better upbringing than I had. Mother was very strict with me. I learned to mind, at an early age. I was much better disciplined than the pampered child who is surrounded by governesses.

"And I escaped a lot of the silly, fantastic ideas that most children have. I never was stage-struck—I was so used to it all. Mother and Father made friends in almost every town we went to, and we were usually invited to somebody's house to dinner. I remember I used to think the children in those homes were silly. They were always crazy to go backstage, and got crushes on the actors, and they thought I was the seventh wonder of the world."

Glad She Grew Up Backstage

LEILA was given a part in the act at the age of five, so naturally she became a very glamourous figure to all the poor infants who sat on their little red stools in mere nurseries instead of in the wings.

"The life of the stage didn't make me hard, either—as most people seem to think it does. The people I knew were very wise and worldly, it's true. But they were lovely to me, and knowing them—knowing so many grown people—didn't affect me, except to give me a tremendous poise at a very early age. I think that is one of the most valuable things a child can have to start out in life with. I know that, no matter what happened, I could never be dismayed—I would take everything calmly, and feel sure that I would find some way to meet the situation. And I'm very thankful for that ability.

"Don't get the idea that I spent my entire childhood in the theater, either. Mother and Father worked only in the winter. Every spring, we would go back to New York and go out to Long Island for the whole summer. We had a lovely home out there in the country, and all my friends were just ordinary children. In the summer I forgot all about the stage and went swimming and played and did all the things every other child does.

"When I grew older, they began to give me 'bits,' which I *hated*. I was terribly self-conscious. If I had to stand in the middle of the stage during some scene, I imagined the whole audience had its eyes fixed on me, and it was agony.

Her Suppressed Desire

"BUT I was ambitious. I wanted a career for myself, and the stage seemed the most logical thing. So I kept on. Finally William Collier, who is an old friend of the folks, wrote a comedy part for me in a play called 'Going Crooked.' It failed in New York, but was a great success everywhere else. The biggest thrill I have ever known was when I got my first laugh.

"I'd rather play comedy than anything else. And though nobody will believe it, I'm a good comédienne. That's really the thing I have talent for.

"That's what's so sad about the parts I have in pictures. Whenever they have something sobby, they call on Hyams." Leila heaved a philosophical sigh. "I *hate* it. Over at the studio they think I'm

BY HELEN VARDEN

(*Continued on page 79*)

Demand to know
what complexion soaps are made of
Palmolive tells you

Read why these beauty experts—and 20,000 others—advise Palmolive

CARSTEN *of Berlin*
"The olive and palm oils in Palmolive Soap leave the surface of the skin in the best possible condition."

SEILER *of Geneva*
"We advise Palmolive because of its safe, soothing vegetable oil content. It provides thorough cleansing."

ECHTEN *of Budapest*
"Palmolive Soap is the finest natural skin cleanser known and, at the same time, a valuable emollient."

EUGENIO *of Milan*
"Vegetable oils—as embodied in Palmolive Soap—are your best protection against skin irritation."

MASSE *of Paris*
Every woman should aid her beauty expert by using Palmolive. Its vegetable oil content is safe, soothing."

BERTHA JACOBSON *of London*
"I warn against the harsh effects of soaps not made of olive and palm oils. Use Palmolive to retain beauty."

HELEN MILNER *of Cleveland*
"Soap and water? Of course, every skin needs them. But be particular. We specify Palmolive."

HEPNER *of Hollywood*
"It is the vegetable oils of olive and palm that make Palmolive so soothing."

ROBERT *of Paris Washington, D. C.*
"Use Palmolive and you will be giving your beauty specialist the greatest help."

Palmolive Soap is made of olive and palm oils

MADAM—just a moment before you buy that soap. Is it for your complexion? Then by all means ask what it is made of. Use no soap on your face until you *know.*

Don't let "beauty" claims confuse you. Many soaps promise to "beautify." But analyze their claims. Any of them. Do such soaps tell you they are made of cosmetic oils? No.—Olive and palm oils? No.—Vegetable oils? No.—Few soaps tell you what they are made of.

Palmolive tells you

Palmolive is made of olive and palm oils. That is very important in facial care. Palmolive contains no artificial coloring. No heavy "masking" perfume. Palmolive has no secrets.

It is a pure soap—as pure and wholesome as the complexions it fosters. So pure, in fact, that more than 20,000 beauty experts the world over have united in recommending it.

Because these experts—20,000 of them—*know what Palmolive is made of,* they recommend its use. They believe in Palmolive Soap. They *know* it is made of vegetable oils — no other fats whatever. They *know* it is different—in cosmetic effect—from inferior soaps merely "claimed" to be beautifiers.

Guard your complexion. When tempted to use ordinary soaps — remember — ask *first* what they are made of.

Retail Price 10c

Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

"I don't mind

MARJORIE RAMBEAU. This lovely favorite of the stage, who scored in such well-remembered plays as *Daddy's Gone A-Hunting*, is now a popular screen star, appearing currently in *The Secret Six*. As this recent photograph shows, she is so radiantly youthful it is hard, indeed, to believe her 37!

Lux Toilet

your knowing it...

am 37" SAYS

MARJORIE RAMBEAU

Famous Screen Star declares years need not rob you of Youth

"I REALLY AM 37 years old," says Marjorie Rambeau, M. G. M. star. "And I don't mind admitting it because nowadays it isn't birthdays that count.

"The woman who knows how to keep the lovely sparkling freshness of youth can be charming at almost any age. Stage and screen stars, of course, *must* keep their youthful charm. It's youth that wins hearts and youth that holds them.

"Above everything else stage and screen stars guard complexion beauty. They know that a skin softly smooth and aglow always has irresistible appeal.

"While on the stage I discovered that regular care with Lux Toilet Soap would do wonders for my skin and used it for years. And now that I have the close-ups of the screen to face I certainly depend on it!"

How 9 out of 10 Screen Stars guard complexion beauty

In Hollywood, where so much depends on skin of faultless beauty, actually 605 of the 613 leading actresses use Lux Toilet Soap. At home, in their own exquisitely appointed bathrooms, and on location, too. For it is official for dressing rooms in *all* the great film studios. It is found in theatres everywhere! Important actresses the world over rely on this fragrant white soap for safe complexion care.

Surely *your* skin should have this gentle luxurious care! You will want to keep it youthfully smooth and fresh just as the famous stars do.

Soap—10¢

The Screen's Most Baffling Blonde—*Who Is She?*

(*Continued from page 15*)

She loves dogs and will stop to pat a dog anywhere. But has never been known even to see the owner, let alone pat him.

She remains calm and unruffled in the midst of turmoil and only gives way during a peaceful calm.

In her studio bungalow, in the midst of the mad ringing of the telephone, the blaring of the radio, dress-fittings, rehearsals, press-agents and interviewers, she maintains a calm that is magnificent to behold.

Then, suddenly in the middle of a peaceful lull, she'll let go with a bang.

"And woe to the rider and woe to the steed
Who falls in front of her mad stampede"

She means business when she's banging.

She's a Studio Diplomat

SHE and her director, Paul Stein, who has been with her on most of her pictures for Pathé, understand each other perfectly and will graciously give way to each other when they are firmly convinced the other is right. They are seldom convinced.

She has the finesse of a diplomat. For instance, during the making of one of her recent pictures, things had been going badly on the set for several days. And then it happened. Horror of horrors, the champagne bottles were delivered to the set wrapped in silver tin-foil instead of gold. That was enough. The sensitive soul of director Stein was outraged. Beautifully outraged. "That ends it," he announced. He would leave for Germany at once. Right that minute he would go. At once, understand, not a moment later. Goodbye, one and all, he was going.

The face of the bungling prop-boy was an ashen gray. The electricians were stricken dumb, and the actors, many of whom needed that work, were petrified.

It was then that she stepped forward. Linking her arm with the director's, she walked him rapidly up and down the big sound-stage, talking rapidly.

The others watched, moon-eyed.

Gradually, his frantic gesturing grew milder. The frown gave way. He smiled. The tension relaxed and the prop-boy swallowed three relieved swallows, with sound effects.

As a body, the entire cast grasped her hand in a mental hand-clasp.

Proving She's Human

THEN there was the time she was making a picture for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. A workman was walking clumsily backwards, carrying a huge ladder. Suddenly there was a resounding smack. The ladder had struck her a staggering blow on the head.

"Oh!" she cried, and turned indignantly to the offending workman. She opened her lips to speak and then caught sight of his face, his dismayed expression.

"Well," she quickly smiled, holding her throbbing head, "you can't get a holiday by knocking me out, you know. The company would go right on working anyhow."

There isn't a carpenter on that lot that wouldn't lay down his life for her.

She is impulsive by nature, but she controls that impulse. She would. She does so many things exactly right because she thinks first and acts afterwards.

She chooses her few real friends with care, will not tolerate stupidity, and is inaccessible to strangers, would-be acquaintances and hangers-on. Therefore, she is Hollywood's prize snob. Chief High-Hat.

She sends stock salesmen reeling out in a perspiring daze. She knows more about dividends and operating expenses than most investment brokers.

She has a keen mind and uses it. She expects everyone else to do the same.

She is fastidious about her clothes, but not fantastical. Her tastes are simple and quiet, but she attains a degree of smartness the like of which has never been seen in these parts. For some reason, even her dark, tailored suits fairly shriek Paris. She never wears an afternoon costume to the prize fights. Or red shoes anywhere.

What She Did for Hollywood

SHE is unconcerned about this best-dressed-woman feud of Hollywood. She introduced simplicity to an ostrich-trimmed Hollywood and helped us discover that bangling sequins were not the last word, no matter how loudly they bangled. We still miss the sequins.

Here she is with nothing over her eyes—and she still is the screen's most baffling blonde. But you'll know Constance Bennett like an old friend after reading this story

She has been known to change her entire costume at the last moment because one single accessory did not blend.

She speaks French fluently. And English correctly.

Hers is one of the few pianos in town that is not wholly ornamental. She plays hers.

According to statistics, she is one of the very, very few women who ever talked a hard-boiled Orange County traffic cop out of a summons. She was burning up the California highways on her way to San Diego. Suddenly this officer appeared in that quaint way that officers have. He raged.

"I am going to meet my mother in San Diego," she explained very calmly and quietly. And can, or can you not, see those blue eyes as she talked? "The studio detained me longer than I expected. I am afraid she may be worried. I'm sorry," she finished.

She met her mother on time. And the cop is still wondering how the heck that happened. I would still have been in jail.

She wouldn't go on the legitimate stage for anything. Afraid she'd be self-conscious.

Self-Conscious, If You Know Her

SHE sees her studio previews with a cold and critical eye, but is embarrassed when viewing herself with friends. Several times she has sneaked out the side exits of theaters and waited for them outside.

Constance Bennett (had you guessed her?) has never known contentment. And doesn't want to. "I shall know that when I am actually contented, all the zest has gone out of life for me," she says. "I have learned that to be actually happy I must work and have something to strive for."

The unhappiest years of her life were the years spent in idle pleasure-seeking. That, perhaps, explains her feverish appetite for hard work.

"Why, why, why," she demands of her friends, "does no one ever realize that I met Henri de la Falaise long after he and Gloria separated? I never saw him until after they had definitely parted."

Her affairs of the heart are her own. Her press-agent, her secretary, her friends, are silent on the subject, because they simply do not know. She never discusses her attachments, if any, with anyone.

She has a clever way of meeting those visiting nuisances who, after all, must be met.

Only just before she's needed on the set does her agent present the important visitor to her. Almost instantly she's called to the set. "You'll excuse me, I'm sure," she says, and off she goes. And the callers go home satisfied to have said "goodbye," at least. With most stars they never get to the "hello."

She loathes New York and tolerates Hollywood only because her work is here. She is Constance Bennett of Paris—a possessor of ultra-smart friends abroad, and bored but tolerant, of anyone West of the Eiffel Tower.

Playing Mother

YET she is capable of kindly deeds to those who have no claim on her social calendar. For instance, a six-months-old baby was used in the picture, "Born to Love." More than half the time, Constance Bennett held the baby in her own arms to relieve the mother. Her bungalow was turned over to the mother and baby. The infant napped on Connie's couch. Its milk was heated on her stove. The shooting was arranged to suit the baby.

And oh, yes. She has a habit that worries her. She frowns, unconsciously, and it makes a line between the eyes. Everyone, from her secretary to Dora, goes about saying, "You're frowning." Connie will burst out with a pleasant smile, only to relapse almost immediately into the frown again. What to do about it, she doesn't know.

Every morning, warm or cool, sunny or cloudy, she takes a dip in the ocean before breakfast.

And every night she has a massage before she can close her eyes in sleep.

Taken separately, her features are bad. Her jaws are square, her forehead low and her nose short. But put them all together and she has one of the most fascinating, bewitching faces ever seen in pictures.

She has been places—wonderful, glamourous places.

She has done things—gay, exciting things.

She knows people—famous, charming people.

She's youthful and utterly sophisticated. Like someone in a book.

And her little son adores her.

He calls her "mama."

But to you, it's "Miss Mama," remember.

What does this seal mean when it's placed on a toothpaste?

It means, Madam, that this toothpaste has been accepted by the Council on Dental Therapeutics, American Dental Association

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MADAM, this seal is the most authoritative answer to the question "what toothpaste should I use?" It is placed only on toothpastes that have been accepted by the Council on Dental Therapeutics of the American Dental Association.

What is the Council on Dental Therapeutics?

This council is composed of 13 prominent men of science, appointed by the American Dental Association, chosen for their outstanding ability in various branches of modern dentistry. Its purpose is to analyze the composition of dental products, such as toothpastes, and pass upon the claims that are made for them. The Council has no interest whatsoever in the sale of a product. Its only interest is to serve the dental profession and the public —to act as a guide.

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The seal identifies products which have been passed on by the Council. Therefore, look for it, when you buy a toothpaste. It is your most authoritative guide.

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COLGATE'S

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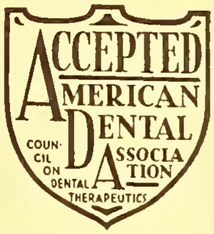

Climaxing 30 years of leadership, Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream has been accepted by the American Dental Association, Council on Dental Therapeutics. Colgate's has been more universally recommended by dentists through the years than any other toothpaste ever made.

This famous dentifrice stands alone. It has healthfully and completely cleansed more people's teeth than any other dentifrice in the world.

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There, beneath an azure sky, graceful palms and twinkling lights you will dance, as you never danced before, to the most alluring of dance music.

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Write for Chef's Illustrated Cook Book

44A

Crawford—Shearer—Garbo Are Now Three Of A Kind

(*Continued from page 23*)

straight!" we demanded, irritably. "Are you going to give us some more swell performances, like 'Paid'? Or are you going to go back to representing the more deplorable aspects of modern civilization? Huh?"

Joan (we regret to report) made a face at us. She was all done up in astonishing black velvet pajamas with no back to them, designed, certainly, for one of those seduction scenes.

"You're asking *me?*" she said, crushingly. She ran a comb viciously through her newly-blonde curls, piled upon the back of her head in an entirely new coiffure—a sort of sunburst effect.

"Look at my hair!" she commanded, just as though we weren't already doing it, and wide-eyed, too. "I thought it up myself. I had to do *something*. First, people said I was trying to imitate Garbo—so I changed it. Then they said I was trying to imitate Norma Shearer. I don't know what they'll say now—but I'm sure no one ever did her hair like *this*, before!"

A light began to dawn upon us. Garbo. Shearer. Emotional actresses, doing much the same sort of thing—on the same lot. And now Joan. They are alike, the three of them! Amazingly alike, when you come to think of it. Joan may be less mysteriously seductive than Garbo. Less coolly poised and sophisticated than Shearer. More flaming and impetuous than either of them. But she is enough like them to be a younger sister! And to have her turn out to be an emotional actress, suited to the same type of rôles—well, imagine Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's problem!

The Youngster Grows Up And—Bang!

THERE are only so many good stories of that kind available at any one time. There is only a certain section of the public, itself, sufficiently addicted to that type of story and actress to make them profitable. The studio must feel like the ambitious mother of two lovely and marriageable daughters who suddenly discovers that the third child—the baby—has sprouted overnight into just as beautiful and marriageable a creature—demanding clothes and parties to give her, too, her chance in life.

Apparently that is exactly the way the studio feels.

"They still treat me like a baby!" Joan said, rebelliously. "When I talk about doing dramatic parts, they pat me on the head and say, 'Run along! There's plenty of time for you. Why, you're just a *child!*'

"Of course, I know I have a long way to go. I know I have a lot to learn. But I did think I showed that I could do something—at least, that I had promise—in 'Paid,' didn't you?

"I'm not," she went on, with lifted chin, "imitating anybody! No one ever got anywhere by being an imitation—even a good imitation. There's not room for *two* of anything worth while. Not two Chaplins or two Marie Dresslers, or two of any other individual. If you're not something unique, something special, then you aren't anything.

"But I'll tell you this! In spite of everything, I'm going to be *the best in my line*—some day!"

"Dramatic actress?" we ventured.

"Yes!"

They Wanted Her—And Proved It

WE pondered this awhile. Garbo's contract still has months to run. No doubt about her. Her stories are probably all scheduled ahead right now. And Norma Shearer is married to Irving Thalberg, who's high in studio councils—which should be an advantage. It was while she was away that Joan made "Paid"—and when Norma came back, she got "Strangers May Kiss" and Joan, apparently, got whatever was left lying around the offices—as is the way of younger sisters.

M-G-M apparently has not the slightest notion of losing Joan. She has just signed a new contract that ties her up, we understand, for *seven years*. And at a neat increase in salary. You might think it odd that Joan would sign up again if she felt that she was not being given the opportunities she deserved (and I have never yet met a player who felt that his opportunities were suited to his abilities)—especially since it is understood that several other companies were anxious to make her offers. But there are lots of things about contracts. . . .

Joan's old one still has two years to run. The company was willing to scrap it and give her much more money at once than it called for, if she would sign with them for five more years—the five to begin at the termination of the two. Thus the company would be assured of profiting from her after exploiting her.

Still In The Spotlight, But—

IF she did *not* re-sign with them, she still had two years to go, anyhow, at the old salary. And the company could, if it chose, deliberately put her in lesser rôles, dim the spotlight.

There was a time when Garbo, facing a similar situation, was brought to terms by the possibility of being cast as a maid in an Aileen Pringle-Lew Cody picture.

But the question is, now that they have her all neatly sewed up, what are they going to do with her? The studio says that it plans to alternate her stories—a "jazzy" picture and then a serious one.

Are there enough good, serious rôles to go around, we wonder? After Garbo and Shearer are provided for, what will be left for Joan? She can do the other sort of thing—the dancing daughters—for a while yet. And won't the tendency be to cram her back into those parts, if only for variety?

It will be too bad if M-G-M doesn't develop Joan as an emotional actress. We have few enough of them who can contribute much to the screen. Strange that one lot should be positively congested with the type!

Already there are storm signals ahead. Already Joan has been heard to say, "I won't!" in no uncertain terms to stories suggested for her. Her potentialities are unquestioned. Her determination and ambition are terrific. But the obstacles look pretty big to us. . . .

Wonder what really is going to happen to Joan?

Did You Know That--

Anna Q. Nilsson, fully recovered from her long, serious injury, is back in town and ready to star again?

Alice White comes back in Tiffany's "The Monster Kills"?

The summer sun in one day can coarsen your skin . . . for months

IRENE DUNNE'S *Hollywood dermatologist gives important interview on summer skin care*

Interview by JANET PARKER

Authoress of "The Index to Loveliness"

●

Hollywood likes to play in the sun. Now while sunshine's ultra-violet rays are healthful, they can coarsen and wither the skin—dry out its natural oils.

I interviewed Irene Dunne, star of Cimarron, at Malibu Beach. And her dermatologist at his Hollywood office. Here's the partial text of our talk:

Q: Doctor, how can women achieve a fashionable tan without coarsening their skin?

A: Dermatology and common sense both answer that question, young lady. Strong sunshine can dry out the natural oils that lubricate the skin. The result is a harsh, dry skin, coarse in texture and threatened with permanent wrinkles.

Q: How can that be remedied?

A: Well, you know the old saying about "an ounce of prevention." The best thing is to apply Facial Cream generously to the face to prevent weathering and darkening. Do this before exposing yourself to the sun. Cover the rest of the exposed skin surface with Cold Cream, all over the body, to prevent soreness and redness. And then after you come in from the beach, use Cold Cream on the face to overcome any drawn feeling and to restore moisture and suppleness to the dry skin.

Q: Miss Dunne tells me that she uses Woodbury's Creams. May I ask if you prescribed them?

A: Yes. To Miss Dunne and all of my patients. They could be my own prescriptions, so faithfully do they follow dermatological standards. I recognize that Woodbury preparations are the careful prescriptions of a scientific laboratory.

. . .

Woodbury's quick-melting Cold Cream and Facial Cream (the perfect make-up base) — the creams recommended by Hollywood dermatologists are at all drug and toilet goods counters. Also all other Woodbury Scientific Beauty Aids.

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TREATMENT FOR DRY SKIN

by a famous Hollywood Dermatologist

AT NIGHT: After washing your face with Woodbury's Facial Soap, smooth on Woodbury's Cold Cream, and leave on overnight. 50¢ in Jar; 25¢ in Tube.

DURING DAY: Soften and smooth your skin with Woodbury's Cold Cream, before going out and again after exposure. Apply Woodbury's Facial Cream as a powder foundation. 50¢ in Jar; 25¢ in Tube.

FOR LINES AND WRINKLES: Use Woodbury's Cleansing and Tissue Creams in daily facial treatments. 75¢ each.

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Mrs. M. C. Taylor of Lewisburg, W. Va., writes: "I'm not quite 5 feet tall and weighed 175 lbs. I've been taking Kruschen 2 weeks and now weigh 159½ lbs. and never before felt so strong and energetic.

Kruschen is a superb combination of 6 SEPARATE minerals which help every gland, nerve and body organ to function properly—that's why health improves while ugly fat disappears. (You can hasten results by going lighter on potatoes, fatty meat and pastry). An 85c bottle lasts 4 weeks and is sold in every drugstore in the world.

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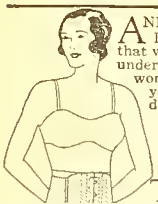

AND so good looking. DR. WALTER'S latest REDUCING BRASSIERE is so dainty that women often wear it over the loveliest underthings. It reduces most quickly when worn next to the skin—gives you that trim, youthful figure that the new styles demand. Send your bust measurement. —*and* IMAGINE—it costs

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GARFIELD HEADACHE POWDERS

A Dr. Densmore Prescription
Sample sent upon request to
GARFIELD TEA CO. 41st St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Anonymously Yours

(*Continued from page 26*)

The lady's maid informed the press boys that *she* didn't know when they planned to go through with the ceremony. She added that they didn't want the papers to know anything about it—but hinted that it would take place in about two weeks. That put the boys off their guard. The next morning the couple sailed for Honolulu, smiling broadly. The reporters felt cheated and maybe you did, too.

And the reporters can't get revenge by denying them publicity—because both insist they don't want any. Believe it or not.

* * *

NOTE on credulity: mother of an athletic star recently sat beside him watching his latest release, a Wild West picture in which he jumped from cars to trains, rode horses over the edges of cliffs, and carried on as the pioneers are supposed to have done in frontier days. She knew that her son hadn't been hurt during the filming of the picture—except for a cut finger for which they called the studio ambulance. She knew, too, that doubles were used in all the dangerous scenes. But as she watched the lurid story unfold, she grasped his arm and whispered tensely, "Oh, Jack—does it come out all right? Do you get hurt?"

* * *

HOLLYWOOD'S reputation as a gay place for parties is not due so much to the way the film people conduct themselves as to the visiting firemen. They descend on the town with letters of introduction and full pocketbooks and start looking for iniquity; if they don't find it, they create a little.

A young man from New York decided he had stayed long enough. His money was running low and he had a date in San Francisco. With bags piled high in the back of his car, he set out one afternoon to say goodbye to the seven actors and actresses who had been nicest to him.

At the first house he had a cocktail, then another, then decided he had better stay for dinner. The next morning he woke up, still in Hollywood, at the house of his first call. This he repeated the second day, when he went to say goodbye to other friends. One week later he got as far as Santa Monica, a beach resort a few miles from Hollywood on the way to 'Frisco. More friends there. Two weeks later he reached Malibu, further down the coast. His hostess, waiting for him in San Francisco, heard about his staying proclivities and became frightened. She closed up her house, sent him a telegram not to come, and went to Europe.

* * *

THE couple usually pointed out as Hollywood's most happily married pair have been having trouble, and although both deny it, and although they have gone to Europe together, there seems to be firm foundation for the story.

A titled lady who visits the film colony every so often is supposed to have been the cause. She went around with the husband while the wife stayed home. Now that the couple has gone abroad, the titled lady has taken up with the recently divorced husband of a formerly famous film star. What *her* husband—the titled lady's—thinks of all this no one seems to know.

* * *

HOLLYWOOD'S grand old lady, a swell comic, has social aspirations. Although she plays drunken old landladies on the screen, she plays nothing but bridge in real life. People meet her expecting to hear a bit of the glorious humor that thrills them in her pictures, and they find a talkative soul who tells of her triumphs with royalty, or Lady So-and-So whom she has asked to dinner.

A charming young Australian girl visited Hollywood last month and went about with an Englishman—a baronet. While the titled gentleman was here, the grand old lady asked the girl to her parties, sponsored her in Hollywood, promised to introduce her to important executives and to get her in the movies. Then the baronet sailed for England. The girl called up her sponsor shortly afterward and the butler announced, "Not at home."

The frame of this picture of Louise Fazenda and her husband, Hal Wallis, is the framework of their new house now in construction. It replaces the one destroyed by fire at Malibu.

Tipping You Off

(*Continued from page 10*)

She has one more picture to go on her present contract, after which she wants to return to the stage for a year. . . . The gilded Lily has received handsome offers from stage producers in both New York and Paris.

Clara Bow is another recipient of big stage offers, but so far she has turned all of them down—which makes it look as if she doesn't intend to capitalize on all that newspaper publicity. She's still at Rex Bell's ranch—except for occasional visits back to town to see her dentist—and looks the healthiest she has in years. (P. S.—The telephone wires have been cut, and no visitors are allowed.)

The rumor persists that Buddy Rogers also is going to leave the screen-o. A broadcasting company wants him for a band leader (looking forward to having a good-looking *maestro* on hand when television comes around the corner); he has offers from Broadway producers, and a big offer from a New York hotel. Friends claim that Buddy is seriously considering giving film fans—and Hollywood—a chance to miss him.

After long holding back two musicals—"Children of Dreams" and "Men of the Sky"—Warners are now releasing them. The reason? Screen music is coming back. Every studio is planning to inject songs into several pictures. Rudy Vallée (now married, girls, *married*) will be back here yet!

As you must know, there is a strict new rule that no one may enter a Hollywood studio without an official pass. Even executives and stars have to carry them. Countless stories are now going the rounds about Higher-Ups who have forgotten their permits and have temporarily been kept out of their own studios. The best one concerns Will (Czar of the Movies) Hays. He had a big appointment at a certain studio, but arrived without a pass. He was kept waiting and kept waiting while flunkeys made sure that he was Will Hays and made equally sure that it was all right to let him in. The best part of the story is that the pass order is rumored to have emanated from the Hays office.

Bela (*Dracula*) Lugosi has filed his first citizenship papers—so it looks as if he is all set for a long stay. He says he was born in Hungary, but he isn't sure where his native town is now. Maybe it's in Rumania. After the war, Queen Marie's country swallowed part of Hungary.

Remember that scene in a recent Navy picture where the Admiral was pushed overboard by two gobs? You'll be seeing nothing more like that. The Navy Department has registered forceful and violent objections with the producers against any recurrence of such indignities to the dignity of Admirals.

After three years Molly O'Day is all set for a comeback in "Sob Sister," probably in the rôle of a gun moll. She has thinned down considerably. (Her weight, you remember, was the cause of her vanishing.) Her sister, Sally O'Neil, has just staged a comeback on the Fox lot also—in the title rôle of "The Brat."

Trust no substitute

because "it looks like Kotex"

Kotex protects safely . . . it is adjustable, and shaped to fit.

THE great value of Kotex . . . to women with high standards . . . is its absolute cleanliness. It's so much more than surface-clean. Kotex is made clean . . . by modern, sanitary methods, which eliminate any possibility of careless handling. Kotex is really, hygienically clean. Unfortunately, this care in making cannot be shown in any outward way. So thoughtless shoppers may be deceived, when offered a substitute that looks like Kotex. This resemblance proves nothing. It's easy to make a pad that looks like Kotex.

When offered a substitute, demand more than surface likeness to Kotex. Ask how this substitute was made . . . where . . . by whom. Ask who guarantees its hygienic safety . . . its health protection.

Hospitals use Kotex

Why should you take chances? You might save a few pennies . . . but the risk is not worth while. You know Kotex is safe. Hospitals use it—they bought over 10,000,000 pads last year—what stronger proof of superiority could you have?

Kotex protects comfort, as well as your health. It is made of laminated layers of Cellucotton (not cotton) absorbent wadding, a wonderful substance that absorbs moisture laterally away from the surface.

Kotex is adjustable. Shaped to fit. Treated to deodorize. It is so easily disposed of.

Buy it at any drug, dry goods or department store. Sold singly in vending cabinets by West Disinfecting Co.

KOTEX IS SAFE . . .

1 *Can be worn on either side* with equal comfort.

2 *The Kotex absorbent* is the identical material used by surgeons in 85% of the country's leading hospitals.

3 *Kotex is soft . . .* Not merely an apparent softness, that soon packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, lasting softness.

4 *The Kotex Filler* is far lighter and cooler than cotton, yet absorbs 5 times as much.

5 *Disposable,* instantly, completely.

The new Kotex Belt

brings new ideals of sanitary comfort! Woven to fit by an entirely new patented process. Firm yet light; will not curl; perfect-fitting.

KOTEX

Sanitary Napkins

Do Movies and M[illegible]ages Mix?

(*Continued from* [illegible]

We all thought they were ideally happy, if you understand me. They had a big house with a separate guest section on Los Feliz Boulevard, a half-dozen cars and a butler and what-not. And then Jack:

"I'm crazy about Estelle, but I want a home and she wants the public life, and I'm not going to forego family life and restrict her. We just don't agree, that's all."

No Children, No Jack

WHEREUPON Estelle countered that she had done every last thing Jack wanted—except—except— "well, I think two's *enough* in a family!" Which explains that, don't you think? So the romance has blown up as high as Mr. Gilroy's kite.

For years the classic example of renunciation was Mae Marsh—winsome, appealing *Little Sister* in "The Birth of a Nation"—who met Lee Arms, New York newspaperman, surrendered to his arguments, married him, forswore the screen, mothered three children, managed her Flintridge home, and did some sculpture. But after thirteen years, she has just made another picture. Reason? She says it's because she had had a lot of trouble trying to convince her eldest daughter that she ever did or could act for the screen and must prove it to keep peace in the family.

One of Paramount's most profitable stars was its dignified and graceful Florence Vidor. Talkies came along and Paramount became exuberant about its plans for Florence. But one of the world's greatest violinists was also making plans, and evidently his were much more attractive than Mr. Zukor's, for Florence [illegible]y pushed the contracts aside, packed up her belongings, married Jascha Heifetz and—remembering the failure of her marriage with King Vidor—forswore the screen forever. Beverly Hills and Hollywood know her no more, but a gorgeous apartment on upper Park Avenue in New York occupies her attention, when she isn't abroad, keeping Jascha company on his concert tours. She says the screen must yield to the most fascinating man she ever knew.

So Ina Stepped Out

THE whirlwind romance of Ina Claire and Jack Gilbert swept Hollywood off its feet two years ago. Pathé had brought the talented and fascinating Ina out to do a group of pictures. She met Jack at a party, and at another and another. Six weeks later they were married and she went to live in Jack's hilltop home. Then Ina's pictures—well, they weren't box-office, you know, and Pathé bought up her contract. She had moved into a house of her own just before—to have freer artistic expression, you understand—and then she had to make a decision. Should she remain in Hollywood and be Mrs. Gilbert, and gradually sink into professional obscurity, or go back on the stage and be Ina Claire?

She clicked in "Rebound" on the Los Angeles stage, scored a tremendous hit in the Paramount picture, "The Royal Family" (made in the East), was signed to a new movie contract by Sam Goldwyn, came back to Hollywood, and announced her separation from husband Jack. She said it.

The home couldn't hold two stars.

Right at the top of her screen career Dolores Costello married Jack Barrymore, and for three years the pictures have been minus her charm and beauty. But she has something to show for her "retirement"—a small daughter to carry on the family tradition. She'll tell you her family life is much more attractive and important than the screen, but—oh, well, perhaps an occasional picture. Her principal career is being Mrs. Barrymore. That was a real renunciation.

Mildred Davis Lloyd merely looks at you with amused tolerance when you mention the screen and the possibility of her return to it. Wouldn't it be odd—and boring? is the idea you get. She has found a life that is so much fuller and of greater scope that you couldn't induce her to stop being Mrs. Harold Lloyd and caring for her family of three children for all the screens in Hollywood. No, thank you!

Connie Kept Her Word

WE all remember—how time does fly, doesn't it?—when little Connie Talmadge up and said that now and forthwith she was kissing the movies goodbye, and for all of her they could do this and that, for she was going to marry a Chicago department store, and become Mrs. Townsend Netcher. This was her third try at marriage, and this time it *took*, and pictures were out.

"Don't make me laugh," she says when you talk movies to her. "I'm married to a man, not a job."

"I never was crazy about picture work,"

AFTER YOUR EVERY SMOKE...
Beech-Nut Gum
MAKES THE NEXT SMOKE TASTE BETTER
SPEARMINT
Peppermint, Wintergreen and Spearmint flavors.

When you pause to bask in the summer sunshine and enjoy a lazy smoke — make the stolen moments more enjoyable with the cool refreshment of Beech-Nut Gum. Its zestful flavor stimulates your taste sense and makes the next smoke taste like the first one of the day — each smoke a fresh experience. Motorists will find BEECH-NUT GUM especially enjoyable—it keeps the mouth moist and cool while driving. Remember always there is no other gum quite so flavorful as Beech-Nut.

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says Dorothy Dwan, the beauty who played leads for Ken Maynard and Tom Mix and had executives wondering how far she'd go. "Pictures offered a good chance to a girl who had no business training, and I took it." Then she met Paul N. Boggs, Jr., married him and promptly set about making the one thing she wanted—a real home. "The screen? No, thank you," says Dorothy, "marriage means a home, and a home means everything." In this particular home the architect has provided a nursery.

"Joby" Ralston looked the picture situation fairly in the face, balanced a photo of her husband, Dick Arlen, against proposals for two contracts, 'phoned that she didn't want to sign them, sighed and put all her screen ambitions away with her other souvenirs. Dick and her home tipped the scale against them.

"No can do," she says, shaking her gay head. "Not and have a happy, comfortable home and a husband. One of us working is plenty and Dick can be it. I'm out, for keeps."

Divorce Was The Cure

REMEMBER little Ella Hall? She saw that marriage and pictures could not mix. So she divorced Emory Johnson, the director, because his picture work interfered with her home work, left the screen herself soon after and went into commercial life to take care of her babies. "Two in a family can't be picture folk and stay married, and sometimes one can't, either. So I'm in neither pictures nor marriage."

And some of the others: Helene Costello married Lowell Sherman and looks at screen work as if it were something queer that had drifted in from the street. Viola Dana, hoyden madcap, who used to be the Spirit of Hollywood, finds a chap she's crazy about and is living happily ever after on a Colorado ranch. Pooh! This is the life! And her sister, Shirley Mason, has forsaken the studios for wifehood and motherhood. Marilyn Miller decided that "two might be married, but only one can do screen work." So Jack Pickford was gently dropped in the discard bin and has acquired another partner, and Marilyn shakes her head. She may, of course, be married again, but not while she's actively acting.

And so it goes. As someone said not long ago: A man is entranced with a beauty of the stage or screen because she is bright and vivacious, marries her for the same reason, and then begins to try to change her into the likeness of his Southern grandmother. If he's professional himself, often their interests clash; or if the girl is wise, like Phyllis Haver, she makes up her mind at the beginning to be either one or the other—not both actress and wife.

Yes, I know there's the classic example we all quote, but even after ten years the conclusion to that romance isn't written. Wait and see if Gossip is to be justified of her rumors.

Did You Know That—

Mae Clarke is engaged to Henry Freulich, cameraman?

Grace Moore, newly married to Vincente Parara, wealthy Spaniard, says she won't retire?

Nancy Carroll, newly wed to Bolton Mallory, Editor of *Life*, doesn't say?

Pola Negri signs her checks with a brush?

Their SECOND *Honeymoon*

by BEATRICE FAIRFAX

"JIM and Ada had been married ten years. They felt romance and glamour fading.

"'And then, Miss Fairfax,' writes Ada, 'I set my wits to work. I wanted Jim to think of me as his sweetheart, not just as busy housewife and mother.

"'What I did was to buy myself a second trousseau! Not expensive things, but lovely colorful frocks and lingerie that gave me a feeling of being charming and so *feminine*.

"'Jim almost at once sensed the change in me. And now we're having a second honeymoon that I am going to make last all our married days!'

"Wise wife! How easy to keep honeymoon happiness all through marriage, if every wife would do two simple things:

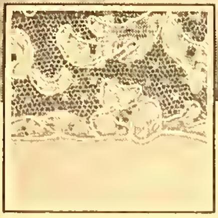
1. **Buy colorful, dainty frocks and lingerie.**
2. **Keep them color-fresh and charming always.**

"Don't believe you can't afford such 'frivolous' clothes. For with Lux, that wonderful product you all know, they can be kept charming and new so long every woman can afford them.

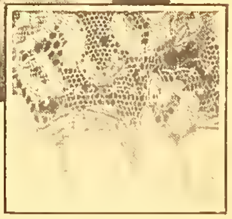
"Lux is especially made to preserve colors and the life of delicate fabrics. Their charm, too, so that as long as you wear them, they lend their charm to you.

"*And in your home:* Keep your home fresh and pretty, too, for this adds to your charm. Linens, colorful curtains, sofa cushions—always look lovely if you use Lux." BEATRICE FAIRFAX

LUX
For all fine laundering
For washing dishes



Lingerie LUXed *12 times — satin and lace fibres intact, the color charming as new. Utterly exquisite!*



Duplicate lingerie washed 12 times in ordinary "good" soap—lace and satin worn, color faded. Charm lost!

If it's safe in water alone . . it's just as safe in LUX

A New Favorite With The Women

(*Continued from page 59*)

they didn't find it necessary to disguise their emotions and their harmless vanities. Actresses have no economic necessity for pretending, or for trying to please anyone but themselves. They don't depend on the support of some husband who must be kept contented and flattered. A great many women who seem to be more unselfish, more admiring and respectful to the male, are often that way only because it's provident to be so.

"No, it's probably very naïve of me, but I think the Hollywood girls are marvelous. I'm all for them."

Not Born Sophisticated

THE rôle of worldling and commentator on women is a comparatively recent one for Warren. Once he was a most unsophisticated boy in Aiken, Minnesota, just out of high school and faced with the burdensome problem of what to make of his life. He rather wanted to be some kind of engineer, but he couldn't do his arithmetic, so that made it impossible. Neither was he quite fitted to take up journalism, like his father. In this dilemma his sister, for no good reason, suggested that he be an actor. Maybe she was being sarcastic.

"At any rate," said Warren, "the family took it seriously and packed me off to the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York. I guess they were delighted to get me off their hands and didn't much care how it turned out. I probably wasn't a very hopeful-looking boy."

Just as he finished learning how to be an actor, America went into the war, so the next two years were spent in a New Mexico training camp and in France. His first chance to ply his newly-acquired trade—or should I say art?—was just after the armistice was signed, when he joined a stock company of soldiers, and in the rôle of *Stephen Denby* in "Under Cover," toured the south of France. This freed him from military duty, provided him with a comfortable bed to sleep in, a little money, and a lot of fun. It was much more fun than the first frugal years after his return to the United States, when he went through the usual weary struggles of a young actor trying to get up in the world.

The Progress He Has Made

"MY first New York job was in 'Mrs. Jimmie Thompson,' in which I played a pickle-salesman.

"Then I went into a dreadful little stock company in Brooklyn. I nearly went crazy learning so many parts, and I never could remember my lines. I had them letter-perfect when I mumbled them going to and from the theater, but once on the stage, I blew up. We had a Christmas party on the stage, and the company presented me with a tin airplane labeled, 'Not to be used on the stage.' That's how bad I was."

But the years wore on, and his memory improved, and play followed play, all leading up to "The Vinegar Tree" and the Warner Brothers. In eight years he had made the transition from pickle-salesman to sophisticate, and now you may see him being the suave gentleman on the screen in "Expensive Women" and "The Honor of the Family." However, don't let his rôles lead you astray.

He will answer to the charge of worldly-wiseness only if he is allowed to give his own definition.

"A sophisticate," he will tell you, "is a person who has freed himself from all the nonsense he was taught as a child—and, through experience and intelligence, has learned to see things as they really are. This does not imply that he is bored or blasé.

"I was taught the most frightful lot of nonsense as a child. I have had a great deal to unlearn. The children to-day don't have that disadvantage. They're sophisticated from the moment they're born. All they have to acquire is a little experience and judgment. And they acquire those sooner than my generation ever did. Sophistication comes with age, it's true, but a great deal of experience creates a synthetic aging, which has the same effect."

So remember that at heart Warren William is not so bored and blasé as enthusiastic and expectant, with the challenging blue eye of a *Sergeant Quirt*. You can easily believe that he likes girls, in any town. And Hollywood girls will like Warren, not only because he defends them and thinks them lovely, but—well, just because.

Did You Know That--

Radio-crooners Rudy Vallee and Morton Downey may have been no movie actors, but they both found their wives here? Rudy captured Fay Webb and Morton, Barbara Bennett.

Greta Garbo and Ramon Novarro are likely to be teamed together in "Mata Hari"? There's news for you!

Claudette Colbert and Tallulah Bankhead are the only Paramount stars making their pictures in the East? (It seems they prefer New York.)

Claudette's long stay in the East may be responsible for the rumor that she and Norman Foster are cooling?

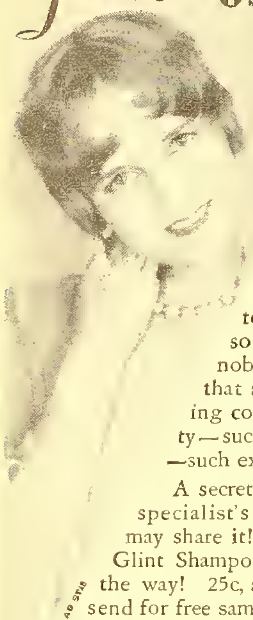
James Dunn, Fox's new sensation, once sold portable lunch-wagons?

Mrs. Sidney Landfield—Shirley Mason to you—may be a brand-new mother, but she plans a screen comeback just the same?

Few people knew Ginger Rogers was married until she divorced Jack Pepper, Texas showman?

Ina Claire walked out of "The Greeks Had a Word for It," saying her part was too small for her?

Free! TO WOMEN ONLY . .



this little secret!

Not a soul will know just what you have done to make your hair so lovely! Certainly nobody would dream that a single shampooing could add such beauty—such delightful lustre—such exquisite soft tones!

A secret indeed—a beauty specialist's secret! But you may share it! Just *one* Golden Glint Shampoo* will show you the way! 25c, at your dealers', or send for free sample.

*(*Note: Do not confuse this with other shampoos that merely cleanse. Golden Glint Shampoo in addition to cleansing, gives your hair a "tiny-tint"—a wee little bit—not much—hardly perceptible. But how it does bring out the true beauty of your own individual shade of hair!)*

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THE FLAVOR LASTS
SPEARMINT
THE PERFECT GUM
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Good and Good for You.

Bewitching EYES

Maybelline Eyelash Darkener will *instantly* transform your lashes into a dark, luxuriant fringe, making them appear longer. Harmless and easy to use. A touch of Maybelline Eye Shadow to your eyelids will add depth, beauty and "*expression.*" Form the brows with the clean, smooth Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil—then you will have re-made your eyes into soulful pools of loveliness. Insist upon the genuine — preferred by millions for over fifteen years.

Maybelline

CORNS—SORE TOES

—relieved in ONE minute by these thin, healing, safe pads! They remove the *cause*—shoe friction and pressure.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Sizes also for Callouses and Bunions

Dolores Del Rio Isn't Beaten Yet

(*Continued from page 25*)

nearer and nearer over you. She lost her fear of Death.

She lost her contract. She faced the possibility of Being Through. Great changes had come about. There might not be a place for her if ever she could take a place again. She also lost her fear of that. And she learned to be kinder, more tolerant in her judgments, more aware of sickness and suffering in the world.

Dolores has come to love Hollywood. She wouldn't live anywhere else in the world for anything in the world. Nowhere else, she says, can you find the drama and the people you can find here, or come to know them as you know them here.

Dolores and Cedric have three homes. The one in Hollywood that was Dolores' before she married. The one in Santa Monica, designed and furnished by Cedric, himself. The accompanying photograph pictures this extraordinary dwelling much more satisfactorily than any words could. This is the house that Cedric built for Dolores while she was ill. And on her very first outing, when she still was wrapped in blankets, and too weak to walk, he carried her into it, from room to room, on a tour of inspection. This is where Dolores wants to make her home when she can dispose of the other house and is through with her first picture. The third place is at Malibu.

Dolores is young and very wise. She gives herself three more years. If she succeeds in coming back at all, she should be good for that length of time. She might, she says, drag out one other year, waning as she goes. Then she plans to have a year on the stage and then, still young enough, she wants to have a child. "So that I shall not make a fool of myself when I reach the end of the movie rope."

She looks healthy. She looks happy. Even more than before, her hair is pulled back tightly from her forehead, giving undeniable proof of her undeniable beauty. Her dark eyes are alight and her mind sparkles. She is the most enthusiastic, most ambitious woman in Hollywood to-day.

Clara *Will* Come Back—A Bigger Star Than Ever

(*Continued from page 22*)

tures three other film companies were eager to snatch her as soon as Paramount let her go. They knew—what all Hollywood knows—that Clara Bow may still be one of the biggest actresses of her day.

She says that she may marry Rex next year. Rex admits that they are thinking about it. But Clara Bow will not settle down yet awhile. She is a born actress. When Ben Schulberg first saw her, dressed in pitifully cheap finery, he was appalled to think that he had signed her, sight unseen, to a contract on advice of a business associate.

"Wait!" the agent who had brought Clara to Hollywood said, "wait 'til you have seen her before a camera."

Without the slightest hope, Schulberg took her to a stage and put her in front of a camera. "Cry, Clara!" he said, sharply. Instantly the tears poured from those enormous eyes that had been shining with mischief a moment before, and her child face was contorted with an agony of grief. Schulberg turned to the associate who had discovered Clara Bow. "You are right," he said.

Yes, Clara Bow will come back. And Hollywood will not turn a cold shoulder to her this time.

A REPULSIVE JOB
washing handkerchiefs

Use Kleenex instead

No laundering—no self-infection. Use Kleenex once and destroy

AT LAST a new type handkerchief banishes forever one of the messiest jobs in a woman's life—the job of washing dirty handkerchiefs.

Millions are turning to Kleenex—the soft, delicate tissue you use once and destroy.

Germs are destroyed

This cleanly practice not only saves washing. It protects you from self-infection. Germs are destroyed instantly, instead of being carried back to your face.

The health importance of Kleenex during colds cannot be over-emphasized. Schools, doctors, endorse it. Kleenex is much safer for children than a handkerchief, to be carried all day long. Teach them to use Kleenex and destroy at once.

Many household uses

Kleenex is a soft, immaculate, super-absorbent tissue that has a score of daily uses.

Cleansing creams should always be removed with Kleenex. Its unique absorbency assures removal of every trace of cream and dirt.

Mothers find Kleenex wonderful in caring for babies. Motorists like to keep a package handy in the automobile. Use Kleenex for wiping spectacles; for dusting; for polishing.

Kleenex is sold everywhere, at drug, dry goods and department stores. It comes in a modern, convenient package, from which tissues can be removed with one hand.

HAY FEVER VICTIMS . . .

You'll appreciate the softness and absorbency of Kleenex. If you have hay fever . . . if you know one who suffers . . . invest in a package of Kleenex at once. It is impossible to describe the greater comfort of these gentle, dry, absorbent tissues. Do not put up with damp, irritating handkerchiefs another day. (And remember, Kleenex costs less than laundering.)

M.P.C.-9

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Please send free trial supply of Kleenex.

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HEARTBREAK AGE
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Burning Feet
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HOW cool and refreshed your tired, burning, aching feet feel the instant Coolene is applied. Every throbbing nerve is soothed. Every bit of fire and pain is drawn from the swollen, irritated nerves and tissues. Pains from corns, bunions and callouses go like magic. Coolene is greaseless, vanishes [illegible] Ends all agonizing foot [illegible] jar today.

Our Hollywood Neighbors

(*Continued from page 12*)

"You'll have to wait your turn," replied Jackie, severely. "I've got more girl-friends now than I know what to do with."

THE best gag of the month: "Hollywood is just an optional illusion."

AFTER all the fuss made by studios about movie-struck girls and boys storming the gates of Hollywood, stories of overnight success do persist. So long as *Cinderella* stories actually happen, the movie village will have the best-looking waitresses and gas station boys in captivity.

Now it is Adrianne Ames who walks right into a contract without knowing the difference between kleig-eyes and a supervisor. The little girl was photographed by Ruth Harriet Louise and a Paramount official saw the portraits. In less time than it takes Jack Oakie to make a wisecrack, she had a contract. You'll see her in "The Road to Reno," and later in "The Dover Road." She looks a bit like Loretta Young and a lot like Joan Crawford. That's a pretty potent combination.

She is married to a millionaire New York broker, and already has a Beverly Hills mansion, a town car and a flock of servants.

P. S.—Gloria Swanson, please come home. You'll have to get a bigger house and a bigger car.

MOTHER-IN-LAW jokes do not click with Roland Young. If he yawns when you tell one, there's a reason. His mother-in-law happens to be the charming and brilliant Clare Kummer, the author of "Good Gracious, Annabelle" and "Rollo's Wild Oat." Young made two of his greatest stage successes in those plays.

QUITE a group of Hollywood yachtsmen (and what's the feminine of that?) have just about adopted the waters off Catalina Island as a permanent address. Richard Arlen and Jobyna Ralston have been there most of the summer. Jobyna has actually lived on the boat for two months, and when she does come ashore, she walks like one of Uncle Sam's sailors. Patsy Ruth Miller and Tay Garnett are there all the time, and Charlie Farrell and Virginia Valli spend a lot of time on their boat. Marjorie White has a new yacht, and the Barrymore sea-going hack makes most ocean liners look like a bevy of coal barges.

Kay Francis and Kenneth MacKenna also go in for sailing on the briny. Kay has bought only one evening dress in four months. She likes pajamas for yachting, and not too fancy ones at that. In fact, she's about to lose her reputation as one of Hollywood's best-dressed ladies. Catch Lilyan Tashman and Norma Shearer buying only one evening gown in four months!

I DON'T know who said it first, but I like the current lament: "Times are so bad that the 'yes men' are just nodding now."

GOSH-AMIGHTY, movie salaries are soaring beyond high Olympus. The star system is more firmly entrenched than ever before, and the stars get more pretty shekels than at any time in history—barring a few exceptions like Pickford and Fairbanks, Swanson, Chaplin and Mix. They were up in the "dough" years ago.

Typical salary quotations in 1931 are reported as follows: Constance Bennett, seventy-five hundred dollars per week at Pathé, plus a two-picture contract with Warners at three hundred thousand dollars; George Bancroft at six thousand weekly; Ruth Chatterton will be six hundred and fifty thousand dollars richer at the end of two years, and William Powell is said to draw down seventy-five hundred dollars per week for his first year with Warners, and will get nine thousand every seven days of the second. Ann Harding will make two hundred and sixty thousand dollars next year, and they do say that Norma Shearer's income comes close to a half-million yearly. I know that another studio tried to lure Joan Crawford into new green pastures to the tune of eight thousand dollars weekly. Wow!

JUST to keep the talk going: Lila Lee, recovering from a long illness, has taken her first automobile ride in months. She looks grand. Joan Peers has been fooling Hollywood for some time. She's married, and she commutes from Santa Ana, California, to the studios. Pola Negri, in stunning evening clothes, was beaued by a distinguished gray-haired gent at "The Man In Possession" (stage play, not Robert Montgomery movie). Catherine Dale Owen and Basil Rathbone have been appearing together in a sketch, "The Grand Duchess and the Waiter," at the New York Palace Theater. Remember Florence Vidor and Adolphe Menjou in that? Helen Chandler is the step-ma of a six-year-old girl. Ona Munson is wearing a solitaire that would blind you at sixty paces. Fiancé Ernst Lubitsch gave it to her. Incidentally, Ona's lawyer is a brother of Eddie Buzzell. Eddie is Ona's ex. Hedda Hopper at the theater, escorted by her tall, handsome, seventeen-year-old son. Alice White cheering for Joe (Notre Dame) Savoldi at the wrestling matches. Alice is returning to the screen. Ditto Virginia Valli. Monroe Owsley gives up his bachelor house in Beverly Hills and moves into an apartment. He says a house without a woman is like a ship without a sail. Carman Barnes paints her finger-nails gold—but there isn't much gold in them thar hills for Carman. She has yet to make her first picture.

Are You Aware That--

Constance Bennett and Henri de la Falaise sailed for France aboard the same ship—which certainly revives those romance rumors again?

Rudolf Sieber, director-husband of Marlene, conquered his fear of being called "Mr. Dietrich," and has come over to visit her?

Ivan Lebedeff wrote a story for a French magazine called "Le Marquis," that his studio bought the picture rights to it, and that he will play the title rôle?

Edward Everett Horton earned more money in "The Front Page" than Adolphe Menjou? Horton made $5,000—Menjou a mere $3,500.

Warners are thinking of renaming their Hollywood Theater in New York the Fairbanks Theater—in honor of Doug, Jr.?

A New Redhead Succeeds Clara Bow

(*Continued from page 50*)

suggestions, menus and rowing-machines.

If an actress becomes a little more voluptuous than the camera allows, it's not only something for the *masseuse* and the wardrobe to worry about. The electricians are given orders to put no highlights on certain parts of her anatomy, the cameramen are told to use close-ups whenever possible, and the prop boys stand around with brassieres. And all the directors, authors, executives and their wives discuss the problem over their ice cream sodas.

"Everything has to be so perfect," sighed Peggy, "I don't know what they do if you have a pimple. Stop production, I guess.

"The minute I got on the set they told me to take off my lingerie, because it made wrinkles under my dress. Travis Banton (who creates the Paramount styles) won't let us wear anything underneath at all.

"Travis is very pleased with my hips," she went on, getting into the spirit of the thing. Peggy's figure presents no problems. Athletics and dancing have kept her slim and graceful.

"And the instructions they give you when you have still pictures taken," she laughed, "are terribly funny. 'Now look as if you just had a love affair!' they tell you. I guess that means with a lock of hair pulled over your eye, like Norma Shearer. Or, 'Look as if you had just awakened!'" Well, it's all in the day's work at a picture studio.

But looking at the resplendent creature the hairdressers and seamstresses have made of Peggy, it's hard to believe she got her start because she wore gingham, with her hair in braids.

On that first trip to New York, Peggy met a girl who was in the Follies. This young lady invited her hayseed friend to go backstage with her one day and watch rehearsal.

"I went, all thrills," said Peggy. "I was expecting to go back to Pine Bluff in a few days, and I was going to have something to tell them about. I stood there while they went through their dance routines. The Follies press-agent spied me—the little girl from the country, dressed in her best silk gingham, with her hair in braids. He came over and said, 'Hey, kid, how'd you like to be in the Follies?'

"Of course, I had no way of knowing that every year when the Follies open they have some press stunt about a new girl Ziegfeld takes in, with pictures in the papers and much ballyhoo.

"I was terribly flattered because I thought I'd been appreciated at last, and I said I'd love to be a Follies girl."

Then they said, "Can you dance?"

"No."

"Sing?"

"No."

"Well," they said resignedly, "you'll do."

Then they took pictures of her with Florenz Ziegfeld, and with the dance director, and the publicity campaign was on.

"And I thought it was all because I was so wonderful," Peggy laughed. "I went home and told Mother, and that settled it. Of course, I had to see it through. After all that publicity, they *had* to produce me. I never went back to Arkansas.

"I didn't know a thing about dancing. But anyone who can't learn to dance during those six weeks of strenuous rehearsals, is *never* going to learn. I didn't have any trouble getting on with the girls. I was in a dressing-room with about a dozen others. The oldest was seventeen, and none of them was much more sophisticated than I was. It's the show girls, not the chorus, who are the real Follies girls. But I got along all right with them, too." Just a smart girl.

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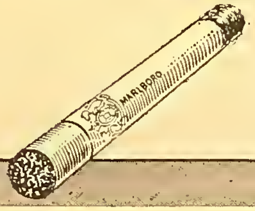

LADIES, we rise to defend you!

Certain harassed census-men, in a large eastern city, demanded five extra weeks to complete their 1930 survey, declaring that no womenfolk were ever at home.

"They gad all day long," wailed the h. c.-m.

But step into some nearby shopping district, and there you will discover these women. In grocery stores, looking at the canned goods. In electrical shops, watching the demonstration of a new vacuum cleaner. In china stores, looking over the latest shapes in colored glassware. Keeping up on the business of home-making, just as surely as a man keeps up on his competitor's products and selling activities.

The big difference between gadding on Main Street and shopping in the same thoroughfare is your present state of intelligence, madam! And that's no idle compliment.

Today you start out with a well-informed mind. You have read the news of what is new in the advertising columns. Advertising has even informed you about what you should expect to pay for various commodities, and has told you where to go to see the latest goods.

When you read before you shop, you look before you leap. And when you shop thus intelligently you're going about your *business* . . . not gadding!

September Issue Now on Sale
ALL NEWSSTANDS

HOSE EYES?
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These tragic blue eyes belong to a youthful RKO-Pathe star who is rapidly gaining fame as a dramatic actress. She has flaming red hair, is t., 5 in. tall, and weighs 120 lbs. Name below*.

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CREST SPECIALTY CO.
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OLD WAY
NEW WAY

Looking Them Over

(*Continued from page 47*)

PAUL LUKAS, not John Boles, will play the rôle of the romantic opera singer in "Strictly Dishonorable." This sudden switch of plans was not due to any failing of Boles in the test rôles.

To the contrary, John Stahl was so pleased with the first tests made of Boles that he invited several critics, who had criticized his casting in the picture, to come out to the studio and see a John Boles that would surprise them.

Just as the picture was about to go into production, John became afflicted with an abscessed tooth. His face was swollen completely out of shape.

Production schedules could not be held up. So **Paul Lukas** was rushed over from Paramount to pinch-hit.

DID you know that **Winnie Lightner** has a three-year-old son named **Richard Barthelmess Holtrie**?

Neither did a lot of people in Hollywood, until an announcement came from the studio that **Winnie** and her small son were going on a vacation to New York.

Winnie didn't know **Dick** except as a fan when she named the youngster.

MADGE EVANS isn't the only ex-child star to stage a "grown-up" comeback in the talkies.

Virginia Lee Corbin, missing from the screen for several years, has been selected by Columbia to support Colonel Tim McCoy in the first of his new outdoor pictures, "Shotgun Pass."

CLARK GABLE is playing opposite **Greta Garbo** in her new picture. One day at lunch he was approached by an ambitious reporter. "How do you find Miss Garbo?" he was asked.

"I don't," said **Clark**. "She is always on the set ahead of me."

And what's more—they say **Clark** isn't a bit "scared" of **Greta** like most of the other leading men who have played opposite her.

THE sympathy of the entire picture colony went out to the **George Fitzmaurices** when it became known that their infant son, **Michael** (a twin), had died twenty-one days after birth. The other twin, a girl, is doing very nicely. The Fitzmaurices have one other daughter, **Sheila**, two years old.

A week after the death of the Fitzmaurice infant, twins were born to Mr. and Mrs. **Gaston Glass**. Only one survived—also a girl.

NORMA TALMADGE walked into the Embassy Club the other day, looking so beautiful that several of our newest charmers were completely put in the shade.

For a moment, at first glimpse, it looked as though **Norma** had joined the ranks of those who have gone blonde on us. Her hair seemed several shades lighter.

But **Norma** denied all peroxide intent.

"It's just that my face is so sunburned and tanned that my hair looks lighter," she explained.

SEEN At The Première of **Douglas** *Fairbanks, Jr.'s "Man in Possession"—A Stage Play:*

Joan *Crawford, all in white, sitting with* **William** *Haines and as nervous as though she were upon the stage.*

Mary *Pickford and* **Douglas** *Fairbanks*—**Mary** *in pale green chiffon with gold evening wrap. They had to autograph programs after the play until one A.M.*

William *Powell and* **Carole** *Lombard in a party with the* **Richard** *Barthelmesses.*

Loretta *Young and* **Irving** *Asher*—**Loretta** *in flame chiffon.*

Marlene *Dietrich and* **Josef** *von Sternberg* —**Marlene** *in white trimmed with sable.*

Young **Doug** *getting a tremendous hand.*

THE romance, if there was one, between **Jean Harlow** and **Paul Bern** seems to have cooled to a casual friendship—and now you see **Jean** almost everywhere with **Jack Runyon**, a young stock broker.

Jean wore a tight-fitting dinner hat to the Cocoanut Grove the other night and was hardly recognized by the same crowd that usually gives her a flattering show of attention. The hat hid her famous hair completely and if she had worn a mask she could not have been better disguised.

NILS ASTHER has been busy preparing to welcome his family to Hollywood.

His mother has just arrived from Sweden to visit him, and his wife, **Vivian Duncan**, is expected soon with their small daughter, born in Europe, whom **Nils** has not yet seen.

Nils has taken a house in North Hollywood—all ready to settle down.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS had a chance to play "hero" off the screen recently, when he arrived at the scene of an automobile accident in time to pull a mother, father and small child through the window of a sedan after the car had turned over.

Doug, riding on the back seat of his limousine, saw the accident take place and was first upon the scene to aid the shaken, but uninjured motorists.

Once assured that they weren't seriously hurt, the entire family were as pleased as all-get-out to realize they had been "rescued" by the movie idol.

JOSEPHINE DUNN and **Clyde Greathouse** are "signing off" after only five brief months of matrimony.

Counter-suits have been filed in the divorce. Greathouse charges **Josephine** with scratching his face and other inflictions of cruelty. **Josephine** says Greathouse did not support her.

She was awarded temporary alimony of seventy-five dollars monthly pending the trial.

WHEN **Norma Shearer** returned from her trip to Europe, she found her home at Santa Monica not only completed, but also entirely furnished, with all her personal belongings "moved in." Builders, architects, interior decorators and other craftsmen combined to finish the fifty-thousand-dollar French Provincial beach house in record time.

Jetta Goudal furnished the artistic touches of the interior decoration.

TOMMY LEE, who has been **Virginia Cherrill's** devoted escort for lo, these many months, was seen dancing at the Cocoanut Grove the other night with **Carmen Pantages**.

(*Continued on page 78*)

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Looking Them Over

(Continued from page 76)

IF it is any surprise to you, **Carman Barnes** will not play a featured rôle in "The Road to Reno" with **Charles Rogers. Peggy Shannon** has been substituted for the long-waiting **Carman** and Hollywood is settling down to wait for another announcement (which is about all it gets) of Carman's screen future.

DOUG FAIRBANKS is mad. When local reporters told him there were "extras" out in New York with flaring headlines proclaiming that he and **Mary** were getting a divorce and asked him for a statement, he was burned up about it. "If they don't check up with me before printing such stuff, how do they expect to check up after it's printed?" he shouted. The gist of **Doug's** remarks was that there was nothing to the divorce rumor.

THE divorce laws are so complicated that couples are sometimes married in one state and not in the next. Now it's the ex-**Lady Inverclyde**, who has announced her engagement to **Lothar Mendez**, the director. She went to Reno to institute the divorce proceedings that her husband refused to allow her in England, only to find that unless he were represented in Reno court her divorce would not be recognized in England. He apparently was, for she has her divorce.

A LONDON newspaper cabled a Hollywood correspondent, warning "**June**"—as **Lady Inverclyde** is widely known to London theatrical audiences—not to marry again. Recently **Ronald Colman** went to London for the reported purpose of getting his long-delayed divorce, only to find that the international situation in regard to divorce laws was so complicated that he couldn't be sure of his status anywhere.

IT isn't only feminine film fans who are crazy about **Clark Gable**. It is said that the more famous and possibly more ornamental ladies of the movies are casting burning glances his way. Everyone wants him for leading man. He is one of the few men ever to be admitted to **Garbo's** studio-bungalow living-room.

IT used to be "I'm Jesse James—stick 'em up!" when small boys played bad man. Now they shout: "I'm **Lew Ayres**—stick 'em up!" But what a mouthful for young bandits to shout: "I'm **Edward G. Robinson**! Put 'em up!"

JUST when she was on the point of beginning the biggest picture of the year—or at least the biggest part she has ever played—in "Street Scene," **Sylvia Sidney** was injured. Her automobile was hit by another and, bracing herself to meet the shock, she received all the force of the impact in her ankle, breaking a bone. The same ankle was broken before and frantic telephoning East couldn't locate the X-ray pictures. While doctors developed new X-rays and **Sylvia's** mother wrung her hands over her daughter's mishap, small **Sylvia** sat in a wheel-chair and said fatalistically, "Oh, well—that's that. There will be other pictures. There are always other pictures." But doctors overcome the difficulty and, sitting in a wheel-chair with her ankle tightly bandaged, **Sylvia** rehearsed her rôle—and will be seen in the picture, after all.

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Read

Motion Picture

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September Issue Now on Sale

ALL NEWSSTANDS

Hollywood's Hottest Lovers

(*Continued from page 19*)

physique of any man in Hollywood. You should see the sensation he creates on the beach at Malibu. Lunches are forgotten and excuses made for maneuvering for a better view of Joel."

Edmund Lowe is a heart-thumper both on and off the screen. Women of all nations fall for his masculine charm. His is the sex appeal of swagger, ruthlessness.

Marlene Dietrich gave Gary Cooper a great-lover reputation in "Morocco." But to Lupe Velez, he has *always* been the beeg "It" boy. "That Gary—I love heem best in all thees world. He ees so cute." Only Lupe speaks of Gary as being cute; but just the same, feminine hearts go flippity-flop when Gary pulls the well-known Cooper smile. His secret of sex appeal is a suggestion of being hard to win.

Flashing into prominence again, Ricardo Cortez is brightening eyes and adding speed to pulses. Once they tried to make a second Valentino of Cortez, but they mistook his sex appeal. It is not dark hair and burning eyes—but a look of cruelty about his mouth. Now Ric has scored at least a half-dozen rip-snorting successes with his romantic wickedness.

The Latin type he represents is tied up with romance in the mind of the public," says Helen Twelvetrees. "I admire his finesse. There's a something about him." That's the Cortez secret—a something. He can play the toughest and most unsympathetic rôle, and smash hearts in the interim. That's masculine sex appeal!

When Lawrence Tibbett sings on an M-G-M set, women stand transfixed. Yet he is no modern edition of a Greek god. He laughs at his own face. But if any screen voice has sex appeal, Tibbett's does. His clear, vibrant tones are like a caress. "That guy sure slays the dames," says a carpenter as he watches a scene being made. "No wonder he blew out twenty-seven fuses when they took his first tests." Whether Tibbett's power over the ladies is in its volume or in the quality, his voice, combined with his devil-may-care attitude, certainly places him high in feminine favor.

While Ramon Novarro, Warner Baxter, Maurice Chevalier, Paul Lukas, John Barrymore, Bela Lugosi, Richard Barthelmess, John Boles, James Cagney, Lew Ayres, Charles Bickford and a score of others can boast of a certain definite attraction, the real hot Romeos—the big sex-appeal boys of the screen—can be counted on your fingers!

Says Marie Dressler, "You can shout about your Gables and your young Greek gods all you want, but I think Wallace Beery, the big clunk, has more whatever-you-call-it than all the others put together. His mash notes are amazing. And when he parades down Hollywood Boulevard all dressed up, he gets plenty of glances from the doll-babies, don't worry."

Talent plays second fiddle where physical appeal is concerned. Looks, too, are not so necessary. While Clark Gable is by popular acclaim the moment's sensation, he's far from being a collar-ad type. His forehead is low, his full face broad. These things don't matter, so long as his screen kiss makes every woman in the audience feel kissed.

The phantom-women in the illustrations on pages 18 and 19 are:

Loretta Young—with Ronald Colman
Greta Garbo—with Clark Gable
Mary Astor—with Ricardo Cortez
rene Dunne—with Richard Dix
orothy Mackaill—with Joel McCrea
lvia Sidney—with Phillips Holmes

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Age.............. Present Occupation..............................

Address..

Born to the Spotlight

(*Continued from page 60*)

crazy to want to do anything else. They think the public doesn't like a woman comedian, unless she has reached the age and proportions of a Marie Dressler. But I'm waiting for the day when I can do rôles like Marion Davies'."

The thing that hampers Leila's ambition is that she's too decorative. She'll never be a prima donna in her own right while she's so becoming to male stars. They know nothing sets them off like the blondeness of Leila. So she's eternally in demand as a leading woman. She's so misty and tremulous—just the right sort of girl to make a man seem virile. Yet somehow not striking enough to dim his own brilliance. Sort of knows her place.

It is she who has brought out the vividness of John Gilbert in all of his last three talkies. As one who ought to know, Leila makes a few pertinent remarks about the Gilbert voice.

Explaining John Gilbert

"HIS voice is all right," she insists. "There's absolutely nothing the matter with it. But he has been ruined in talkies by the very thing that was his greatest asset in silent pictures. He is so vibrant, so electric—he reminds me of a coil spring. It is a physical impossibility for him to relax. Tightness, tenseness, is the essence of his personality.

"But it just happens that vibrancy doesn't go in talking pictures. Everything has to be calm, slow, relaxed. As soon as he got used to the slow tempo of talkies, to a sort of *legato* technique, he was all right."

Another question on which Leila desires to set the world right is this matter of pull.

"Don't ever think," she said emphatically, "that pull helps you to get a job. I spent a whole year trying to break into pictures in New York. My parents knew all the producers and I could get in to see any of them. But it didn't get me anywhere. After months of doing extra work, I finally gave up and got a job posing for commercial advertising."

That was so easy and paid so well that she snapped her fingers at pictures, until one day Fox called her up and offered her a job. That was how Leila got a part in "Summer Bachelors," stole the picture, and rose to her present eminence as the blonde and blue-eyed love interest for Metro's big heroes.

She isn't really very much concerned about whether they let her be a comédienne or not. She considers herself the luckiest and happiest girl in the world. She has a grand disposition. She loves her work, her husband, and her circulating library. She has a passion for bridge, and there are plenty of neighbors always looking for a fourth. She has a beach house at Malibu that she and her husband (Phil Berg is the name) bought because they couldn't afford to pay the rent. It was destroyed by fire last winter, but this summer they have rebuilt it.

The moral is: a trunk-tray is as good as a dark blue perambulator, any day.

Did You Know That--

Grant Withers recently rescued Marjorie White when she fell off a yacht?

Loretta Young (Mrs. Withers that was) and Ricardo Cortez are Great Pals?

Rudolf Sieber says Marlene Dietrich is the world's best cook, when it comes to fixing eggs? He ought to know. He's her husband!

Lydell Peck (husband of Janet Gaynor) has been promoted and now is an associate producer at RKO?

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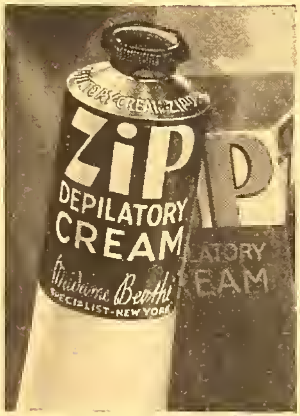

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TEN-SECOND REVIEWS

WHAT IS IT ABOUT? HOW GOOD IS IT?

Alexander Hamilton
With the aid of an exceptional cast, George Arliss gives a bit of dramatic spice to American history. He plays the young hero (W. B.).

Arizona
A colorful Western, featuring John Wayne and some remarkable scenery. For lovers of the Great Outdoors, not drama critics (Col.).

Bad Girl
Vinna Delmar's realistic novel about the untutored young city couple who were overtaken by parenthood, made into a clever little movie. Sally Eilers and James Dunn—a sensational newcomer—are featured (Fox).

The Bargain
The father-and-son theme again, and again with Lewis Stone the father. John Darrow is the son with whom he changes jobs, making interesting drama (F. N.).

Bought
Constance Bennett once more is sorely tempted, but this time she has a dramatic story to work with. Ben Lyon and father Richard Bennett ably assist (F. N.).

The Brat
Sally O'Neil makes a comeback in the old story of the East Side girl who has a West Side benefactor. The drama shows its age, unfortunately (Fox).

Broadminded
Joe E. Brown and Buster Collier go to California—of all places—to escape from women. Their efforts, like their comedy, are not very successful (F. N.).

Caught
Louise Dresser plays *Calamity Jane*, an outlaw leader of the old West, and Richard Arlen seeks to trap her. Different, but none too exciting (Par.).

Chances
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. starts his starring career with a war story that has its weak spots—but his acting (and Anthony Bushell's) almost hide them (F. N.).

Enemies of the Law
The old story of the Secret Service gal who falls for the gang leader and sets out to reform him. Mary Nolan is the girl (Capitol).

Ex-Bad Boy
Not a gangster picture, but an amusing comedy about a small-town Romeo (Robert Armstrong) who tells too many stories about his conquests (RKO).

Expensive Women
Dolores Costello comes back, more glamourous than ever—though it's a surprise to see her as a woman-of-the-world (W. B.).

First Aid
A thriller involving a gang, a girl, and a hospital interne who is kidnapped to perform an operation. Grant Withers makes a likable interne (Sono Art).

Five-Star Final
A bitter and powerful indictment of scandal sheets, with Edward G. Robinson the memorable editor who loses his conscience (F. N.).

Goldie
Except that they're sailors instead of marines, Spencer Tracy and Warren Hymer pursue Jean Harlow in the Lowe-McLaglen manner (Fox).

The Great Lover
With a story that fits him like his custom-made clothes, Adolphe Menjou has an entertaining series of romantic adventures (M-G-M).

Guilty Hands
Lionel Barrymore proves anew that he's an expert at melodrama. This one has a murder, with a surprise punch at the end (M-G-M).

Heaven On Earth
Lew Ayres and Anita Louise enact an idyll of love on the banks of the dramatic Mississippi. Lew at his best (Univ.).

High Stakes
Lowell Sherman, pleasantly inebriated, reveals his brother's wife as a little gold-digger. Trivial, but smooth (RKO).

A Holy Terror
George O'Brien, of the handsome physique, romps through a Western that is much better and much more amusing than most (Fox).

Honeymoon Lane
The title gives it away as a sentimental little piece, but doesn't prepare you for the antics of Ray Dooley, new screen comédienne. She steals the picture away from Eddie Dowling (Par.).

The Lady From Nowhere
John Holland sets out to trap some counterfeiters, but a girl (Alice Day) gets in his way. A thriller that will do (Chesterfield).

Lasca of the Rio Grande
Adventure and passion along the Mexican border, with John Mack Brown and Dorothy Burgess featured. Little that is new except a tragic ending (Univ.).

Lullaby
Here you see the far-famed Helen Hayes—not a great beauty, but a great actress—in her first talkie: an intense, heart-wrenching tale of mother-love (M-G-M).

The Mad Genius
John Barrymore again disguises his handsome profile, and again hypnotizes in a bitter rôle—that of a crippled dancing master (W. B.).

The Magnificent Lie
Ruth Chatterton once more is trapped in a net of intrigue and finds an interesting way out (Par.).

The Man in Possession
Pleasant Robert Montgomery nonsense, about a sheriff's clerk who has to occupy a lady's house and obligingly becomes her butler (M-G-M).

Men of the Sky
Musical comedy war, this time in the air. Jack Whiting sings well—but is it worth while? (F. N.).

Merely Mary Ann
That unbeatable combination of Gaynor and Farrell in another satisfying sentimental drama. Janet is a struggling slavey in a rooming-house and Charlie is a struggling young composer (Fox).

The Miracle Woman
Barbara Stanwyck, who continues to prove that she is one of the screen's best actresses, shows you what a lady evangelist is like (Col.).

The Mystery of Life
The drama of Evolution, with an accompanying lecture by Clarence Darrow. For those in search of education more than entertainment (Univ.).

Night Angel
For no reason at all, this complicated bit of intrigue is laid in Czecho-Slovakia—for neither Nancy Carroll nor Fredric March looks Slavic (Par.).

The Phantom of Paris
Wearing a Van Dyke beard and playing the part of a romantic magician, John Gilbert makes a great comeback. Previewed as "Cheri-Bibi" (M-G-M).

The Public Defender
The most convincing of the screen's he-men—Richard Dix—provides you with a fast-moving mystery thriller of the pre-war type (RKO).

Rebound
On the "rebound" from other loves, Ina Claire and Robert Ames marry in haste and repent with pleasure. It's a triumph for sophisticated Ina. Don't take the children, but be sure to go yourself (RKO-Pathé).

The Reckless Hour
Dorothy Mackaill's past (namely, Walter Byron) complicates her romance with Conrad Nagel. Better than it sounds (F. N.).

Runaround
A sweet little chorus-girl (Mary Brian) plots to wed for money, but Geoffrey Kerr (The Money) has a neat counter-plot. Amusing light comedy. Previewed as "Waiting at the Church" (RKO).

Salvation Nell
Helen Chandler and Ralph Graves give new life to the old, but still potent story of the girl of the slums who redeems her man (Tiffany).

Sea Eagles
As in real life, Wallace Beery goes in for aviation. It's more eventful than real life, however (M-G-M).

Secrets of a Secretary
Attractive Claudette Colbert again has intriguing adventures on the fringe of society. You'll like newcomers Herbert Marshall and Georges Metaxa (Par.).

Sherlock Holmes' Fatal Hour
Conan Doyle's famous detective comes to life and solves a tense murder mystery. Made in England, with Arthur Wontner a most satisfying *Holmes* (First Division).

Side Show
Winnie Lightner substitutes for several members of a troupe of "freaks." A good opportunity for Winnie's facial antics (W. B.).

The Sidewalks of New York
Buster Keaton gets into trouble on the East Side, West Side and all around the town. Good Keaton comedy (M-G-M).

Silence
A strong story of a man's degeneration, superbly acted by Clive Brook—with beautiful assistance from Peggy Shannon (Par.).

The Smiling Lieutenant
The gayest of all the year's pictures, with Maurice Chevalier treating you to another sparkling satire of royalty and romance. You'll like even the music (Par.).

Smart Woman
Mary Astor falls into, and squeezes out of, another tight affair—and Edward Everett Horton steals another picture. When is Mary going to have a new story? (RKO).

Son of India
Son of a wealthy Hindu, Ramon Novarro has a heart-breaking romance with a white girl (Madge Evans). His best talkie (M-G-M).

Sporting Blood
Life and love around a racetrack—but it carries a punch. Clark Gable and Madge Evans are featured (M-G-M).

The Star Witness
A home-loving family witness a gangland murder and are relentlessly pursued by the murderers to prevent their giving evidence. Chic Sale steals the picture (a good one) away from Walter Huston (W. B.).

Sweepstakes
An entertaining story of horses and their followers, with James Gleason's wisecracks a continual delight (RKO).

Their Mad Moment
Warner Baxter and Dorothy Mackaill have their troubles When Love Comes Along. Grade B comedy melodrama (Fox).

This Modern Age
Joan Crawford temporarily returns to the dancing-daughter type of story—and proves that she has outgrown it (M-G-M).

Three Who Loved
Two bank clerks—Robert Ames and Conrad Nagel—vie for the affections of Betty Compson, until one of them gets into trouble. A triangle story with action (RKO).

Trans-Atlantic
Edmund Lowe steals aboard a Europe-bound liner, and there is suspense all the way across. Novel (Fox).

The Viking
The picture that Varick Frissell was killed in making—a simple, intense story of life on the Labrador coast. Part sound effects, part talking (J. D. Williams).

Waterloo Bridge
A powerful and tragic tale of love in wartime London, with Mae Clarke a girl of the streets and Kent Douglass a young soldier on leave (Univ.).

The Woman Between
Lily Damita marries an older man, then falls in love with her stepson—a circumstance that brings semi-tragic consequences. Slow (RKO).

Women Go On Forever
Clara Kimball Young comes back and, surprisingly nough, manages a dramatic boarding-house (Tiffany).

omen Love Once
Eleanor Boardman has the misfortune to win a thless husband, but abides by her bargain. Slow, interesting (Par.).

ng As You Feel
cure his sons of obeying those impulses, Will pretends to sow a few wild oats, himself. Will new batch of wisecracks are the whole pic-).

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● All summer she had counted on making her vacation one continual set of tennis. But now, when the men begged her to play, she had to refuse and watch them from the porch-chair.

In other words, she had a well-developed case of "Athlete's Foot." Between four toes the skin was cracked, red, raw and had begun to peel—just because she didn't know this infection might cause real trouble when neglected.

Only two short weeks ago there was just a tiny wet spot beneath one toe. At night it itched a little, the skin looked unpleasantly moist and dead. Not serious *then*, she passed these symptoms* without a second thought.

Don't YOU take chances with this infection

If you want to enjoy your favorite sports, your week-end jaunts this summer, douse Absorbine Jr. on your feet at the slightest symptom* of "Athlete's Foot," which is caused by a tiny parasite called *tinea trichophyton*.

It may attack you any time, any place, for the startling reason that it lurks *simply everywhere*—on the edges of swimming pools, on beach walks, bathhouses, locker- and dressing-rooms—even on the tile floor of your spotless bathroom.

Use Absorbine Jr.; it kills the germ of "Athlete's Foot"

Strange to say this germ, *tinea trichophyton*, thrives on soap and water. You can't wash it away, once it is imbedded. But at the first sign of this stubborn infection, rub Absorbine Jr. well between your toes.

Laboratory tests have shown that it kills *tinea trichophyton* quickly when it can reach the parasite causing "Athlete's Foot." Clinical tests have also demonstrated its effectiveness.

Look at your feet tonight

You may have the first symptoms* of "Athlete's Foot" without knowing it until you examine the skin between your toes. At the slightest sign* douse on Absorbine Jr. *Then keep dousing it on*, because "Athlete's Foot" is a persistent infection and can keep coming back time after time.

You can get Absorbine Jr. at drug stores, $1.25 a bottle. Take it on every outing—use it freely.

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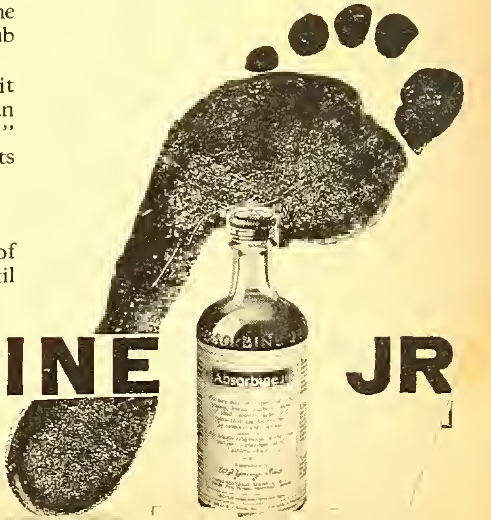
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Though "Athlete's Foot" is caused by the germ—*tinea trichophyton*—its early stages manifest themselves in several different ways, usually between the toes—sometimes by redness, sometimes by skin-cracks, often by tiny itching blisters. The skin may turn white, thick and moist or it may develop dry-with little scales. *Any one of these calls for im-* [illegible] aggravated [illegible] cons [illegible]

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Almond Base for the Skin. And to crown the achievement of true natural color, Princess Pat rouge is made with its *own exclusive base* of precious almond, to make it good for the skin, to help keep pores fine and the skin soft and pliant.

No woman living can help wanting to try a rouge with all these advantages—one that gives beauty hitherto impossible. Of course, your favorite shop can show all eight shades.

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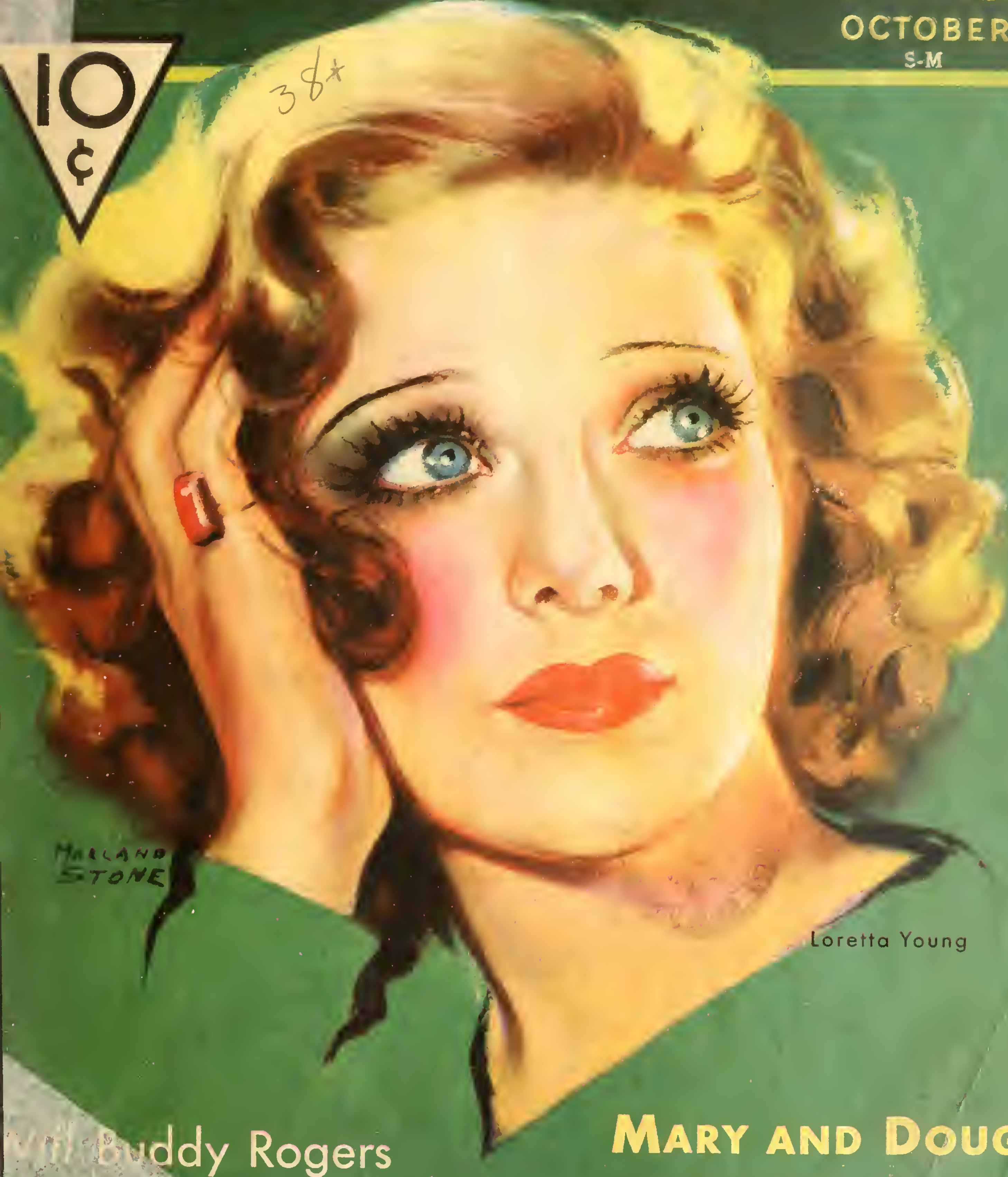
MOVIE CLASSIC

OCTOBER
S-M

10¢

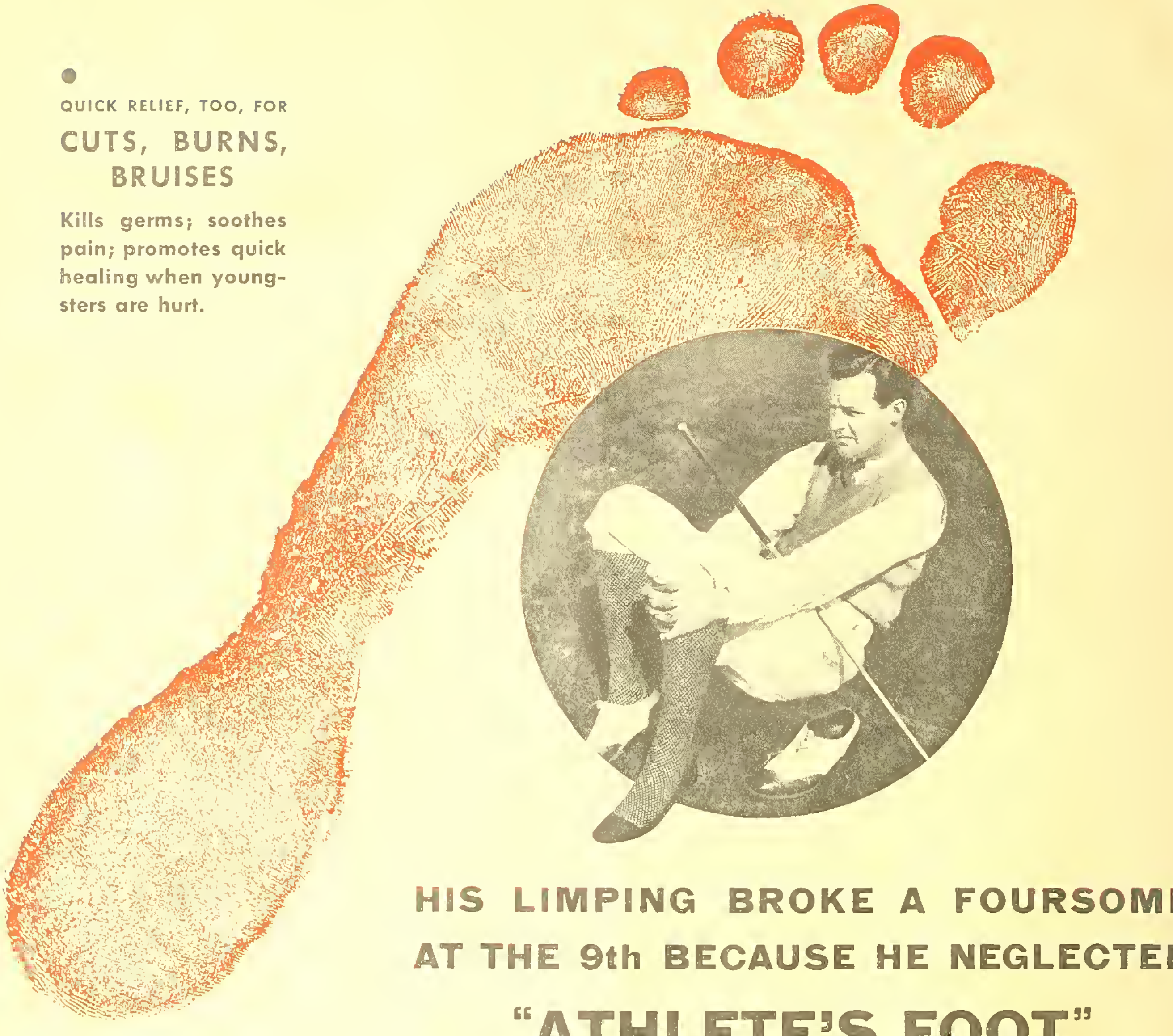
38*


MARLAND STONE

Loretta Young

Will Buddy Rogers
Rival Rudy Vallee?

MARY AND DOUG
Will Never
Be Divorced!



QUICK RELIEF, TOO, FOR

CUTS, BURNS, BRUISES

Kills germs; soothes pain; promotes quick healing when youngsters are hurt.

HIS LIMPING BROKE A FOURSOME AT THE 9th BECAUSE HE NEGLECTED "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

They had kidded, boasted, planned a week on this foursome. All set for 36 holes, Bill begged off at the 9th and limped into the locker-room.

The skin between his toes was now so red and raw he could hardly bear to keep on shoes. Too long he had neglected the infection called "Athlete's Foot"!

Several weeks ago he noticed only a persistent itching. The skin between his toes *was* cracked. It *did* appear unwholesomely moist. But, not realizing that this infection *might* become serious, he passed lightly over the symptoms*.

Don't YOU take chances; this infection preys on millions

Many a vacation, many a week-end outing has been spoiled by a tiny parasite known as *tinea trichophyton*. It causes "Athlete's Foot." No one is immune; you may be its next victim.

It swarms by the billions on the edges of swimming pools, on locker- and dressing-room floors, in bathhouses—even in your own spotless bathroom. And its presence is so widespread that health authorities estimate *"at least half the adult population is infected at some time."*

Absorbine Jr. kills the germs of "Athlete's Foot"

If you have the slightest symptom—itching between the toes, moist white skin, with cracks—you can't *wash* away the germs of "Athlete's Foot."

They thrive on soap and water, strange as it may seem. Bathing can therefore do more harm than good, when nothing else is used. The safe way to combat this infection is the regular application of Absorbine Jr., rubbing it well between the toes. For laboratory tests have shown that Absorbine Jr. kills *tinea trichophyton* quickly when it reaches the parasite. Clinical tests have also demonstrated its effectiveness.

Look at your feet tonight

You may have the first symptoms* of "Athlete's Foot" without knowing it until you examine the skin between your toes. At the slightest sign*, douse on Absorbine Jr. *Then keep dousing it on*, because "Athlete's Foot" is a persistent infection and can keep coming back time after time.

Absorbine Jr. has been so effective that substitutes are sometimes offered. Don't expect relief from a "just as good." There is nothing else like it. You can get it at drug stores, $1.25 a bottle. Take Absorbine Jr. on every outing—use it freely. For a free sample write

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Absorbine Jr.

ABSORBINE JR.

for years has relieved sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, burns, cuts, sprains, abrasions

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*WATCH FOR THESE DISTRESS SIGNALS THAT WARN OF "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

Though "Athlete's Foot" is caused by the germ—*tinea trichophyton*—its early stages manifest themselves in several different ways, usually between the toes—sometimes by redness, sometimes by skin-cracks, often by tiny itching blisters. The skin may turn white, thick and moist or it may develop dryness with little scales. *Any one of these calls for immediate treatment!* If the case appears aggravated and does not readily yield to Absorbine Jr., consult your doctor without delay.

CECIL B. DE MILLE

Master of Spectacular Productions presents his Greatest Dramatic Triumph!

TWO WOMEN LOVED HIM

His wife and the wife of another—the woman who gave up everything for him—and the woman for whom he gave up everything.

The first saved his life twice—and twice he drove her away. The second told him she never wanted to see him again—yet she crossed half the world to find him.

FATE BRANDED HIM A THIEF

AND THEN MADE HIM AN ENGLISH PEER! . . . He was an officer and a gentleman. To him honor meant more than anything else—more than friends, country, or life itself... And yet he accepted dishonor to save the honor of his enemy. He left England's life of luxury for America's wildest West—but England sought him out, and fate made him a peer of the realm!

TWO FORCES SWAYED HIM

"I'm just a woman who loves you," his goddess had said, "wanting terribly to play fair." And her eyes pleaded with him to help her . . .

What should he do? . . . His honor commanded, "Go!" His love whispered, "Stay!" Two fates called—

but only one could be answered... As man of mystery, he comes to America's frontier of fate and fortune—where he battles racketeers—where he defies the law at pistol point—until destiny plays an unexpected ace!

A THRILLING ALL STAR CAST

With such distinguished players as WARNER BAXTER, LUPE VELEZ, ELEANOR BOARDMAN, CHARLES BICKFORD and ROLAND YOUNG, this epic drama is made the sensational love-adventure film of the year... Directed by the master hand of the screen's greatest director—

CECIL B. DE MILLE

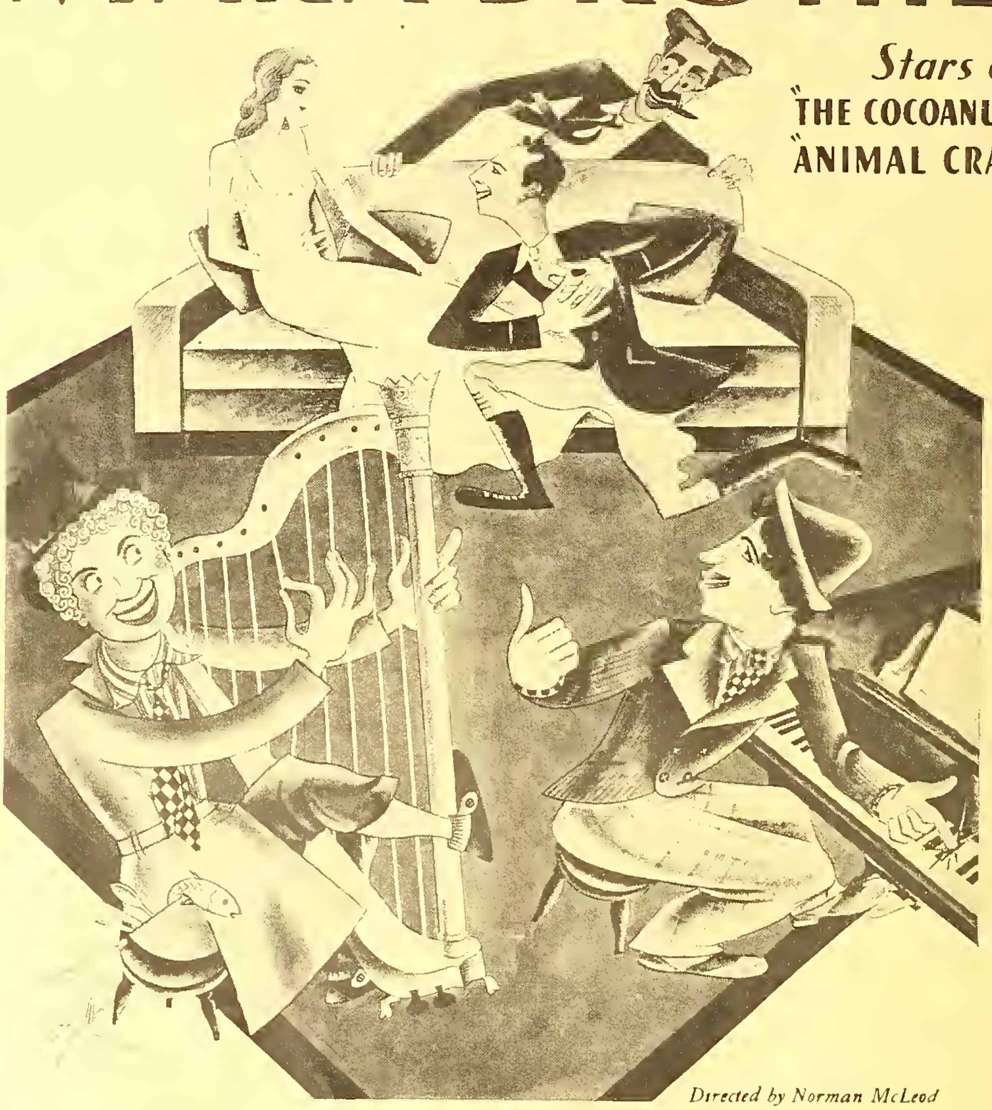
WARNER BAXTER IN

THE SQUAW MAN

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER *Picture*

The MARX BROTHERS

Stars of
"THE COCOANUTS" and
"ANIMAL CRACKERS"



Directed by Norman McLeod

in "MONKEY BUSINESS"

LAUGHING days are here again! With that famous frenzied foursome, The Marx Brothers, in a new madhouse of merriment—"MONKEY BUSINESS." It's the first of the great pictures in Paramount Jubilee Month—September—when leading theatres everywhere will feature Paramount Pictures. Watch for announcements. *"If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"*

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Paramount is celebrating 20 years of leadership with the greatest pictures in its history! Watch for "24 HOURS," "A FAREWELL TO ARMS," "NO ONE MAN," "LIVES OF A BENGAL LANCER." And such stars as HAROLD LLOYD, GEORGE BANCROFT, MARLENE DIETRICH, RUTH CHATTERTON and others in the greatest pictures of their careers!

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SEP 21 1931

MOVIE CLASSIC

VOL. I No. 2 OCTOBER, 1931

THE TABLOID MAGAZINE OF THE SCREENE

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DOROTHY CALHOUN, Western Editor
STANLEY V. GIBSON, Publisher
LAURENCE REID, Editor
HERMAN SCHOPPE, Art Director

MOVIE CLASSIC comes out on the 10th of every Month, MOTION PICTURE the 28th

Movie Classic is published monthly at 350 E. 22nd St., Chicago, Ill., by Motion Picture Publications, Inc. *Entry as second class matter applied for at the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, under the Act of March 3, 1879; printed in U. S. A. Editorial and Executive Offices, Paramount Building, 1501 Broadway, New York City, N. Y. Copyright 1931 by* Motion Picture Publications, Inc. *Single copy 10c. Subscriptions for U. S., its possessions, and Mexico $1.00 a year, Canada $1.50, Foreign Countries, $2.00. European Agents, Atlas Publishing Company, 18 Bride Lane, London, E. C. 4. Stanley V. Gibson, President and Publisher, William S. Pettit, Vice President, Robert T. Canfield, Secretary-Treasurer.*

BETWEEN OURSELVES

DON'T miss "Street Scene." It's one of the most powerful pictures of all time—a slice of life that will tear your heart out. It's the biggest thing that Hollywood has done since "All Quiet."

You look down into one seething street in the tenement district of New York—just one street—and there you see human nature in the raw. You see all types of people, all types of emotion, all types of drama—from comedy straight through melodrama to tragedy. And so real is all of it that you forget these men and women are actors and actresses. There isn't one of them who doesn't seem to belong to this street, this life, these emotions.

THEODORE DREISER, who wrote "An American Tragedy," is realistic to the point of brutality. No wonder he set up a howl when he saw the picture version of his bitter novel! Did you notice the girl employees in the collar-factory scenes? There wasn't one of them who didn't look as if she ought to be in the Follies, dining at the Ritz, and wearing ermine.

IRVING PICHEL, who plays the cold-blooded district attorney, is my candidate as the best character actor of the year. Every time I have seen him he has been different—and convincing every time. Remember him as the fanatical husband of Ruth Chatterton in "The Right to Love"? Remember him as the laughing half-wit in "Murder by the Clock"? Now he is to play opposite Tallulah Bankhead in "The Cheat."

THE folks are wondering how "The Cheat" is going to be made as a talkie. Those with long memories recall when it was first filmed. The date was 1915, and Fanny Ward and Sessue Hayakawa made themselves famous in it. In that first version the heroine was mistreated by an Oriental—and maybe there wasn't a furore about that! When the film was remade a few years later, a Hindu performed the cruelty. And again there was thunder on the left. So this time the brutal gent will be an Anglo-Saxon.

THE first gangster picture I have actually enjoyed is "The Star Witness"—and there are plenty who share my reaction, judging from the hit the film is making. "Little Caesar," "The Doorway to Hell" and "The Public Enemy" were excellent character sketches of gunmen—but, after all, who cares how racketeers rise and fall? What you and I want to know is how gangland might touch you and me. "The Star Witness" gives us a hint. Incidentally, did you know that Warner Brothers donated the proceeds of the first New York showing to the families of the five children shot down by gangsters—who were aiming at another gangster?

OUT at the Chaplin Studio on La Brea Avenue, there is a ghastly silence. Of all the crowd that used to be around, whether Charlie was making a picture or not, only three remain—his personal representative, a bookkeeper and a janitor. Hollywood hears—and maybe you do, too—that he will never be back. But don't you believe it. Charlie has always been an actor, and he always will be—no matter how much gold he makes. It's in his blood. He'll be back. And when he does return, he will produce a talkie. If he appears in it himself, he will play a deaf-and-dumb man.

DOLORES DEL RIO, Pola Negri and Nils Asther are all staging comebacks—and they're going to be big ones. But this is even bigger news: musicals are coming back. You're going to hear Jeanette MacDonald and Gloria Swanson and John Boles and Ramon Novarro and Bebe Daniels sing again. And you'll hear some others that you haven't heard before, like Doris Kenyon and Estelle Taylor.

SWEET music to our ears! As we go to press with this second issue of MOVIE CLASSIC, our distributors tell us that the first issue is a sell-out. Letters pour in by every mail, telling us why. "MOVIE CLASSIC is something absolutely new in screen magazines" . . . "I wanted to read it from cover to cover" . . . "The tabloid section is better than a newspaper" . . . "It's the first screen magazine that ever gave me my money's worth" . . . "It told me more about the movies in one hour than I ever knew before." . . .

"And, boy," as Al Jolson might say, "you ain't seen nothin' yet!"

Larry Reid

★ H. B. WARNER

★ MARIAN MARSH

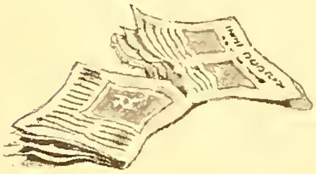
★ ANTHONY BUSHELL

★ GEORGE E. STONE

★ FRANCES STARR

Ona Munson : Robert Elliott

Directed by
MERVYN LeROY



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with the most versatile actor
on the screen today..

Frank! Powerful! Realistic! A heart-stirring cross-section of modern life that fairly hammers on the emotions . . . . . A sweeping drama of pathos and passion — betrothal and betrayal — honor and hypocrisy — with lives and loves sacrificed to the Juggernaut of newspaper circulation . . . . . Greatest picture of the year — with the outstanding screen actor of the day, and a powerful supporting cast. « « « «

Edw. G. ROBINSON

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SOMEDAY smiling fortune will escort you to the *world famous*

"Cocoanut Grove"
at the
Ambassador
Los Angeles

There, beneath an azure sky, graceful palms and twinkling lights you will dance, as you never danced before, to the most alluring of dance music.

You are sure to see many of the world's most famous

Motion Picture Stars

In fact, at the Ambassador you are sure of enjoying California at its best.

Open Air Plunge, two Golf Courses, Motion Picture Theatre and every outdoor sport.

Write for Chef's Illustrated Cook Book

44A

Fryer

Loretta Young (the girl on the cover) and Sally Blane are considered the prettiest sisters on the screen. Loretta is a star while Sister Sally is a featured player

TIPPING YOU OFF

Little Low-Downs On The Stars

SEQUELS to tabloid stories in last month's Movie Classic: Jeanette MacDonald—annoyed beyond endurance by reports abroad that she had been slain last year by a jealous princess and that a double had taken her place on the screen—is now Over There, showing Europe how very much alive she is. She was greeted warmly in Paris—the focal point of the rumors—by all but two newspapers. Those two, still looking for trouble, tried to tell the world that Jeanette, herself, had started those stories!

Big Jim Thorpe—once the greatest athlete of them all, who was recently found working in a Los Angeles ditch and was given a chance in the movies—will probably never dig another culvert. Having finished his first screen rôle—that of an Indian chief in the Universal serial, "Battling with Buffalo Bill"—he is getting screen offers from all sides.

Lila Lee, with Patsy Ruth Miller for a companion, has gone to Tahiti in the sunny South Seas to complete her recuperation.

The surprise of the Hollywood month was the suit that Rita Royce von Sternberg brought against Marlene Dietrich, charging alienation of the affections of director Josef von Sternberg—the most surprising part of the whole thing being that the von Sternbergs have been divorced for some time. Something like four years, isn't it?

Rudolf Sieber, Marlene's director-husband, arrived in Hollywood to visit her and Maria (their daughter) just a few days before Rita von Sternberg put Marlene's name on the front pages. And his arrival was a great break for the Paramount star. The scandal sheets didn't dare to go on playing up the story of the suit, when her husband was right on the scene to help her fight the charges.

James Dunn, the lad who's going to get himself talked about for his performance in "Bad Girl," has a clause in his new contract that he must keep under one hundred and fifty-seven pounds, or else—

The tragic death of Ullrich Haupt—accidentally shot on a hunting trip in the High Sierras—made Hollywood pause. *Something like that might happen to anyone.* The veteran German character actor, forty-four years old, had just finished work in "The Unholy Garden."

When Harry Richman's newly-purchased yacht blew up at Greenport, L. I. and one of his guests—the second prettiest girl in the Follies, Helen Walsh—was fatally burned, that story was also front-page news in Hollywood. *There are few screen stars—particularly among the married couples—who don't have yachts.* Richman has taken out a twenty-five-thousand-dollar life insurance policy, naming Helen Walsh's mother the beneficiary.

Besides Buddy Rogers, Hollywood stars that the Television people want to sign up are Bebe Daniels, Estelle Taylor (who is an even better singer than vamp), Gloria Swanson and John Boles—all brunettes, you'll notice, as well as musical.

Unlike Vivian Duncan, Esther Ralston (Mrs. George Webb) didn't have to go to Europe to have her baby. Mary Esther Webb was born right here in Hollywood. For years, the Webbs have longed for a child—but specialists told Esther it would be impossible for her to become a mother. They told Vivian the same thing, you remember.

It looked for a while as if Vivian Duncan (Mrs. Nils Asther) wasn't going to be able to get back with her baby. Immi-

(*Continued on page 82*)

SENSATIONAL VALUE!
SEND NO MONEY

A daily sun bath—a few minutes in the morning or evening—will keep you looking and feeling physically fit.

Invalids confined indoors missing the life-giving, health-bringing power of natural sunlight, find the Health Ray Lamp a boon.

Ultra-violet rays prevent rickets by supplying Vitamin D to the System.

Now the Amazing Benefits
# of ULTRA-VIOLET RAYS for ONLY

A $100 Sun lamp can do no more

$5.95

Now, through the magic of the Health Ray Lamp, artificial sunlight, containing all the rejuvenating and healthful properties of sunshine, is available to all—at any time of the day or night—at any season of the year. Now the great benefits of ultra violet radiation can be yours . . . through this new, full-strength, therapeutic, ultra-violet (and infra-red) lamp at the *lowest* retail *price* in the world . . . $5.95!

Mass production and tremendous sales alone make this possible.

Youthful Vigor and Vitality

A few minutes in the morning or evening will suffice for your daily sun bath . . . will keep you feeling and looking physically fit . . . your body stimulated with Vitamin D . . . your brain alert . . . colds, grippe . . . annoying little aches and pains will pass you by. The whole family will enjoy greater health.

Inexpensive Health Insurance

It costs only a few cents a day to enjoy the relaxing, healthful, vitalizing rays of the Health Ray Lamp. By subjecting yourself to these rays, you are building up a reserve of health and strength to withstand disease. You will look and feel vibrant, vigorous, fully alive. You are safeguarding your health in a pleasant, inexpensive way.

Real Sun Tan (the glow of health)

A genuine sun Tan is quickly and easily secured with a Health Ray Lamp. A few minutes a day spent bathing in the rays of this lamp will give you the same kind of tan you get on a Florida beach.

Innumerable Uses Found for Ultra Violet Radiation

These rays are especially effective in destroying germ life and imparting vigor and vitality. They also stimulate glandular function. They are remarkably efficacious in some forms of skin diseases. Strongly antiseptic, they destroy germs and clarify the skin. Pimples and temporary blemishes yield quickly to their purifying action. Children respond rapidly to the beneficent effects. In cases of listlessness and anemia, the rays are unusually effective. An invaluable aid in the treatment of rickets.

Same Benefits as $100 Lamps

The Health Ray Lamp is a remarkable bargain. Users receive the same benefits as with the $100 and $150 lamps. It is two lamps in one. It not only produces ultra violet—those rays that destroy germ life, invigorate physically and mentally and stimulate glandular function—but an especially designed generator produces at the same time the warm infra-red rays which stimulate blood circulation, soothe, comfort and penetrate deeply into living body tissue . . . healing and preventing illness.

10 days Free Trial—Send No Money

The Health Ray Lamp, including goggles, carbons, instructions, guarantee, etc., will be sent you for free ten days' trial in your own home. Try it at our risk. For ten days, experience its vitalizing, health-building effects. Compare the results with higher priced equipment. Send no money. Simply fill out coupon below and the complete outfit will go forward immediately. When it arrives, deposit $5.95, plus a few cents postage with the postman. After 10 days' trial, if you aren't amazed and delighted with results, simply return it and we will immediately refund your money.

There is only one requirement—that you include on the coupon the name of your local dealer from whom you would ordinarily purchase the Health Ray Lamp (for instance the name of your druggist or department store.)

Take Advantage of this special offer now! Fill out the coupon below and mail it today. Please print name and address plainly.

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2. By activating the cholesterol in the skin, Vitamin D is created which fixes the calcium and phosphorus in the blood, preventing rickets.
3. Prevents colds, grippe, lumbago, stops the annoying little aches and pains of every day.
4. Improves the appearance by imparting the natural ruddy glow of vigorous health. Gives the same kind of Tan you would get from a month on the Florida beaches.
5. Frees the skin from pimples and temporary blemishes.

Specifications

Operates on either Alternating or Direct current. Resistance coil is of the best Nickel Chrome wire. Guaranteed for one year.

$5.95 HEALTH RAY LAMP

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Send me one Health Ray (ultra violet and infra-red) Lamp, complete with goggles, carbons, instructions, guarantee, etc. at the special introductory price. Upon arrival I agree to pay postman $5.95 plus a few pennies postage.

It is understood that if after 10 days I am not completely satisfied, I may return the lamp and you will immediately refund my money.

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(from whom you would ordinarily buy)

Our Hollywood NEIGHBORS

GOINGS-ON AMONG THE PLAYERS

BY MARQUIS BUSBY

AT LAST Pathé has solved the embarrassing problem of those two clipper ships which have been white elephants to the studio for many a year. During the lavish days of production, when a studio would have bought Niagara Falls if the script had called for it, C. B. DeMille purchased the two sailing vessels for use in "The Yankee Clipper" and "The Wreck of the Hesperus." It didn't seem such an extravagance then for sailing boats were almost given away with the purchase of a pound of sugar.

But, my goodness, it wasn't the original cost but the upkeep. Rent for dockage space was anything but cheap. In fact, if any star wants to live in really expensive quarters he should rent a dock instead of a Beverly Hills mansion. Permanent crews had to be kept on the two boats. Occasionally some other company would rent them, as in "The Blood Ship" and "The Divine Lady," but it wasn't any money making scheme at best.

Now the two boats are going to be sunk during the making of "Suicide Fleet," the Bill Boyd starring picture. The scene was specially written in, if you must know. Can't you just imagine Pathé breathing a sigh of relief and muttering "that's that."

A bit sad it is, too, this last time that the two old vessels will put out to sea. They were built in New Bedford in the 1860's for the China tea trade. Both of them have battled for decades the typhoons of the Pacific tropics and the winter storms of the Atlantic.

For once movie audiences need have no fear of camera trickery. These boats will really sink, or there'll be an awful scene out at Pathé.

C. S. Bull

Pardon the jubilation, but Mary Carlyle just heard that musicals ARE coming back. That means M-G-M's li'l discovery is going to dance!

IT WAS at one of those fancy beach parties. Butlers, in tail coats (which is spreading it on a bit thick for the beach), were passing lemonade and ginger-ale. Anyway, it looked like lemonade and ginger-ale.

The guest list was distinguished—the author of one of the season's most profitable stage plays; a noted director and his fiancée; a world famous composer, and a scattering of titles. The hostess was one of the screen's most glamourous figures.

An eight-piece Russian orchestra was playing a Tschaikovsky number. The atmosphere fairly exuded high-class intelligence—the best people, you know.

Then the orchestra stopped suddenly after a crashing final note. High above everything else came the strident voice of a woman.

"I think Joan Crawford looks like Hell with that blonde hair."

HOLLYWOOD is beginning to get very, very sensitive about itself. I hear that even Howard Hughes intends to make "Queer People" in such a delicate, polite manner that no one can be offended. Universal, who owns the picture rights to the caustic, "Once In A Lifetime," will soften it quite a bit. The plot may turn into something about a little orphan girl who becomes the heiress to the Wendell millions, or something.

Incidentally, if Howard Hughes plans any theme song for "Queer People," it should be "Nobody Knows The Trouble I've Seen." It has been one long headache to him. To begin with, the book offended most of the better known burghers of this fair village, and a lot of people have been throwing mud at the Hughes front door ever since he bought it.

Leo McCarey, originally slated to direct it, has withdrawn gracefully. I hear that many actors are afraid to accept work in the picture for fear of having a little black mark placed after their names in the casting files at other studios.

Some folks say quite recklessly that the book will never be filmed, but when Hughes starts something he usually finishes it—if it takes three years and costs $3,000,000.

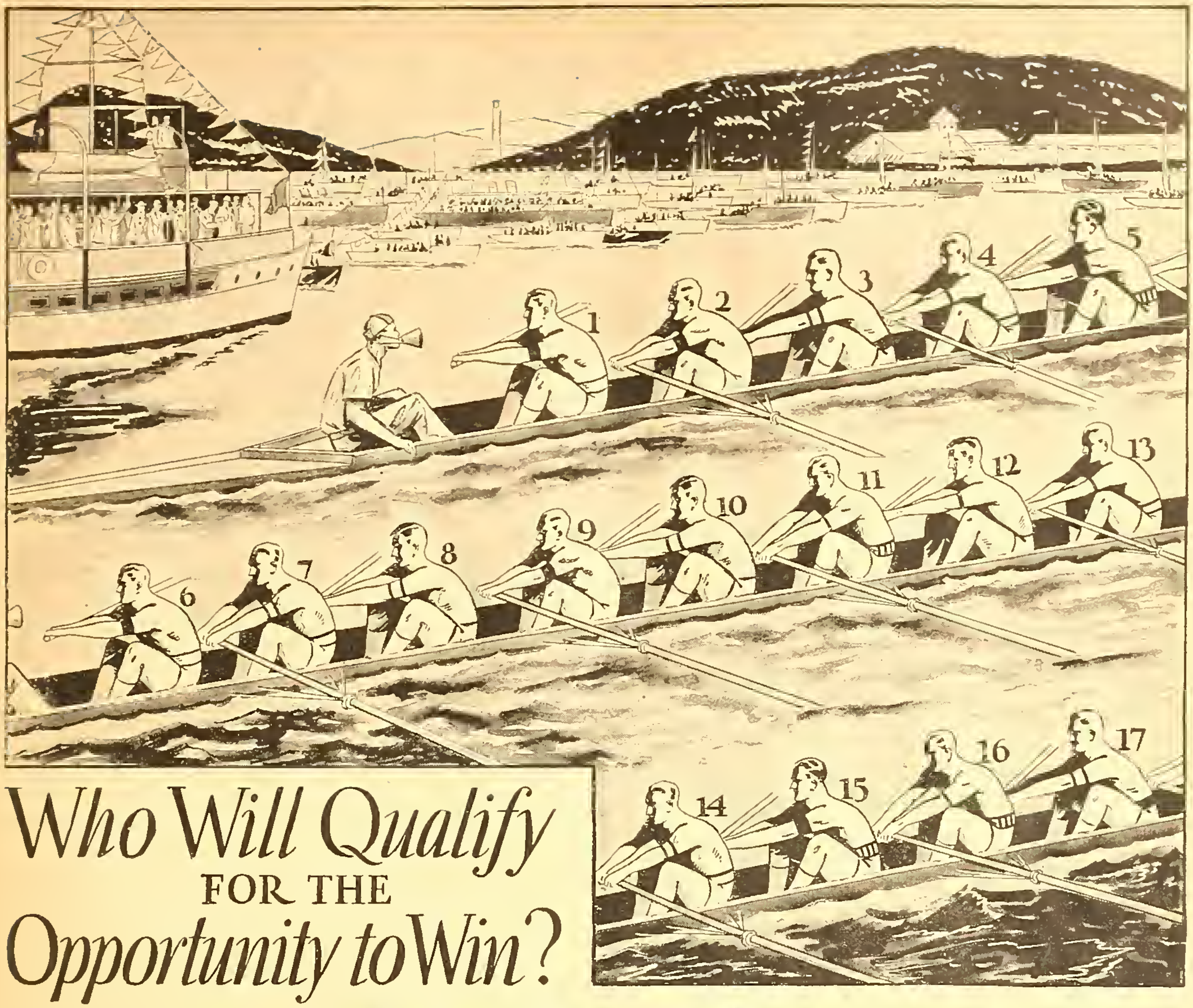
While we're on the subject, "Hell's Angels" has already made expenses of production in spite of the dire prophecies of Hollywood sages that it would never make a cent. From now on it will be pure gravy.

HARPO MARX has a new variation of the old, familiar remark which follows an introduction.

"I've heard so much about you," he gushes, "and I want you to know that I'm getting sick of it."

AFTER all these years, Mary Pickford, trusting soul that she is, has become a victim of Vince Barnett, Hollywood's famous professional insulter. Barnett has frequently posed as a waiter at Mayfair parties, telling

(*Continued on page 12*)



Who Will Qualify FOR THE Opportunity to Win?

$8,275.00 in Prizes

FOR purposes of publicity, a nationally known $1,000,000.00 company, founded in 1893, is sponsoring an entirely new and original program of prize distributions. In this one prize offer, Twelve First Prize Winners are to be selected.

If you would like a chance to win one of twelve new Ford Sedans or one of twelve $500.00 cash prizes which will be awarded at once, simply submit an answer to this question — "Which crewman is different from all the rest shown in the illustration above?"

A correct answer to this question is the only qualification required for this opportunity to become a prize winner. You will not obligate yourself in any way by submitting an answer, nor will you be asked to buy anything. There is no trick involved, but before trying to solve the puzzle, read carefully the explanation which follows:

The illustration pictures seventeen crewmen, all of whom you will notice are numbered. If your eye is keen, you may be able to find eight pairs of twins among them. Except for one crewman, who is different, every other member of the crews has an exact double, maybe in a different boat. One crewman, and **only one**, is different from all the rest. He is not, however, the coxswain — the young man with the megaphone to his mouth.

You can see, now, that this becomes a real test of observation. Probably the best way for you to begin is to take your pencil and list down the numbers of those you believe to be twins, but do not send in the twins' numbers. The number of the different crewman is all you will need to send.

Study the crewmen's faces, heads, arms and legs—those of the twins must correspond. So, too, must their hair and the position of their arms and legs. Notice that some men lean far forward—others not so far; that all wear sweaters of various designs and that the twins' sweaters are alike. Every detail must correspond exactly between those whom you pair up as twins. There is absolutely no charge to you for trying for these prizes which will be given in accordance with the contestants' standings when the final decision is made. If you can pick out the eight pairs of twins, you will have eliminated all but the different one. That is the first test. Work this out correctly and you will then be eligible for the final deciding work which I am sure you will find interesting. Who knows, perhaps you will be one of those successful in finding the different crewman?

$8,275.00 will be paid to the winners in this present offer. There are many other prizes besides the first prizes and twelve extra awards of $125.00 each as well for promptness, so that the twelve first prizes will equal a total of $625.00 each in cash.

Should there be ties, duplicate prizes will be paid. This offer is not open to persons living in the City of Chicago or outside the U. S. A. Start right now; see if you can pick out the different crewman. If you think you have found him, rush his number to the address below. You will be notified at once if your answer is selected as correct.

W. M. CLARK, Manager,
Room 76, 52 W. Illinois Street, Chicago, Illinois.

Our Hollywood Neighbors

(*Continued from page 10*)

the feminine stars that their gowns are frights, and informing the male celebrities that they have no table manners. Douglas Fairbanks invited Barnett to a Pickfair party and the insulter proceeded to tell Mary that he had been in Germany while "Kiki" was being shown.

"I hate to tell you," he said, "but the picture was practically hissed off the screen."

As he elaborated on the story Mary was almost in tears. Before the evening was over Doug explained the hoax.

Mary laughed it off, but I'd give a nickel to know what she said to Doug in private.

IT begins to look as if the name of Talmadge will never again appear on the theater marquees of the world. If this becomes true it marks the beginning of the end of the old, romantic, colorful days of motion pictures. The sprightly Connie has no intention of working again, and while Norma speaks occasionally of making another picture, her plans are vague. She, too, has ceased worrying about a career.

I saw her the other day. She has never seemed so happy nor has she been so beautiful since the memorable days of "Smiling Through" and "Secrets." She spent much of the summer in Honolulu, and she plans to go to Switzerland this winter. Little time left for pictures.

"If I ever found the right story —perhaps," she said. "It would have to be good. After 'DuBarry' if I made another bad picture, people would wait outside of the theater and shoot me. Anyway, when I see all of these worried faces I thank heaven for my trust fund."

Like Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge has held a place in pictures which can never be filled. For one thing that exciting, breath-taking beauty which is hers, isn't found every day or so.

The only waves where Marion Shilling goes swimming are those she provides herself. But they're the kind that make you want to jump right in, aren't they, boys?

HALF way to Malibu Beach, the favorite sun-tan spot for the Hollywood famous, stands a little, weather-beaten church. It hangs perilously above the waves which pound on the rocks many feet below. That church is more interesting than the whole stretch of summer homes at Malibu, for it is all that remains of a once great studio—Inceville. The little church was erected for a wedding scene in Billie Burke's picture of years ago, "Peggy." Everything else of Inceville is gone, including the little Napoleon of the lot, Thomas Ince, himself. The church seems like a ghost from the past.

I remember when the winter waves used to wash out the roads, and the actors rode horseback from Santa Monica to the studio. It was a community to itself, and the most interesting inhabitants were an old Indian squaw and her husband. The good lady used to go on regular sprees of fire-water and chase her spouse all over the place, brandishing aloft a vicious looking butcher knife.

It was here that William S. Hart became famous, and Charles Ray rose to the heights in "The Coward." Louise Glaum and Dorothy Dalton were the grand ladies of the lot, and a young, ambitious boy played tiny bits. No one thought he would ever amount to much. His name was John Gilbert.

IT'S a bit late, this story, but if you haven't heard it, it's worth the telling.

Guests at a moving picture star's wedding were slightly puzzled over the identity of the young man who kissed the bride so tenderly, told her to be careful of her hay-fever, and wished her all kinds of happiness.

"Who is it?" everybody wanted to know.

Finally one of those people who hear all, know all, and see all, explained.

"Why, it's just her first husband."

HOLLYWOOD can now draw a deep breath of relief. Everyone has been on pins and needles ever since Pola Negri arrived to know on what young gallant the exotic star would bestow her time and interest.

Well, hold tight, everybody.

Charles Morton, the good looking boy who used to play in pictures at Fox, is reported to be the lucky swain.

Pola must have "lofe."

AH, ROMANCE! Dorothy Lee has eyes for no one but Marshall Duffield, blond football hero from the University of Southern California. Roscoe Arbuckle will wed Addie McPhail, actress. Dorothy Mackaill seems very much "that way" about her new fiancé, Neil Miller. Neil is a good looking youngster, and they say he is right there when it comes to crooning those pash love songs. No, Genevieve, he isn't a native Hawaiian, even if Dot did find him there. He's another U. S. C. boy who made good with the movie stars. David Manners is attentive to Elsie Janis. They say that Gary Cooper would like to kiss and make up with Lupe Velez. Lupe say no.

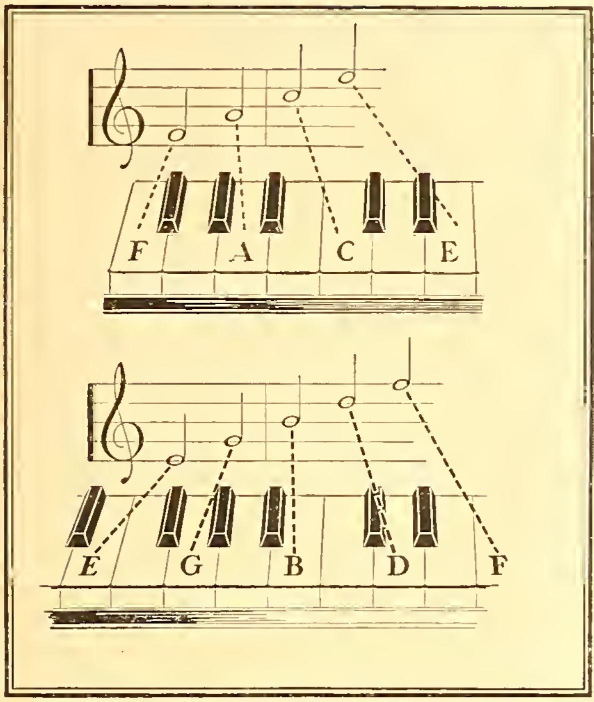
WEDDING gifts are always a problem in Hollywood. Usually the duplicates come in dozens.

Eugene Pallette was late in contributing booty to the new Mrs. Stuart Erwin (June Collyer). Gene visited the happy couple and delivered an address against electric refrigeration. Gene is old-fashioned and he likes to see his ice in great chunks rather than in dainty cubes.

The next day his wedding present arrived. It was an ice box, large enough to accommodate a side of beef. A one hundred pound cake of ice was included with the gift.

It stands in the middle of June's kitchen and I think the cook has to sit on it when she stirs up dinner. June's in a spot. She can't give it away because Gene is just *that* sensitive.

HERE IT IS . . . .



—your first lesson in this popular, easy as A-B-C way of learning music

YES, learning to play your favorite instrument this thrilling new way is actually as easy as it looks.

Notice the first picture. The notes spell F-A-C-E—face. That wasn't hard . . . was it? Then look at the second E-G-B-D-F—Every Good Boy Does Fine. You can't *help* learning. All you do is look at the pictures and you know the entire scale!

Your next step is to play actual tunes, right from the notes. And all of the lessons of the famous U. S. School of Music course are just as easy, just as simple as that.

You have no excuses—no alibis whatsoever for not making your start toward musical good times now.

For by this remarkably clear and fascinating course, you learn in the privacy of your own home, without the aid of a private teacher. No more hard, tedious hours of dry-as-dust theory or finger-twisting exercises.

Just imagine . . . a method that has removed all the boredom and extravagance from learning to play, a method by which you learn music in less than half the usual time, and at an average cost of only a few cents a day!

Easy as can be

These fascinating lessons are like a game. Everything is right before your eyes—printed instructions, diagrams, and all the music you need. You can't possibly go wrong. First you are *told* what to do, then a picture *shows* you how, and then you do it yourself and *hear* it. The best private teacher in the world could not make it clearer or easier.

Forget the old-fashioned idea that you have to have "talent" or "musical ability." You don't at all, *now!* More than 600,000 people who could not read one note from another, are now accomplished players. Some of the U. S. School of Music students are playing on the stage, some in orchestras, and thousands of others have discovered the glorious new popularity that comes to the man or woman who can entertain musically.

PICK YOUR COURSE

Piano
Organ
Ukulele
Cornet
Trombone
Piccolo
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Harp
Mandolin
'Cello
Hawaiian Steel Guitar
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Piano Accordion
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If you are tired of always sitting on the outer rim of a party, of being a professional looker-on—if you've often been jealous because others could entertain friends and were always in demand—if you've wanted to play but never thought you had the time or money to learn, let the time tested and proven U. S. School come to your rescue.

Don't miss any more good times! Learn to play your favorite instrument and be the center of attraction wherever you go. Musicians are invited everywhere, they are always in demand. Enjoy this greater new popularity you have been missing. Have the good times that pass you by. You can have them—easily!

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Our wonderful illustrated Free Book and Free Demonstration lesson explain all about this remarkable method. No matter what instrument you choose to play, the Free Demonstration lesson will show you at once the amazingly simple principles upon which this famous method is founded. As soon as the lesson arrives, you see for yourself just anyone can learn to play his favorite instrument *by note* in almost no time and at a fraction of what the old slow methods cost. The booklet will also tell you about the astounding new *Automatic Finger Control.*

Read the list of instruments to the left, decide which you want to play, and the U. S. School of Music will do the rest. Act NOW. Clip and mail this coupon today, and the fascinating Free Book and Free Demonstration Lesson will be sent to you at once. No obligation, of course. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit.

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Please send me your free book, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," with introduction by Dr. Frank Crane, Free Demonstration Lesson and particulars of your easy payment plan. I am interested in the following course:

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Address.................................

City......................State................

Tooth Paste for Two at the price of one!

—*and results as amazing as the price!*

Few people are innocent enough, these days, to believe that two can live as cheaply as one. But many a couple has found that even if the old theory is not true of any other expenses, it is true of tooth paste.

From 50¢ dentifrices, they have switched over to Listerine Tooth Paste, at 25¢ a tube. This makes their *combined* bill just what *each* of them paid before!

Most people use a tube a month.

LISTERINE
TOOTH PASTE
LAMBERT
PHARMACAL COMPANY
25¢

Saving 25¢ twelve times, means $3 a year, for each person in the family. This often adds up to quite a sizable and welcome economy.

Naturally, however, it would be foolish to save money at the cost of inferior tooth-cleansing. That would only result in dentists' bills many times the yearly cost of any tooth paste.

Listerine Tooth Paste cleans, whitens, and polishes as well as any brand made. It contains a special element which does the work excellently, with half the effort—yet is absolutely safe for your tooth enamel. And the lively, clean taste it leaves in your mouth reminds you of Listerine itself.

We could never offer you this high quality at so low a price except for two facts. Our manufacturing methods are perfectly efficient. And vast production is made possible by the continued demand of millions of men and women. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

A pair of golf hose for you!

By using Listerine Tooth Paste rather than a 50¢ dentifrice, you save $3 a year. That would buy Listerine Tooth Paste for another member of your family for an entire year—or any number of things, such as a pair of golf hose.

The makers of Listerine Tooth Paste
recommend
Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE · 25¢

Will Gable Take the Place of Valentino?

By GLADYS HALL

GRETA GARBO took one look at him on the screen and said, "DOT ISS MY NEXT LEADING MAN!" The man was CLARK GABLE. You will see them together in "Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise."

And that little expression of Greta's tells, in six words, how this new Hollywood sensation is awakening feminine interest everywhere—not only with the stars (the men like him, too), but also with the romantic girls and women who make up the majority of the screen's vast audiences.

Extraordinary, indeed, is the personality who can evoke from the indifferent Garbo so definite, so enthusiastic a reaction.

And if this desire was aroused in the sphinx-like breast of Garbo, *what* will be the effect upon the millions of much more susceptible women?

Once in a lifetime—*and maybe twice*—there flashes across the screen a man with the power to make all women feel that they are in danger. Such danger as all women prefer to peaceful safety.

Not since the days of the lamented Rudy has the screen had such a sensation as Clark Gable—who has started out the same way, though an entirely different type. Even as he thrilled Garbo, he seems destined to become every woman's ideal of a Great Lover

Once—and perhaps twice—we see a man who, when he kisses the heroine on the screen, kisses you—and you—and me. A man with an earthy quality—call it romance, call it glamour, call it sex. No matter what you call it, there it is, compelling and irresistible.

Such a man was Valentino.

No One Has Replaced Rudy

AND such a loss was his that no one—not Ronald Colman, nor John Gilbert, nor Clive Brook nor any other man—has been able to atone for that loss.

Valentino's death is, to-day, the grief it was yesterday. He was every woman's lover. He was every woman's dream of that romantic secret life never yielded her—save in him. He was every husband's and every lover's phantom rival. He made lonely women glow and love again. He gave color and flame and mystery to the feminine world.

No man is like another man. No emotion is ever the same as another emotion. *But a similar effect may be produced.*

Clark Gable is not Valentino's successor, not his rival, not even

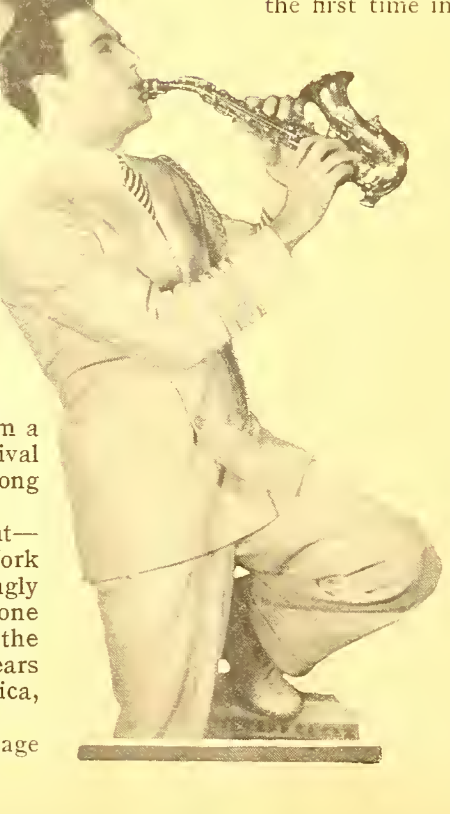
(*Continued on page 73*)

Will Buddy Rogers

Buddy admits he wants to leave
Television people want to sign
talented, good-looking -- and
of the Air and

Dyar

Buddy Rogers, growing serious, admits that music—not movies—is his great passion. The screen's handsomest saxophone-player is planning a big radio future



By HELEN LOUISE WALKER

CHARLES (BUDDY) ROGERS isn't a star any longer—he's almost through on the screen. Buddy is going on the musical comedy stage and have a night-club on the side. Buddy is going to accept a big offer from a radio broadcasting company, organize a band, and rival Rudy Vallee. And pretty soon Television is coming along and Buddy will be the biggest favorite of them all.

These are the rumors—more and more persistent—that are circulating around Hollywood and New York about the ex-Darling of the Debs. And, surprisingly enough, there may be more than a little truth in every one of them. Don't be surprised if Buddy does leave the screen—and don't be surprised, either, if a couple of years from now he is the most popular young man in America, this side of Lindbergh.

Even his staunchest admirers—and they range in age all the way from ten to eighty—have been aware for the past year or so that Buddy has been slipping. Slowly, slowly, but very surely, his popularity has been waning. All that was needed to topple him from the dizzy heights of stardom was one more silly, weak picture. And along it came in "Along Came Youth." Buddy lost his chevrons.

That was a blow. That was something that doesn't often happen in this town that sells personalities. Particularly to young stars. It looked, at first glance, like a dirty deal. It wasn't Buddy's fault that he had slipped. Let his company give him a good picture and his fans would come back. But Hollywood, a little shrewder than the boys in the street, saw in Buddy's demotion a smart move. It would arouse new sympathy for him, tease his worshipers into pulling for him stronger than ever.

Why Buddy Couldn't Accept

MONTHS passed before he made another picture, and that picture was "The Lawyer's Secret"—in which, for the first time in his life, the pure young man from Kansas played a semi-villainous weakling. In short, he had a chance to act. And so well did he do his job that he stole the film from Clive Brook and Richard Arlen, both featured above him. But things still didn't look particularly rosy for Mrs. Rogers' boy.

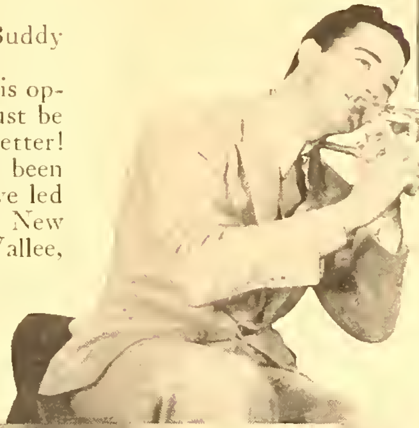
It was about this time that the advance guard of showman Earl Carroll, who gives Ziegfeld a run for his money every summer with "The Vanities," stole into Hollywood. They were there, said somebody, to snatch away Clara Bow. They were after Lupe Velez, said another No, it was Estelle Taylor, said somebody

Rival Rudy Vallee?

the screen and become a radio star. The
him up now. Don't be surprised if the
unmarried--Buddy becomes the new King
displaces Rudy Vallee

Mitchell

Well might Rudy Vallee ponder if he'll still be King of the Air when Television comes! Particularly, if Buddy Rogers—who's brunette (the Television type)—becomes his rival. Below, Buddy coaxes along a trombone



else. Maybe so. But it's certain they had come for Buddy Rogers.

Paramount wouldn't let him go. They took up his option, thus keeping him for another six months. Must be they rate the lad rather highly themselves. They'd better!

If Buddy had gone to New York, he would have been all set. Besides being a revue figure, he would have led an orchestra for midnight dancing at the Hotel New Yorker, and he would have broadcast. And Rudy Vallee, in that swanky apartment of his (with a radio in every room), would probably have been gnawing his nails with worry.

"I could make three times the money there that I am making here," he told me. "You see, I could handle three different jobs at once. I'd get away from the theater at about a quarter to twelve and get over to the New Yorker—and then there'd be the broadcasting besides.

He's Getting Ready—

"PICTURES haven't seemed to be going so well for me just lately. And you know how I have always wanted to have my own band. I don't expect to stay in Hollywood forever and I'm getting ready . . ."

So you can take it from Buddy, himself, that he's on his way out of the movies and on his way into musical work. And you can take it from all the prophets that Buddy is destined for more fame and popularity than either he or Rudy Vallee has ever known. I'll tell you why.

Just as you didn't hear of talkies until they were right on you, you aren't hearing much about Television now. An occasional article, here and there, hinting at its possibilities—but that's all. Do you know that it is likely to be here in another year—and that in another two years there will probably be radio-television sets in a million American homes? And when that big day arrives, you're likely to hear more of Buddy Rogers than you now do of Hoover, "Alfalfa Bill" Murray, and all the Soviets together. It's in the cards.

Radio interests—which know that Television is lurking just around the corner—have approached Buddy with offers that would stagger you. They want him to give up the screen, and take up radio work—on a good, big, long contract. The secret is: When Television does bounce into the American home, they want a handsome music master on their screen. And where is there anybody else like Buddy?

Buddy is even more versatile than Rudy. He can play every instrument in an orchestra, including the piano. And the boy doesn't croon—he puts fire in his torch songs

Rudy Vallee will be on hand—very much on hand—when the new sight-and-sound era descends. But will he still be the undisputed King of the Ether Waves? Will he still have only such competition as is furnished by Morton Downey, Bing Crosby, Will Osborne and company? Or will a young chap named Rogers be on—and in—the air?

No Love Lost Between Them

IF the two do become rivals—and there's every indication they will—it ought to be a battle royal. It's no secret that there's no love lost between them even now.

Rudy has toured most of the country, making personal appearances, but nowhere is he the idol, it seems, that he is in Brooklyn, New York. He plays there for weeks at a time and gets a big hand at every performance. Last spring, as "a special added attraction," Rudy and Buddy appeared at the same theater at one and the same time. And how the mobs battled to get inside the doors! There wasn't any doubt about it. The Brooklyn folks were still daffy about Rudy, but they had gone crazy about Buddy. Is that just a sample of what might happen if they became radio rivals?

Buddy's voice, the critics will tell you, will never get him in the Metropolitan Opera. But they will tell you the same thing about Rudy's. Both boys need a megaphone when singing in a big auditorium. But in front of

(*Continued on page 78*)

EVEN HOLLYWOOD'S CAN'T RESIST THEIR

Nor can any man who comes under the spell of these sirens, no matter whether he knows them personally, or just watches them on the screen. They are the alluring types who develop secret passions in masculine hearts

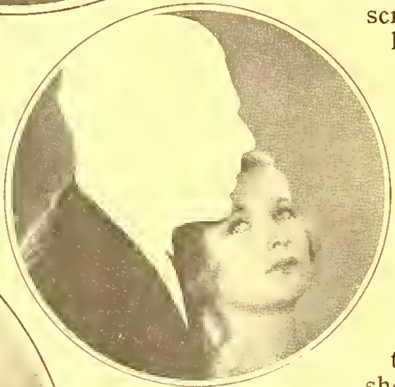
LAST month we told you of Hollywood's Hottest Lovers—those romantic heroes who are expert at the art of breaking feminine hearts. This story (read it to the end) is a companion piece and reveals just how Hollywood men—and men everywhere—react to the wiles of the screen's leading sirens.—Editor's Note.

Greta Garbo is the great shadow siren—the mistress of men's imaginations. Yet those who come in contact with her are just a little bit timid

WHAT of these Hollywood beauties who always get their men (on the screen)—these beauties who are envied by other women the world over? Do they work their charms on the men in the audience as potently as they do on the hero? Do the men in the old home-town consider them as dangerous as they look? If not, why not? And if so, who are the real heart-wreckers of Hollywood?

Listen to Richard Bennett, father of Constance and Joan, both of whom are supposed to have That Certain Something: "It's a lot easier for a shop-girl to be alluring than it is for a movie star. True seductiveness is based on femininity that brings out the protective instinct in men and makes them feel big and strong and helpful. Can you imagine feeling helpful toward any of these successful girls of the screen?"

On the other hand, can't you imagine men feeling something else besides helpful? **Take Garbo—the great shadow siren, the mistress of men's imaginations. The screen has never had another like her. She is to the male fans of the world what Valentino was to their women-folk. But Greta as a personal bonfire is something else again.**



Joan Bennett is the type that inspires a man's protective sense. With her wistful appeal she looks like the feminine version of "when a feller needs a friend"

They're Afraid of Garbo

MEN who come in contact with Greta in real life are just a little bit afraid of her. I think John Gilbert was. I know Robert Montgomery was, during the filming of "Inspiration." As she strides onto her set, surrounded by men of all stages of studio importance, whose eyes might be expected to follow her every graceful movement, the onlooker is immediately impressed by a very different reaction. The boss has arrived—it is time to start work. She doesn't make their hearts stand still. She awes them.

And Marlene Dietrich, the only screen rival that Garbo has. What is it that Marlene has kept and Garbo has lost? The same Robert Montgomery, who is so in awe of Greta, the Great, breaks down and confesses that Marlene is his 'secret sorrow." A critic who gets hard-boiled about many movie sirens in the flesh wanders onto Marlene's set (whenever he can get on) to feast his eyes on the woman he insists he is "in love with."

Where Greta's cloistered, aloof life seems to scare them off, Marlene's willingness to let the public know her

Constance Bennett arouses curiosity. Men stand in awe of her because they know she is used to luxury and wealth. She usually gets the man she's after

HEROES CHARMS

By
DOROTHY MANNERS

invites them. Perhaps it is because she is more earthy, more maternal. Perhaps it is because she is a glowing presence, rather than a woman of mystery—but I'm here to tell you they sigh over Marlene in Hollywood in a way that leaves no doubt as to her personal sex appeal.

William Powell, who has seen them all and played opposite many of the screen sirens, says: "The most seductive woman is the healthy woman. The popular diets of our day are destructive of all that is alluring in women. Women of to-day seem bent on creating a new feminine form divine. Well, they'll live to learn that old Mother Nature can't be improved upon!"

Joan Crawford has a way of making men look her way—She's endowed with plenty of It

The Super-Healthy Harlow

BILL isn't talking of any star in particular—but the girl you'll think of right away is Jean Harlow. There is a creature who positively glows with health. And if you saw the Harlow in "Hell's Angels," you have a pretty good idea of how Jean has not attempted to tamper with—er—the lines of Nature.

Men's eyes follow Jean and—something tells me—so do their imaginations. She has not yet arrived at that degree of fame that is dominating or fear-inspiring. She is softly seductive. She looks as if she needs protection—or something. She can't even find a chair on the set unless some big strong man hustles around and finds it for her. Yes, indeed, the leader of the army of platinum blondes is as alluring in Hollywood as she is upon the now non-inflammable celluloid.

Jean Harlow is softly seductive. Men's eyes follow her—and so do their imaginations. No other woman feels secure when Jean's around

And while we're on the subject of healthy specimens, don't forget Clara Bow—that is, the Clara of the old days before screaming headlines and nervous breakdowns descended upon her.

She not only glowed with health; Clara bubbled over with it. Her eyes danced, she had to be doing something every minute, and life was just one good time after another—and one date after another. Every man sensed her impulsiveness. And how men like impulsiveness in their objects of affection!

Clara Bow conquers men on the screen and off because she is impulsive and spirited and glowing with health

If you are one of those souls who regard sex appeal purely as a physical thing—consider the plight of such charmers as Joan Crawford and Constance Bennett. The camera demands its pounds of flesh—pounds and pounds of it—and these girls and others like them, who should be the quintessence of all that is femininely attractive, are almost anemic to the eye. If Connie weighs ninety-eight pounds, I'll put in with you. And the startlingly hungry-eyed Joan, who hasn't eaten a square meal in years. Well, any way you want to look at it, they'd have a hard time rating as the Sultan's favorite in the Sultan's well-fed harem.

Curious About Joan and Connie

WHEN Joan was a whoopee girl and was winning dancing prizes in every café in town, men crowded around whenever she appeared. They still look interested—but they don't get excited. You sense curiosity in the glances that men turn upon Joan and Connie. Curiosity about Joan because she has changed so. Curiosity about Connie because she is the highest-paid actress on the screen. Connie, like Garbo, baffles them. She has all the earmarks of a girl who is used to luxury and wealth—and those little earmarks put her out of the reach of most men.

Connie may not bring out that ol' protective instinct that her daddy speaks about. But her sister Joan seems to have the knack—even though you do hear stories around the studios that the little girl has a tendency to be high-hat. She doesn't look it, even off the screen. She

(*Continued on page 76*)

Mary And Doug Will Never Be Divorced!

Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks top all the others among the Hollywood couples who will never take the road to Reno. MOVIE CLASSIC tells for the first time who these wives and husbands are--and why they will stay married

By GLADYS HALL

MARY *and Doug will never be divorced.* Let Doug take a trip to England without Mary. Let him take a long-lasting tour around the world, filming a travelogue, without Mary along. Let the rumor artists say what they will. Let them set Doug down as a lover of play, and Mary as a lover of work. Let them intimate that Mary wants to continue on the screen, while Doug wants to quit. But it would take dynamite to split apart the couple who live at Pickfair.

PRIDE—spelled with capital letters—will hold their marriage together, even if love is as dead as Queen Anne. I am not saying that it is. I know nothing about it. For the purposes of this little story of Hollywood, love is neither here nor there. It is neither your business nor mine.

Love may still bind them together as strongly as it ever did. Until one of them says something to the contrary, they deserve the benefit of the doubt. But whether it does or not, it is certain that pride does. Pride in the position they hold and the fame that is theirs. Not as Mary alone. Not as Doug alone. But as Mary and Doug—of Pickfair.

"Mary and Doug." Why, for ten years the world has linked their names, and those names have stood for romance in marriage. "And so they lived happily ever after." That's the legend that has grown up around them. In spite of fame, in spite of one previous divorce apiece, in spite of all the temptations that Hollywood offers, they have been "the screen's happiest married couple." Year after year after year. Just as they stayed on top of the heap while other players came and went, so did they still lock arms while lesser couples went temperamental and parted. Until last year they had never been separated for even a single night.

Monroe

Edmund Lowe, because of his religion, will never seek another divorce. And Lilyan Tashman is ready to fight for Eddie with tooth and nail. They roam for romance only on the screen

Even when Ann Harding became more famous than Harry Bannister, no storm clouds appeared. They're the colony's best example of a love match

Domestic contentment is written all over this picture of Clive Brook, his wife, and daughter Faith

What Their Break Would Mean

"MARY and Doug." It's an international anthem. If the house of Pickfair fell asunder, you would hear the ghastly echoes in Siam, in Japan, in England, in South America, in Keokuk, in Siberia. It wouldn't be just a marriage failing—it would be an institution crashing. And it takes more than cooling emotion or fleeting friction to bring down an institution. Pride will save Pickfair, if saving is needed.

A New York daily recently broke out in a rash of headlines to the effect that Mary was going to get a divorce. Los Angeles reporters hot-footed it for Pickfair to ask Doug for his comment. He not only burned up. He blew up. He wanted it known, once and for all, that there would

© Abbé, Paris

Pride will save Mary and Doug from divorce, if saving is needed

You couldn't pry John Barrymore away from family life, with baby Dolores keeping Daddy company

Russell Ball

Warner Baxter and his wife have shared too much in common to give any thought to divorce

be no divorce. Friends say that's one of the reasons why he'd like to live in England—to get away from the headline-hunters.

Ina Claire sues John Gilbert for divorce. Gloria Swanson puts the Marquis de la Falaise back in circulation. Pola Negri gives up the title of Princess Mdivani. Colleen Moore and director John McCormick are permanently parted, as are Billie Dove and director Irvin Willat, and Betty Compson and director James Cruze. Loretta Young does not want to be Mrs. Grant Withers any longer, and Dorothy Lee, after eight months, decides to divorce James (press-agent) Fidler. The Rex Leases split. The Robert Armstrongs are through. So are Jack Dempsey and Estelle Taylor. To read the newspapers, you'd think everybody in Hollywood is changing mates.

Harold and Mildred

BUT *the Harold Lloyds will never be divorced.*

You don't have to do any more than step inside the threshold of the Lloyd house to know this. There is something permanent in the very air of their home, extensive and magnificent though it is. That atmosphere is as real as the polished floors and the priceless rugs. Behind the palatial exterior is a tight little realm of Domesticity. You suspect Harold of wearing carpet slippers and Mildred of wearing aprons. You're positive they enjoy each other.

Harold was mighty proud of that house when he built it, and particularly of that terraced waterfall. It was a monument to his success. But he doesn't show you the house. He shows you his children—two his own and one adopted. Give him a chance and he'll talk for hours about "Bud"—Harold, Jr. to you. Ask Mildred Davis Lloyd when she is going to return to the screen, and she'll tell you, "Never." And you know she means it. Nothing could tempt the Lloyds away from the life they lead—family life, old-fashioned style.

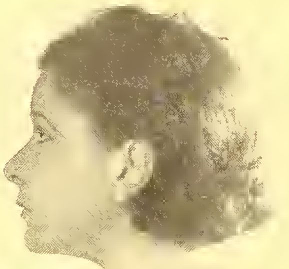
They would have married and had children and built a home, even if they had had to get along on twenty-five dollars a week. They're just made that way. The fact that they married and had children and built a home on several thousand a week doesn't alter matters in the least.

Norma and Joe

NORMA TALMADGE *and Joseph Schenck will never be divorced.*

Joseph Schenck is always discovering beautiful new starlets, and Norma is seen here and there with Gilbert

Harold and Mildred Davis Lloyd have all kinds of money, but it's their family life—not what money can buy—that keeps them smiling



Chidnoff

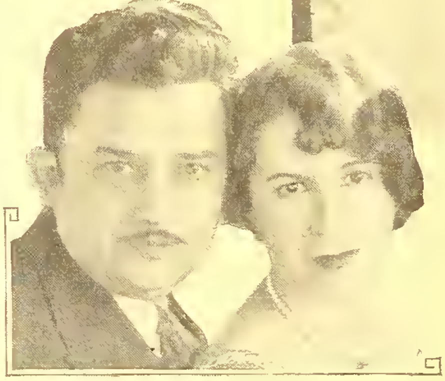
Joseph Schenck and Norma Talmadge (in circles) may not share as many hours as some Hollywood couples, but they share more community property than most. They are firmly bound together

Roland (who used to be her leading man, you remember). But newspapers will be printed in invisible ink before the Schencks are severed.

Somehow, in spite of everything—and *everything* is the right word—their marriage has been one of those things that *is* a marriage. When they acquired one another, they also acquired a great amount of community property. And if the tenderer passions fail to hold them together, the community property will always be there to act as a rivet.

Love may laugh at bolts and bars. But it does not laugh at mortgages and leases and stocks and bonds and realty. Norma, herself, admits that she does not believe there will ever (note the word "ever") be a divorce. To the contrary. Joe might give up producing and Norma might give up acting—but each other? Never.

Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon have not only settled down, but are going to have children while they're young. The family life for them!



Jean Hersholt and his wife know what teamwork can do. They will never part

The Conrad Nagels

THE *Conrad Nagels will never be divorced.*

Religion is one reason why the Nagels are married for keeps. They are earnest Christian Scientists. Serenity is their gospel. Escape from all ugliness is their goal. And divorce is an ugly word in a home where a man and woman have been gloriously happy, and where a child has lived.

Conrad, on the screen, always is the solid man, the man of responsibility, the type of man who sticks to his ideals. And he is like that off the screen. Here are two people who are strangers alike to temper and temperament, and whose lives will never be disarranged by fame or fortune or anything else that Hollywood has to offer in the way of temptations.

Lil and Eddie

LILYAN TASHMAN *and Edmund Lowe will never be divorced.*

Maybe you think otherwise. Maybe you think that Eddie has played *Sergeant Quirt* a bit too often not to let those merry eyes rove now and then. And maybe you think that Lilyan must forget herself sometimes off the screen and look up through her eyelashes That Way. They are more exciting than Doug and Mary. They are more exciting than most of the married couples who play with fire. They don't look, somehow, like the permanent type.

But they have already been married more years than you'd probably guess. And here is religion again, as an anchor. Eddie is a devout Catholic. He had one divorce, many years ago. The Church was closed to him. And ever since he has struggled and given and pleaded to gain admittance again. Not for all the women of all nations would he risk another divorce and thus close the portals forever. Not even if he wanted to, horribly, which I happen to know he doesn't.

And do you remember reading

(*Continued on page 80*)

Acme

Alice Joyce says she will always be in love with an Irishman—and why exchange James Regan for any other?

SCIENCE REVEALS GARBO'S CHARACTER

Careful Study Of Her Features Brings To Light The Real Reasons For Her Silence And Aloofness

By TONI GALLANT

PHYSIOGNOMY—What Is It?

Physiognomy is the first real scientific attempt to read a person's character. It's fundamental belief is that thought governs the individual, and through thought he develops certain facial muscles much the same as an athlete develops the body. By constant use of one muscle, or set of muscles, such as joy, sorrow, grief, hunger, cruelty, etc., they become fixed and enlarged, thus stamping this thought indelibly upon his face. These muscles function automatically, and cannot be controlled at will as is the common belief.—Author's Note.

GRETA GARBO has the most intriguing face on the screen. For years the movie public has been asking questions about her. What is she like? Why is she so aloof? Is she just as quiet in her private life?

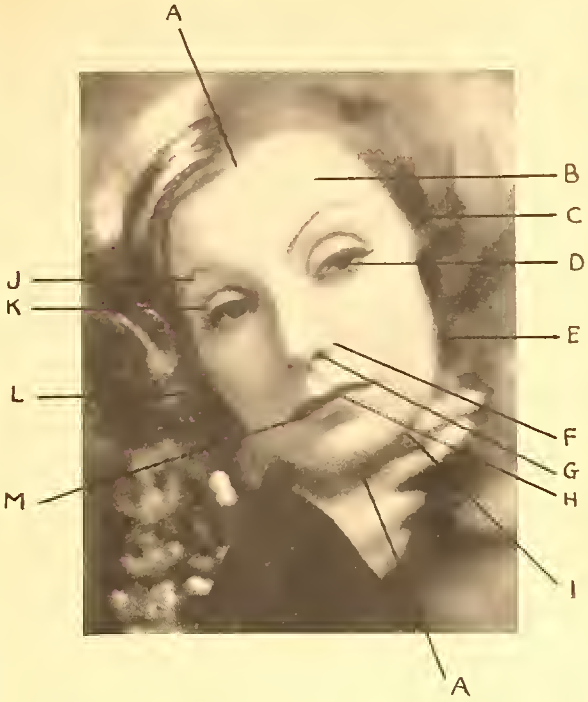
The answers have been even more baffling. Some said that she was under contract never to speak. Others said that she was so clever that she kept the public guessing by her silence. Still others said she was too stupid to hold a reasonable conversation, and so kept wisely silent . . .

But a study of her face reveals that none of these are the real reasons for her silence. Garbo is aloof because she is oversensitive and because she underrates her own ability.

That can't be possible, you argue. Why doesn't her life reveal those things? It can be easily explained. She has developed a Spartan self-control.

Garbo is really very, very human. Like most women, she hates uncertainty. Her entire development of facial muscles indicates that she likes to see a thing finished without suspense. She loves peace and serenity. If conditions are not to her liking, she will adapt herself to overcome them. This was most evident when she quickly acquired a technique for the talkies. She had to master the new medium or fall into discard. She succeeded.

(Continued on page 75)



PHYSIOGNOMICAL FEATURES

A. Profile—Deliberate type. Listens to no advice. Not willing to begin anything she cannot accomplish. Insists upon making her own plans.

B. Forehead—Imaginative. Inclined to underrate her own ability. Too conservative.

C. Temple (formation)—Good memory.

D. Eyes—Secretive. Will not tell anything she knows.

E. Texture of muscles—A keen lover of all things. Gets pleasure out of what others pass by as trivial. Hates discord. Natural love of literature and fine arts. Epicurean in taste.

F. Nose—Artistic ability. Peaceful. Intellectual.

G. Nostrils—Independence. Courage, Stubborness.

H. Mouth—Mockery. Coldness. Self-possession.

I. Chin (muscles)—Determination. (This muscle in Garbo is not as large as that in Marlene Dietrich, but it is more compact and developed).

J. Eyebrows—Over-sensitive. Jealous. Unreal.

K. Eyelids—Shrewd. Capable of exact observation. Able to distinguish minute differences in color, etc. Unusual power of concentration.

L. Face (muscular contour)—Dislike of change or uncertainty. Would rather settle an issue unfavorably than allow it to remain unsettled. Adaptable.

M. Lips—Cynical. Unyielding. Guided by self-control.

STALWART IDOLS OF HOLLYWOOD RIVAL GODS OF ANCIENT GREECE

Under their modern clothes, some of the Hollywood he-men are hiding physiques of the classic type—the kind that the Greeks and Romans worshipped in their gods and athletes. Who are these stalwarts? This story tells you

By HARRY D. WILSON

IN THE old Greek days, when a bunch of grapes or a lion's pelt was a street costume and a wreath of laurel and a yard of cloth were full evening dress, the masculine sex went in for muscles. Bodily beauty was worshipped. To-day clothes often make the man—and even the movie hero. But some of your Hollywood he-men, beneath their tailored goods, are made of the same stuff as the ancient idols.

David Manners — who came West for his health and developed along classic lines—looks like Apollo Belvedere (inset), even in evening clothes. David resembles him in both profile and physique

The old-time heroes didn't have narrow shoulders or spindly legs or growing paunches. That's one reason why they were heroes. And little you may know it, but a few of the movie gods are in the same class. Just try to imagine some of the boys in lion's pelts and togas and you'll see what I mean.

Take Clark Gable, for instance. There's a man that clothes didn't make. And he doesn't have the facial contour of a matinée idol. But he does have a physique. Those shoulders of his are broad. He's muscular. There's something about him that makes every woman remember that she's one of the weaker sex.

In the old days, a broad-shouldered chap named Atlas had to support the world in order to become a sensation. But all that broad-shouldered Gable has to do to-day to make the world talk is to support Greta Garbo. The almost anemic Swedish girl and the powerfully-built lad from Ohio—what greater contrast could you ask? And this ex-lumberjack who made good could be favorably contrasted with any other god of the screen, not to mention ancient Greece.

Blond—Like The Gods

PHILLIPS Holmes is no strong man, but any woman who has seen a Greek or Roman statue will tell you that Phil has classic lines. The resemblance begins with his cameo-like profile and extends right down to his well-turned heels. Another thing—he's blond, which was what the mythical idols were. It wouldn't be hard to imagine Phil living in the days when all roads led to Rome, and maybe being the heir apparent to the throne of the Caesars.

When Joel McCrea—also blond—was growing up in Los Angeles, he had an idea he'd like to break into the movies some day. But when he finished growing up, he was so tall that he didn't have any hope of ever playing in anything except Westerns. He thought of trying to become another Gary Cooper. But the fates and his form decided otherwise. Someone spotted him in a bathing-suit. And that someone knew the idol-type when he (or she) saw it.

Joel's secret of success is the same as that of the lads of mythology—namely, exercise. He doesn't throw the discus or heave the javelin, but he's an expert at handball—and Joel could swim the Hellespont any day in the week. That mahogany tan—another feature of the old Athenian athletes—tells where he spends most of his time. He's another who could get along without a tailor, and would look just as handsome in one of those sheet affairs as any of your art gallery gods.

David Manners, who came West originally for his health, has since developed into a classic specimen of masculinity. Moreover, to a marked degree, this young Canadian has another attribute of the ancient idols—poise. And he has the profile to go with the physique.

The Discobulus of Myron (left) embodies all the ancient ideals of the masculine physique. Lew Ayres (above), tossing a beach ball instead of a discus, is modeled along the same smooth lines

Joel McCrea never expected to be called a Greek god in modern dress. But a physique can do plenty for a Hollywood hero. It's Mars (right) that Joel resembles, even to blond hair

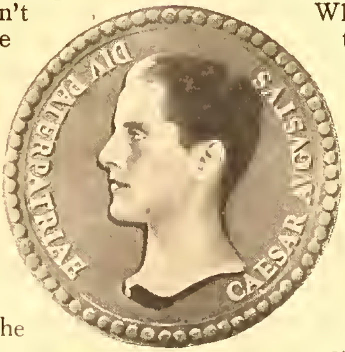
Johnny Blessed With Muscles

JOHNNY Mack Brown is such an example of the stalwart male that he is being restricted almost entirely to outdoor epics, in which he gets a chance not only to use his muscles, but to show them. It was football, not greasepaint, that gave Johnny his physique. Back in his Alabama days, he was a stadium hero—and who knows? Maybe back in some previous existence he used to draw the crowds to the Circus Maximus in Rome—where he would toss the lion for a ten yard loss.

You had a good glimpse of the muscular development of Lew Ayres in "Iron Man." He isn't rugged, by any means—and he doesn't have the build popularly associated with prizefighters. But he does have the same sort of litheness that helped the heroes of old to win those wreaths of laurel. Lew is winning laurels of another kind—and his physique is helping him plenty.

All of the ancient gods were fighters—and so have been some of the Hollywood idols. Maybe that's why their physiques rival those of the legendary lads. Victor McLaglen must have struck terror into the natives when he was Prefect of Police in Bagdad, for Victor towers 'way above the mere ordinary male. He stands as straight as a wall, which was another trait of the soldiers that vanquished Troy.

Neither Homer nor Cicero wrote any sagas about the early heroes kissing ladies' hands. But the fact that Ivan Lebedeff makes a practice of the gesture doesn't rule him out of the picture. This Russian ex-nobleman has noble lines. He is tall, he has the carriage of a soldier, his shoulders are broad, and he has poise. Hollywood women are keen about him. He's like someone you read about.



Phillips Holmes has the same kind of features as the Caesars — features rarer than Caesarian coins

The Noblest Roman of Them All

AND the greatest fighter of them all has the prize physique of all. The name is Jack Dempsey. He has all the makings of an idol. What shoulders! What arms! And what a body! He's practically hipless. There are plenty of women who wish he had followed a screen career, instead of the ring. It isn't too late yet . . .

A toga wouldn't be to Doug Fairbanks' liking, at all. It would cramp his style. But a lion skin would be just the thing for those athletic antics of his. Besides showing the ancient Athenians a physique in a thousand—particularly for a man of his age—he could probably shame most of the youngsters with his agility.

Most of these hard-riding Western stars have God-given builds. There's Colonel Tim McCoy, with one of the finest bodies that ever graced the screen. Ken Maynard, Tom Mix and Buck Jones are other huskies whose measurements could compare with Apollo's. Not to mention George O'Brien, whose middle name, some

(*Continued on page 71*)

Anonymously Yours

By CHOLLY HOLLYWOOD

AN actress who specializes in sex appeal and who has been in a good deal of trouble lately was assigned to make a new picture. Her director was to be a well-known stage man—well-known for his temper and autocratic manner. The studio foresaw fireworks. They were right. Star and director had a fuss in mid-production. Star retired to her home and rumors spread that she tried to injure herself.

Three years or so ago she was rumored to have cut herself with a knife. Much rushing of ambulances to her home, much carrying of the star to a hospital. This magazine sent a reporter to find out just what had happened. The publicity director of the star's studio said she couldn't be seen. Said director, by the way, is notoriously timid, married, and far from being a lady's man. "But there's nothing to this suicide story," he assured the reporter. "There's not a scratch on her—and I saw her practically all over!"

* * *

GOING around town is an anecdote concerning the little girl who was made a star for practically no reason at all, except that she had written a couple of best-selling books and the studio thought that a good publicity angle. They keep putting her in companies with seasoned troupers, hoping she will pick up pointers. It doesn't work out that way. The troupers naturally resent the inexperienced newcomer, whose head has been turned by the glitter of stardom, and find various ways of making life unpleasant for her. Always the studio has to take her out of the picture and substitute a more seasoned player.

This has been going on for some months—the star doing very little work and still drawing a thousand a week. The other day she walked into the office of the chief executive—first time she'd been near the studio in weeks. He had been thinking, with infinite regret, of the swell time she must be having, playing around the film colony at the company's expense, and they tell me he hasn't yet recovered from the shock he received when she made her request. She wanted a week's vacation, having decided she liked Hollywood and wanted to stick around and furnish a house.

The pathetic part of the story is that the little girl doesn't mean to be snobbish about her undeserved stardom. Just reads the publicity the studio sends out about her, and believes it.

* * *

QUITE a few people wonder as to the identity of the little fellow with the high voice who wanders around one of the biggest film factories quite as if he owned it. Without having a definite position, he seems to know everyone and to have considerable influence with the bosses. In case you've seen him—he's the studio bootlegger.

ABOUT every prominent actress on the screen you will hear a rumor, sooner or later, that she didn't reach stardom by merit alone. Your gossip always adds the name of a studio chief to whom she is supposed to have been "nice." Usually the stories are not true. The technique of acting for the screen is a very difficult art, and has nothing to do with being pleasantly chatty to a supervisor across a supper-table set for two.

One young actress, a blonde who plays foreign adventuresses, had got along quite well on her own merits, but decided, half-way through her last picture, that she wasn't getting the right camera angles. Very well; she would follow the supposed formula. She went places to dinner with the cameraman, flirted, let him take her to lunch, hinted that her left profile was the one her fans liked to see. It didn't work out at all. He fell so much in love with her that his hand trembled, and whenever she appeared on the screen in that picture the audience saw only a sort of blur. From now on she is going to be very, very cold to her bosses—particularly the cameramen.

* * *

THE best gesture of the month comes from a writer who was brought out from New York by one of the big companies to work in the scenario department. Although he had a couple of best-sellers to his credit, he didn't please the studio and was dropped at the end of his three months' option. He got the pink envelope in the morning; that afternoon he went out and bought a Rolls-Royce.

The sequel is obvious. Other companies saw him driving around in the new car, thought he must be a good writer, and at the moment he is considering two or three excellent offers.

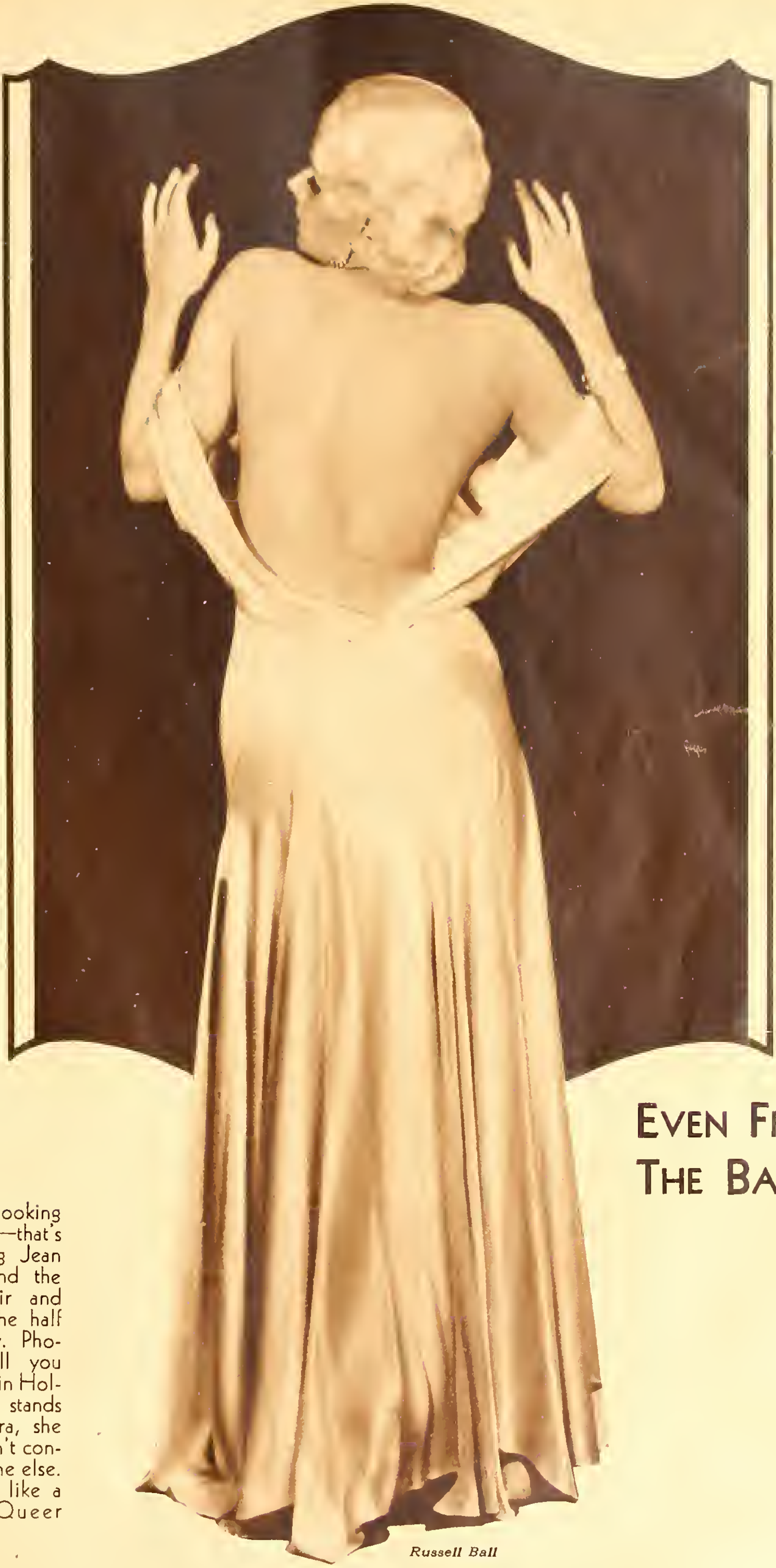
* * *

A CERTAIN country place in California is known up and down the coast for the sheer luxury of its appointments. A titled Englishwoman, who stopped off near Hollywood while going around the world on her yacht, recently visited the estate. She admired everything, the herds of cattle roaming about, the banquet halls, the palatial guest houses, and she expressed her admiration in her bread-and-butter note afterwards. But although herself very rich, she doesn't go in for much pomp and display. "I still," she added in a postscript, "liked the animals best."

* * *

THE actress whom every visiting author is brought to see, because she is supposed to be Hollywood's most intellectual woman, tells an amusing story on herself. Some time ago she went to Cuba, where the President's son took her out and showed her the country. They went everywhere to the tooting of official horns, while the natives touched forelocks along the roads. An admirer of hers back in New York was naturally piqued. His initials were

(Continued on page 73)



Russell Ball

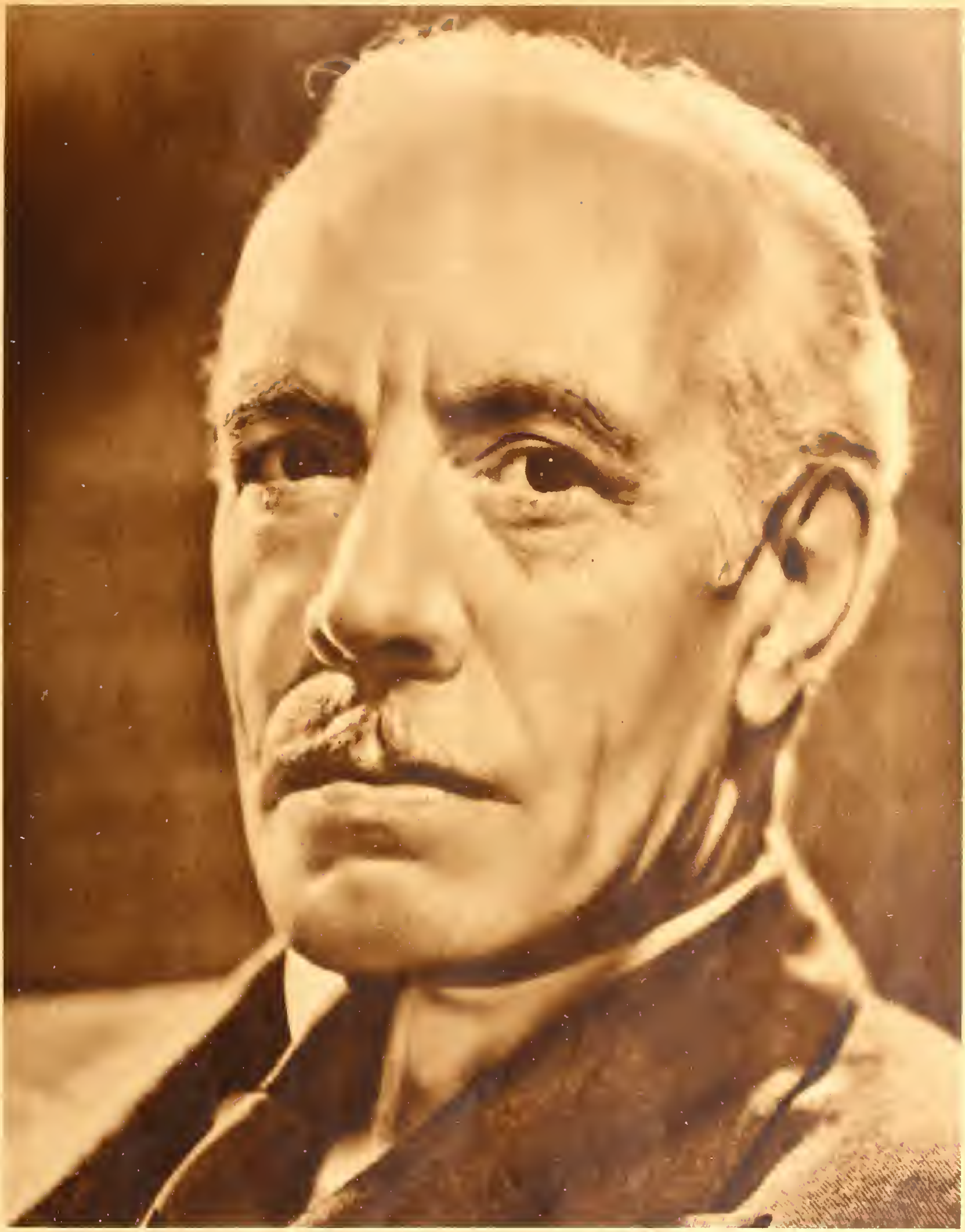
EVEN FROM THE BACK

"The most different-looking girl on the screen"—that's what they're calling Jean Harlow now. And the platinum-blonde hair and the clothes aren't the half of it. It's personality. Photographers will tell you she's the best model in Hollywood. When she stands in front of a camera, she **stands out.** You don't confuse Jean with anyone else. She ought to shine like a Kleig light in "Queer People"

Richee

Marlene hasn't been seen since "Dishonored"—but who's losing interest in the only girl who ever became a screen star overnight? She now is giving her attention to a picture called "The Man-Tamer," which sounds made-to-order for her. Did you know that she and Joan Crawford are each other's favorite actress—after Greta Garbo?

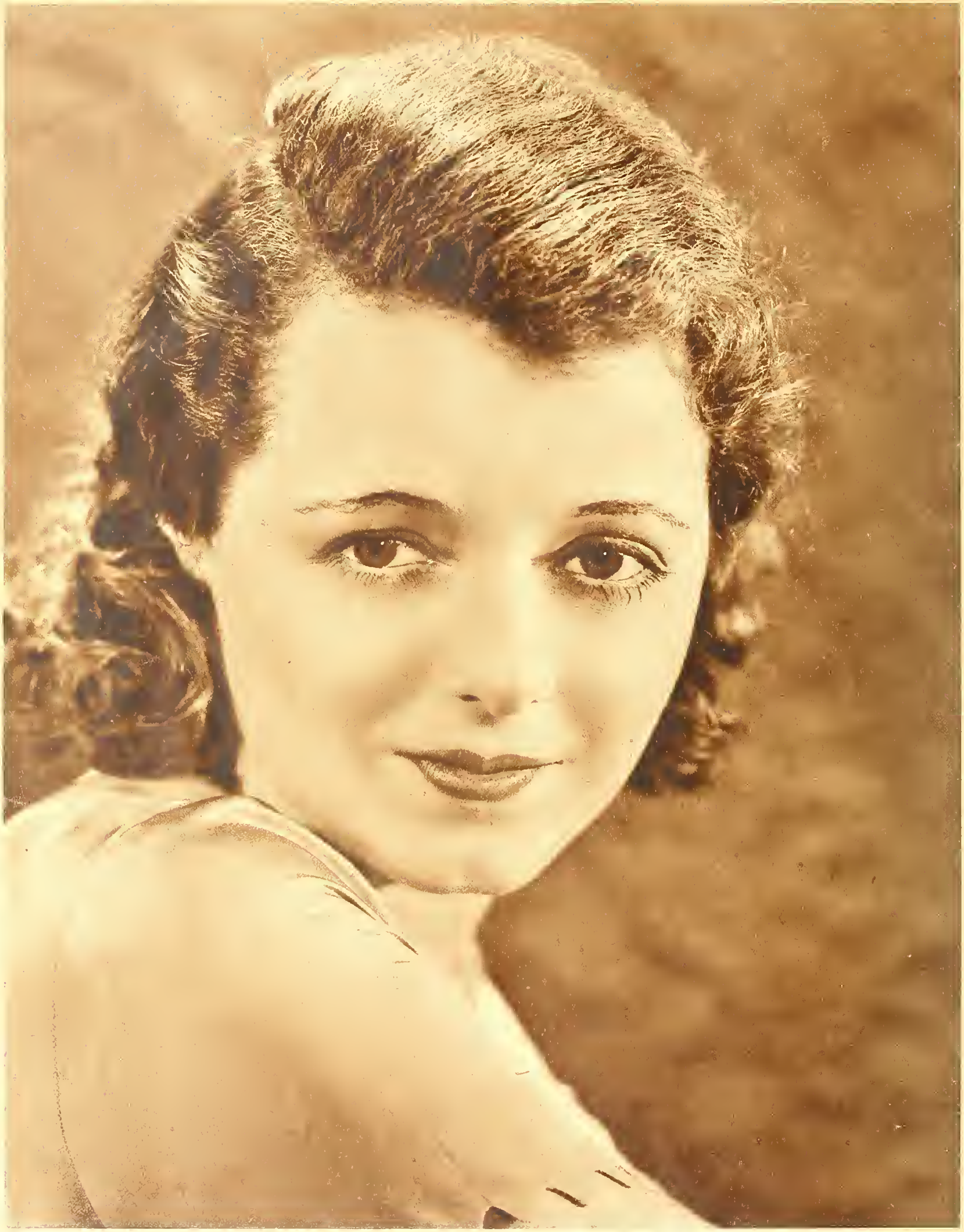
MARLENE DIETRICH



Bull

LEWIS STONE

There probably isn't a man, woman or child in the movie-going millions who doesn't like Lewis Stone. He's the type of man who "wears well," in good pictures or bad, in strong rôles or weak ones. He's always in demand, and he's always at his ease, no matter what his part. He has an amusing one in "Strictly Dishonorable"



Hal Phyfe

Just let the word get around that Janet is playing another Cinderella rôle—and how the mobs battle to see her! The shy little redhead knows how to wring your heart—and break your box-office records. After "Merely Mary Ann" has a vacation in her own idea of Seventh Heaven—Hawaii—she will make (and be) "Delicious"

JANET GAYNOR

Hal Phyfe

CHARLES FARRELL

Janet didn't lose many fans when she married—so Charlie thought he'd try it. And he didn't, either. The public just can't be persuaded that the male half of the screen's greatest love team isn't still romantic. Cape Cod Charlie is now making "Heartbreak" seem possible, after which he will woo (and win) Janet again in "Delicious"

Bull

AS BUOYANT AS THE BALLOONS

It looks as if Conchita Montenegro is making a bit of whoopee all by herself—which isn't an old Spanish custom at all. But this soaring senorita just had to release some balloons, not to mention emotions. She's dancing on air to think she'll be the girl opposite Warner Baxter in "The Cisco Kid"

Bull

The boys had begun to think of Lillian Bond as a native—and Lillian was beginning to feel like one, herself—when along came a stage offer she couldn't resist. So back to Broadway she had to go, and sing and dance in "Free For All." And oh, the Hollywood hearts that will ache till she returns this fall

IN NO MOOD FOR SINGING

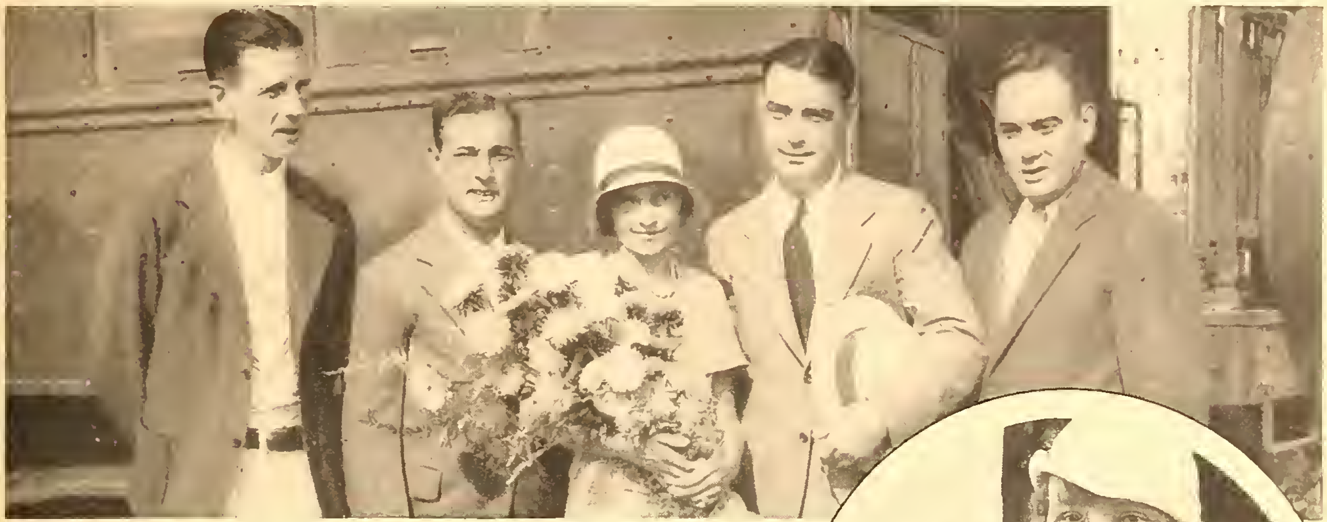
Fryer

Ziegfeld never makes a mistake—and Noel used to be in the "Follies." It took Hollywood, though, to give those eyes a real chance. Brought West to sing and dance, she stayed on to become a platinum blonde and act. She's the little temptress whose name you wanted to know after seeing "Smart Woman" and "Larceny Lane"

NOEL FRANCIS

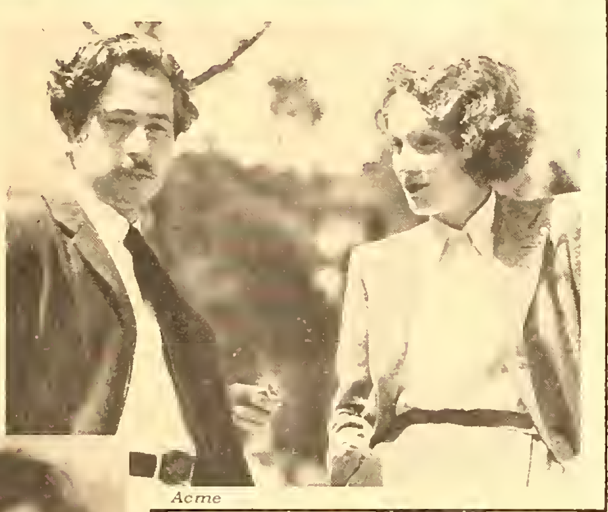
MOVIE CLASSIC TABLOID NEWS SECTION

THE NEWSREEL OF THE NEWSSTANDS



Keystone

TheFourHorsemen ride again: Notre Dame's famous stars come to Hollywood to make a film as memorial to the late Knute Rockne, and are met by his widow (above). Left to right: Elmer Layden, Harry Struhldreher, Jim Crowley and Don Miller



Acme

Acme

Vivian Duncan (Mrs. Nils Asther) arrives in New York with daughter, Evelyn Rosetta, born in Germany. Immigration authorities claimed at first baby was an alien

Acme

Rita Royce Von Sternberg (above), divorced wife of director Josef Von Sternberg, has sued Marlene Dietrich for $500,000, alleging alienation of her husband's affections. Marlene (with Von Sternberg at top) denies all, and her husband, Rudolf Sieber, will help her fight charges

Acme

Ina Claire wins divorce from John Gilbert.
See story, page 36

Keystone

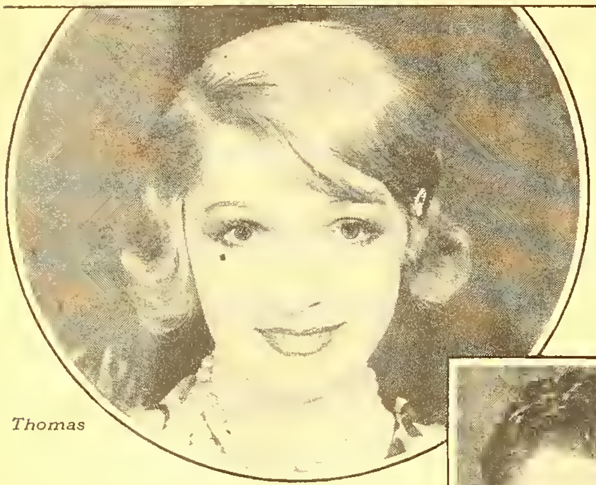
Roscoe (Fatty) Arbuckle announces engagement to Addie McPhail, film actress

◆ NEITHER REGRETS MARRIAGE SO MUCH AS DIVORCE ◆

INA AND JOHN REACH PARTING OF THE WAYS

After Two Years Of Trying To Make A Go Of Marriage Ina Claire Divorces John Gilbert

By DOROTHY CALHOUN


Thomas

FIVE months after she announced that she and John Gilbert had come to a parting of the ways, Ina Claire filed suit for a California divorce, on the grounds of cruelty and neglect. One of the "cruel" remarks that the complaint attributed to her husband was to the effect that Ina had "too much intellect" for him. She stated that a property settlement had been made and asked for no alimony.

An amazing document—this divorce complaint of Ina Claire. She is a proud person and a fiery one. But through its legal phrases (composed by a woman attorney), you see a woman who has forgotten pride for love. It speaks of her continual efforts to please Jack, it tells of letters in which she asked to come back to him, and adds, "during all this time she conducted herself as a loving and affectionate wife." Apparently, she made a sincere effort to make a success of the marriage that astonished Hollywood in May, 1929.

Hollywood knows Jack Gilbert—knows him for a unique personality, even in this town of vivid and colorful characters. He is volatile—morose and bitter one moment, gay the next. Hollywood women know Jack, know when to take him seriously and when not. But Ina Claire was a newcomer to Hollywood, and so she made the fatal mistake of attending a party with him on a Saturday evening.

After two years of married life John Gilbert and Ina Claire are now divorced. Both regret that they weren't suited to one another

When the newspapers announced that Ina Claire and John Gilbert were getting married in Las Vegas, Nevada, after an acquaintance of only a few days, at least a half-dozen women in the film colony were audibly amused. "Jack always proposes to some woman every Saturday night!" one of them said to me. "It's just his way—he is feeling in a partyish mood. Things look rosy. Jack proposes. Why, he even, proposed to me not more than a month ago! I know at least three other women to whom he has proposed to Saturday nights! We know he doesn't mean it. By the next morning he will probably have forgotten all about it."

If John's proposal to Ina was really of the Saturday-night kind, as Hollywood had it at the time, she has been a good sport about it ever since. Even her most intimate friends have never heard her complain. One who was in her confidence during the stormy months of her marriage reveals that Ina wished passionately for a child—perhaps because a child would hold a home together, perhaps because a child would be something belonging to Jack that she could keep. She must have known almost from the moment when a perspiring justice in Las Vegas pronounced them man and wife that she could not keep him.

Through "continual separations and slights," Ina Claire evidently clung to the hope that eventually her marriage with the turbulent screen lover might settle down into happiness—until the morning of last February 14, when the train from New York drew into the Los Angeles station. A large crowd of cameramen and studio officials, which always means that a movie celebrity is arriving, curiously watched the smiling Ina step out onto the platform. They knew something that Ina apparently did not know. All the way across the continent she had been giving interviews, describing the fact that she and John were living apart as "a perfect experiment" in matrimony between two temperamental stars.

The thing that Ina didn't know was that Jack was playing tennis forty miles away at the moment, instead of being at the station to be photographed welcoming her with a kiss.

It was a bitterly hurt woman, not a famous star, who telephoned frantically for hours, trying to locate Jack. Not until she realized that his absence and silence were his message to her did she dictate a statement for the press, saying the separation was final.

Even then five months passed before she brought suit for divorce. One who worked with her in "Rebound" says that Ina would have gone back to Jack in a moment if he had said the word. But he did not say the word.

Jack offered no opposition to the divorce, though friends quote him as saying he was "sorry Ina felt she had to do this." Whenever he talks of her, he praises her to the skies. The clever Ina apparently seems cleverer to no one than she does to her second ex-husband, who has now experienced his third divorce.

It seems to be a case of mutual regret that they just weren't suited to one another—that they were both such individualists that a partnership was temperamentally impossible. Neither seems to regret their marriage half so much as their divorce.

International

Jack and Ina were much in love with each other when they signed the marriage license in Las Vegas, Nev.

◆ CONNIE AND MARQUIS CAUGHT HOLLYWOOD NAPPING ◆

WEDDING BELLS FOR CONNIE?

Constance Bennett and Marquis de la Falaise May Be Married When He Has Final Decree From Gloria Swanson In November

By CAROL BENTON

When Connie and the Marquis sailed for Europe recently rumors were revived of an approaching marriage between them

CONSTANCE BENNETT and the Marquis de la Falaise put one over. Before Hollywood knew that they had even revived their romance, much less left town together, they arrived in New York on the same train and sailed for Europe that evening on the same boat. Hollywood had had it all figured out that young and handsome Joel McCrea was the new thrill in Connie's momentous life.

The one person in Hollywood who wasn't surprised—but had every appearance of being relieved—was Joel McCrea, as he read that Connie had laughed heartily (if unflatteringly) at the idea that he and she were arm-in-arming it.

"The story," Miss Bennett was quoted as saying, "originated in the publicity department."

"What did I tell you?" asked Joel, with a triumphant grin. "I kept telling people that we were only friends. Why, Hank was always with us over at the lot when we were working. I knew all the time that they were still That Way."

Hollywood believed that Joel McCrea furnished the love interest for Constance Bennett. Both insist now they were only friends

When the train arrived in New York that newsy morning, reporters spotted Connie first, and rushed up to her to ask her to comment on the fact that she and the Marquis had come in to town together. She directed them down the platform, to where the Marquis was seeing about some luggage. The Marquis referred them back to Connie. But Connie had disappeared in the meantime.

Reporters again caught up with them, however, that evening when they sailed—and this time some of the news-getters stayed with Connie, and some with the Marquis. No more little tricks.

The Marquis was asked if he thought he would be spending part of his holiday abroad with Miss Bennett. Henri smiled. "What do *you* think?"

Connie was asked if she were contemplating another marriage. She veered away from the question, tried to dodge it, but the reporters kept coming back to it. Finally, she said, "I may have a statement to make November 7."

That satisfied the reporters. How could she marry the Marquis before November 7, anyway? His divorce from the glorious Swanson will not be final until that date.

Before this news broke, it looked to outsiders as if all was over. After being seen constantly at premières, at the Embassy and at the Mayfair, Connie and Hank were suddenly never seen together at all. And as for the Bennett-McCrea attachment being just a publicity yarn—hadn't Connie and the suntanned Joel been observed sprawling on the beaches?

The secret seems to be that Connie was feeling far from well for weeks before undergoing an intestinal operation a few weeks ago. She just wasn't going to parties and premières. This also may explain her athletic activities with Joel. But it's just possible that she and Hank did have some sort of break.

A month before they sailed, a friend met the Marquis on the lot at Radio, smiling and apparently in the gayest of Gallic moods. "What's up, Hank?" he asked. "You look as if you had a new girl!"

"*Non!*" said the supervisor of all foreign versions for RKO. "*Non*, it is not that. I have my old girl back again."

It was that same week that Constance was told she must postpone her Paris holiday for an operation. "I'll have the operation," she told friends, "but I'll be on the same boat that Hank sails on—if I have to be carried aboard on a stretcher!"

Hollywood, still muttering about the nifty that Connie and Hank put over, insists that they haven't been together in public since one evening in early summer. That evening they were at the Mayfair, and Connie left the Marquis—as imperturbable and suave as ever—to dance with her new leading man, Joel McCrea. But Hollywood is wrong.

When "Bought!" was previewed, Connie was still supposed to be confined to bed, recuperating from the operation. But stragglers at the preview theater, after the second show had begun, saw a little blonde, moving feebly on crutches, being helped from an obscure seat by a handsome gentleman. They were none other than the Marquis de la Falaise and the most baffling of the Bennetts.

For Connie *is* baffling. Perhaps that is why she is not popular in Hollywood, where people are not expected to keep their affairs private.

Will Connie marry the Marquis? She won't tell. He won't tell. But Joel McCrea, the very-ex-boy-friend, believes she will—this fall.

IT WAS LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT WITH BRIDE AND GROOM

JUNE COLLYER

JUNE COLLYER ELOPES WITH STUART ERWIN

ACTRESS BECOMES BRIDE OF COMEDIAN AFTER ALL-NIGHT DRIVE TO YUMA, ARIZONA-- COUPLE SURPRISE EVERYBODY

STUART ERWIN

By JEAN DORMAN

AT NINE o'clock in the evening of Tuesday, the twenty-first of July, June Collyer called up a friend to break a date for the next day.

"I might be out of town," she said. "It isn't quite decided."

At nine-thirty, she sat behind the wheel of Stuart Erwin's big new touring-car, which she has been driving around Hollywood for weeks, with "Stew" beside her and her two brothers, Richard and Clayton Heermance, in the seat behind. They were starting out on an all-night ride to Yuma, Arizona—the new Gretna Green for eloping movie couples—beyond the reach of California's three-days-for-decision law.

The next morning, she called up the same friend to tell her that she was Mrs. Stuart Erwin. "I'm the happiest girl in the world," she confided. "I've just called up Mother and Father long-distance and we have their blessing. We're going to sneak back to my house to pick up a few clothes for me and then run away for a honeymoon before Stew's new picture begins. We didn't know everybody would find us out in the first ten minutes or I'd have told you last night."

The temperature was one hundred and twenty in the shade at Yuma that morning.

The actress whom Baron de Rothschild once called the most beautiful woman in Hollywood—the girl whose dimples once led Prince George of England to overstay his leave from his ship and brought him a scolding from the King and Queen, the heroine of a hundred film romances—had found real-life romance in the person of a quiet college boy who is earning a modest salary (as movie salaries go) in comedian rôles. There is a persistent rumor, however, that June's new husband is on his way to stardom—in the sort of thing that Jack Oakie used to do.

For the first time in her life, June—who has been best known as a sweet little girl with dimples—played an adventuress in "Alexander Hamilton." Insiders say that George Arliss, himself, coached her in the art of getting her man. Now Hollywood is saying, "He must know his coaching."

Dorothea Heermance had a Park Avenue home address—one of those high-hat apartment houses where it takes a social reference to get a lease. She led the life of a society débutante until chance—and her beauty—brought her to Hollywood as June Collyer (her mother's maiden name, so legend says). Friends say that her parents' ambitions for their daughter were probably given a severe jolt by her sudden choice of a husband.

For it was sudden. June Collyer has been rumored engaged to almost every eligible film bachelor, including Charles (Buddy) Rogers, Jack Oakie and Russell Gleason. Before his second marriage, she was supposed to be in love with Richard Barthelmess. Last year Hollywood had her engaged to Fleishacker, the Stanford football hero and son of the millionaire. With Mary Brian, she was the choice of visiting college boys as hostess at dances. Of late, however, she had been willingly publicized as a "bachelor girl," boasting a cosy English-type home of her own.

When Prince George of England visited Hollywood a few seasons ago he favored June Collyer. The girl who could charm the Prince is good enough for Stuart Erwin

Last winter, she was cast in "Dude Ranch" with Stuart Erwin. In the picture he was hardly a figure of romance, playing one of his usual dumb characters. But off the screen he must have made an immediate impression for Hollywood soon saw June and Stew together at the Friday-night fights, at premieres and supper-clubs—she smiling softly up at him, dimples in evidence, he looking down at her seriously, neither saying much.

It was a new thing for Stuart Erwin to go about socially. People called him unfriendly because, as Stew explained, he "didn't like to be awakened at four o'clock in the morning by a crowd of saps, looking for a place to park and raise whoopee." He lived sometimes by himself in a tiny apartment, sometimes with his father and mother. He had never rushed a girl before, even at the University of California.

When June Collyer, a devout Catholic, was married by a justice of the peace instead of a priest, she did what Loretta Young did a year ago, in marrying Grant Withers. But June is a woman of twenty-four. She has known the admiration of men of wealth and position and title, and she has chosen to marry for Love.

The girl from Park Avenue and the boy from Squaw Valley will probably live in her ex-bachelor-girl house—at least, until they can build a honeymoon house. And June intends to continue on the screen and stay happily married at the same time.

◆ RETIRED SCREEN STAR HAS BEEN UNHAPPILY MARRIED ◆

FAMOUS BEAUTY OF SILENT SCREEN SEEKS DIVORCE

Katherine MacDonald, Once Known As "The American Beauty," Wants Freedom From Millionaire Husband

By MARY DICKSON

Katherine MacDonald, who retired from the screen several years ago, was the favorite actress of Woodrow Wilson

UNFORTUNATELY for Katherine MacDonald, known in the silent days as "The American Beauty," real life is neither a movie plot nor a novel.

According to the movies and the novelists, beautiful women are expected to marry millionaires and live happily ever after. Diamonds and pearls and orchids and limousines and country estates are all woven into the background of the fate of a Beauty—at least, that is what plainer women believe.

The former great beauty of the screen and favorite actress of Woodrow Wilson married her proverbial millionaire. The diamonds, limousines and estates were all hers. BUT—

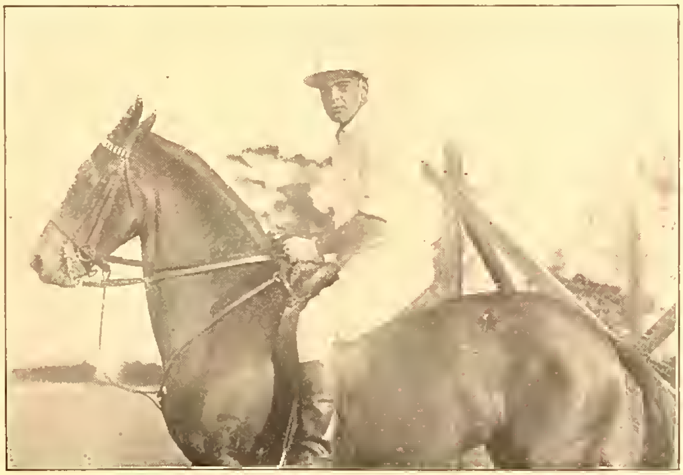
Katherine MacDonald has brought divorce proceedings against her socially prominent husband, Christian H. Holmes of Montecito, California, on the charges that Holmes threatened her and whipped her with a snake-skin cane.

At the time Katherine MacDonald Holmes gave this sensational story to the press, she was lying in a hospital in Santa Barbara, recovering from a fractured shoulder. She alleged that the fracture was sustained in a fall as she attempted to flee from Holmes.

According to her story her trouble with her husband—who is a nephew of Max Fleischman, the yeast "king"—began soon after their marriage three years ago. Miss MacDonald had been retired from the screen several years at the time of her marriage and in that time she had been devoting herself to the manufacture of beauty articles. Holmes, it is said, was not in sympathy with his wife's professional or business career. When she came as a bride to his magnificent Featherhill estate, she retired to private life—a "privacy" that ended in a burst of headline material far more sensational than her career had ever evoked.

Katherine MacDonald states that it is only in the past year that Holmes's cruelty developed into physical danger to herself. The climax approached, she charges, on the evening of April 20, 1931. About ten o'clock that evening, she relates, she suggested to her husband that they retire, whereupon she went to her own room. For reasons unknown to her, Holmes flew into an uncontrollable rage, and made several threatening gestures, she says. She claims she was forced to climb out a window and take refuge in their eighteen-months-old daughter's nursery.

But her husband's rage was not the only phase of his temperament that she had to fear, she further alleges. On another occasion, she charges, he called to her: "Come here, darling." Believing him to be in an affectionate and friendly mood, she continues, she advanced toward him. Unexpectedly, he raised a snake-skin walking cane in his hand, threw her to the floor, and beat her severely with the stick about the legs and thighs.



International Newsreel

Christian H. Holmes, wealthy and socially prominent husband of Katherine MacDonald, is a polo enthusiast

On another occasion, she claims, her husband grasped her hand, pressed a burning cigarette into the skin until it was seared, then struck her when she cried out.

"I can no longer stand such cruelty," she says. "I do not believe my life, nor my child's, to be safe under that roof."

In her divorce complaint she asked custody of their child, five thousand dollars temporary alimony and a share of his estate, valued at one and a half million dollars.

In a cross-complaint denying the charges, Holmes states that it was his wife who exhibited the ungovernable and dangerous temper. According to his counter-charge, his wife treated his friends with "great discourtesy," causing him "extreme shame, humiliation and impairment of health."

It is up to the California courts to choose between their stories.

Whatever the verdict, to the world at large this is a disillusioning end of a legend that has for years had the makings of popular romance—the proverbial yarn of Beauty and the millionaire!

Such a legend has inspired novelists, songwriters and playwrights and made millionaires of them.

◆ TWO GIRLS ARE RIVALS FOR ONE MAN'S LOVE ◆

WILL CARMEN PANTAGES WED JOHN CONSIDINE, JR.?

ALL HOLLYWOOD WONDERS WHETHER CARMEN PANTAGES OR JOAN BENNETT WILL BE FILM EXECUTIVE'S BRIDE

AT THE moment all Hollywood is wondering which girl will be Mrs. John Considine, Jr.—Carmen Pantages, to whom he was once engaged, or Joan Bennett, who, rumor whispers, has already had two wedding gowns made, only to lay them aside because they went out of style before they were needed. Although Carmen can't play a game of tennis without being interrupted to answer John's 'phone calls, still it was Joan over whom Considine and John Gilbert are said to have had words recently. "He divides his time between them," says Hollywood.

Duncan

Spurr

Above, Carmen Pantages, who is rumored to have the inside track to the heart of John Considine Jr., right, prominent film executive

An intense drama is being played in Hollywood to-day, with Carmen Pantages the heroine; with the film colony the audience. Fate handed this young girl the difficult rôle of innocent bystander in a family tragedy. She is playing it superbly.

She was happily preparing to marry John Considine, Jr., brilliant young film executive, when a bombshell exploded with shouts of "Extra! Extra!" Mrs. Alexander Pantages, wife of the multi-millionaire showman and mother of Carmen, was involved. There had been a serious motor mishap—a man had been killed.

Weeks of court procedure kept Carmen at her mother's side, sharing anxious hours in a crowded courtroom. "Guilty of manslaughter" was the verdict, sentence was pronounced, a long parole was granted.

Before Carmen had readjusted herself and could recover from a series of sordid episodes for which she had not been prepared, again came shrill cries of newsboys. Her father had been made the central figure of an unsavory scandal.

Again Carmen faced unwelcome limelight with tremendous poise. Again she sat beside a parent—this time her father. Again she faced a barrage of cameras but the world never saw for one moment the turmoil and suffering this young, sensitive girl was enduring.

There was a moment when Carmen faced a tremendous crisis. Either she had to be submerged by the notoriety that engulfed the Pantages name or rise courageously above it all. She chose the latter.

As soon as she realized the responsibilities that were being crowded onto her shoulders, she broke her engagement. This caused more gossip in the colony. And again Carmen was the actress. She said nothing and would not allow Considine to make any public explanation of what had happened.

Then, when friends were gradually getting her to accept more social invitations her father was again brought into court in the world-famous San Diego "love-mart" case. Carmen spent most of her time commuting between the Pantages mansion in Los Angeles and a San Diego hotel where Mrs. Pantages was residing during the recent trial, which ended in a jury disagreement.

She explains her course very simply. "I knew I had something to face for someone I loved—there was only one course to take. To-day I feel almost beyond pain—I've endured so much. There's a time when you just can't suffer any more."

Why did she break her engagement?

"I felt my parents needed me. How could I think of establishing another home under such conditions? I did what I knew was right. Johnnie has been a wonderful friend, standing close at all times." There is a rumor that the broken engagement may soon be renewed, but she refused to confirm it. She only smiled.

"I found out one thing—I know my real friends now. They have been loyal. Others have talked. That is one of the things that made me very self-conscious. When I went out, I had that awful feeling that people were saying, 'There she is'—spreading all sorts of stories about my troubles. My friends have been perfectly wonderful. Marion Davies, particularly."

Alexander and Lois Pantages, while they may have incurred notoriety in the eyes of the world, have not failed in commanding a loyalty and love from their children and especially from this young girl. In the first flush of her débutante triumphs, she has been placed in a position where she could readily be excused for any resentment she might display—and she has not displayed any. She has been game. And maybe John Considine, Jr., thinks so, too.

BY HARRY D. WILSON

BATH BEGAN AS PRESS STUNT BUT FIFI GOT A SUMMONS

STAR LEAPS IN FOUNTAIN AND NEARLY GOES TO JAIL

FIFI DORSAY WENT BATHING IN HEART OF INDIANAPOLIS—BUT ARREST WAS "BEEG MEESTAKE"

By DOROTHEA CARTWRIGHT

FIFI DORSAY nearly went to jail less than an hour after she arrived in Indianapolis for a week of Public appearances. But it was just one beeg meestake!

It all began in Louisville, where she was met by a newspaperman Mr. Callabar, manager of the Lyric Theater in Indianapolis, who brought her by plane to the Hoosier capital. During the journey, her escorts unfolded their plan for what might be the most spectacular of Fifi's many publicity escapades.

At the Indianapolis airport a fire truck was waiting to convey Fifi to the Lincoln Hotel, where she was to make her headquarters. As they clanged toward the majestic Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument in the heart of the city, Fifi spied the cascades of water tumbling into fountains on two sides of it. She suddenly halted her startling equipage and with a shriek of delight dashed to the nearest pool.

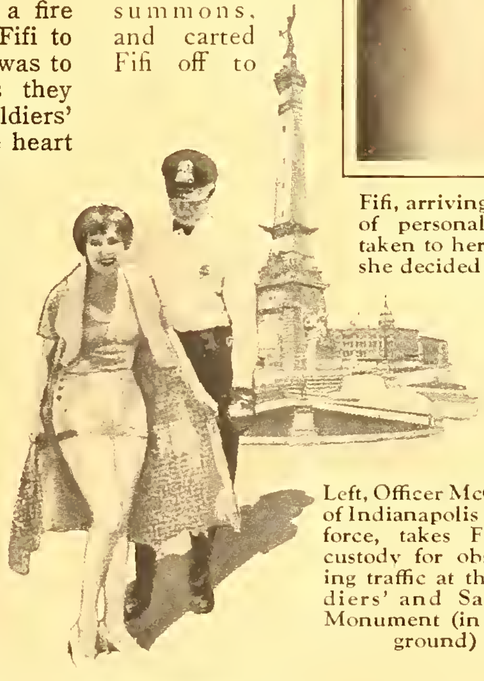
Acting on one of those well-planned little impulses, she peeled off her blue-figured white crepe dress and white sport hat, kicked off her slippers, and—"accidentally" clad in a very lavender bathing-suit—jumped into the water for a swim! She never, never dreamed that a half-dozen newspaper reporters and photographers might be mixed in with the hundreds of persons who jammed the streets for a glimpse of Hollywood at its sprightliest.

It "just happened," too, that one Mr. McCarty, probably the handsomest motorcycle policeman on the Indianapolis force, was the one who dashed up at his proper cue. He ordered Fifi out in his stern way, and started to arrest her for blocking traffic. He unkindly remarked at the same time that she was liable to a five-hundred dollar fine and thirty days in the local bastille!

Badly scared, Fifi volubly explained in very broken English just who she was. Officer McCarty, well-coached in his dialogue, popped back right smartly with, "Tell that to the judge!"

Opportunely, the theater manager suddenly appeared in the rôle of savior, made explanations, accepted a summons, and carted Fifi off to her hotel to await the second act of the little off-stage comedy.

Fifi, arriving in Indianapolis for a week of personal appearances, was being taken to her hotel on a fire truck when she decided to plunge into the fountain



Left, Officer McCarty, of Indianapolis police force, takes Fifi in custody for obstructing traffic at the Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument (in background)

Courtesy of Indianapolis Star

Fade-in on Room 3 of the Police Court that afternoon, with mobs battling for an eyeful. The stage was all set. Up stepped a French lawyer with Fifi who was clad in nifty brown-and-white and was well-decorated with her inevitable scarlet lipstick. A solemn judge presided. The Prosecutor called Fifi's name, and stated her crime. Judge Cameron demanded sternly what defense she had to offer.

Laughing heartily, Fifi answered in her rapid, broken English, "Pleese excuse eet, Judge! Eet is all so ver-ry funny. Ne-vaire have I been arres' before, an' eet make me laugh all the time!"

Trying to hide the amused twitching of his mouth, the judge sonorously reminded her that she had more than committed a technical offence—she had outraged the Monument, so sacred to Hoosier hearts. It stands majestically in the exact center of the city, and the streets are laid radially from it. It has one of those very solemn histories. Dedications and other public demonstrations are conducted in its august shadow—but never, never public bathing *à la* Fifi!

She listened with mischievous attention. "But *that* I did not know," she protested at last. "I am all-so-stranger here. The day she is so hot, an' the water look so cool—well, so in I had to jump—jus' like that!"

The judge laughed in spite of himself. "I guess you didn't do much harm," he said. "The charges are dismissed."

And so, amid a cheering throng, our Fifi departed.

That's the combined story of Fifi, Mr. Callabar, the handsome officer, and a few reporters. But in telling her version, Fifi insists on one point: She knew it was all a publicity stunt, yes; and she thought it sounded good, indeed. But the one detail her publicity man forgot to mention was the fact that she was to be arrested!

Which was just too bad for—the publicity man.

By AUDREY RIVERS

Sylvia keeps in trim with her own set of calisthenics

FAMOUS MASSEUSE DENIES SHE HAS OFFENDED STARS

SYLVIA ULBECK TOLD ON PLAYERS WHOSE WEIGHT SHE HAS REDUCED—"ALL IN FUN," HER VERSION

THAT'S her job, of course—slapping the stars. "Getting the lard off 'em," Sylvia puts it with startling frankness. Most of the biggest stars—in point of fame you understand, not poundage—have been under Sylvia's strong, magic-working hands at one time or another. Her walls are lined with photographs of Beauteous Ladies, affectionately and gratefully inscribed to her.

But these ladies aren't affectionate any longer. Some of them, anyway. Because they have been reading what Sylvia had to say about them and their waist measures, their appetites and their caloric crimes in a series of startling articles in a widely-read weekly. The ones who haven't already read about themselves have been trembling for fear of what Sylvia might say next. For nobody has kept any secrets from Sylvia.

And now she has told what she knows for a sum that is variously reported anywhere from fourteen to twenty-two thousand dollars. "That's backslapping in Hollywood at its worst," some wisecracker has put it.

"Nobody—*nobody* will ever go to her again!" emphatically declares Hedda Hopper, who claims the distinction of having introduced Sylvia to Hollywood—and fame and fortune. She was, says Hedda, a struggling little foreign masseuse before Hedda broadcast her powers, as a result of which Sylvia was hired at the princely salary of twenty thousand a year to look after the figures of Pathé stars. Hedda is particularly wroth at what Sylvia had to tell about Marie Dressler and Ina Claire, Hedda's buddies.

"She can't live forever on what they paid her for her articles. After she has spent it, what then?" says another irate star. "She's *through* in Hollywood absolutely! In fact, she isn't *in* Hollywood any longer. She is in New York. She hasn't dared to stay and face the people she has been writing about!"

At the left Sylvia demonstrates to Ann Harding how she keeps the stars looking beautiful, while, below, she demonstrates the slenderizing process to Mary Lewis

We called the telephone number of Sylvia Ulbeck—WHitley 1813—and a cheery voice with a strong Swedish accent answered.

"Me in New York, darling? How can that be when I'm here pounding Vicki Baum this minute? You tell everybody for me: Sylvia she doesn't run away from anything! I am of a race that doesn't run. If anybody has anything to say to me, I'm here. If they want to give me a sock on the jaw, they can find me right where I've always been, and busy, too, thank God! I've never been busier. I got grand ladies now—Dolores Del Rio and Estelle Taylor and Sidney Fox and like that.

"You say three stars have called their lawyers about suing me? It's the firs' I heard about it! Listen why should anybody be angry about what I write about them? I got a letter right here from a professor at Berkeley. He says, 'Your articles are fresh and charming and touch a new note.

"See, here is a grand letter. From Dorothy Mackaill who isn't mad at me for writing about her. She says, 'Dear Sylvia, thanks for the swell boost you gave me. I adore you. Dorothy.' Madame Jeritza, too, who was in one of my articles, she writes me, 'Sylvia, you are a clever woman and a good guy.' Mary Duncan got a great laugh, reading what I said about her. But Mary is one of the good sports.

"No, no, darling. You tell everybody Sylvia is right here in Hollywood to stay. And doing business as usual, thank God!

Listen! If I told *all* I know about some of these stars, it would be different, but the little things I tell—pooh! They are only funny, not bad!"

Perhaps nothing that has happened in Hollywood in recent months has caused the stir that Sylvia Ulbeck's revelations have produced. Little else is talked of at parties or over luncheon tables.

LOOKING THEM OVER

GOSSIP FROM THE WEST COAST

By Dorothy Manners

Ray Jones

When the late hot wave struck California (yes, it did!) Mae Clarke kept cool by parking in front of a breezy fan

CLARK GABLE has them fluttering hard in Hollywood, too. **Joan Crawford** comes right out and admits that she wouldn't mind if the stalwart Gable supported her in every picture she makes. **Alice White** is "just crazy" to meet him. Even got-'em-guessing-Garbo is not immune to the Gable presence in her new picture.

But the big surprise is the enthusiasm displayed by little **Janet Gaynor.**

"I knew him WHEN," she boasted at a recent party where Gable and his shoulders were the subject of discussion. "We used to work 'extra' together out at the Roach studio. He drove a big, blue car and once he gave me a ride back to Hollywood after I had missed my trolley. Do you suppose," asked **Janet** with big, wide eyes, "that if I met him now, he would remember *me?*"

FRANCES DEE and **Howard Hughes** are stepping out together since Hughes went into free-lance social activity after his **Billie Dove** romance.

Lillian Bond is another girl whose name has been linked with the leading Catch of Hollywood. When asked if their interest in one another was serious, **Lillian** is quoted as saying: "Gee, I wish it were!"

It was **Frances Dee,** however, who helped **Howard** receive his guests aboard his big yacht recently when the Texas millionaire threw a cruising party for twenty young folk. It was not a Hollywood crowd. Most of them were young men and "debs" from the Los Angeles social world.

Hal Phyfe

Mae Marsh has been off the screen thirteen years, but that doesn't make her *this* old. It's her make-up for "Over the Hill"

C. S. Bull

This is how Jackie Cooper wheedles ice cream cones from Louis B. Mayer. He's about to be *Skippy* again in "Sooky"

NOW it's **Dorothy Lee** and **Joel McCrea** you keep hearing about.

The former wife of **Jimmy Fidler** and the former boy-friend of **Constance Bennett** are at that stage of dreamily gazing into each other's eyes while dancing-and holding hands while dining.

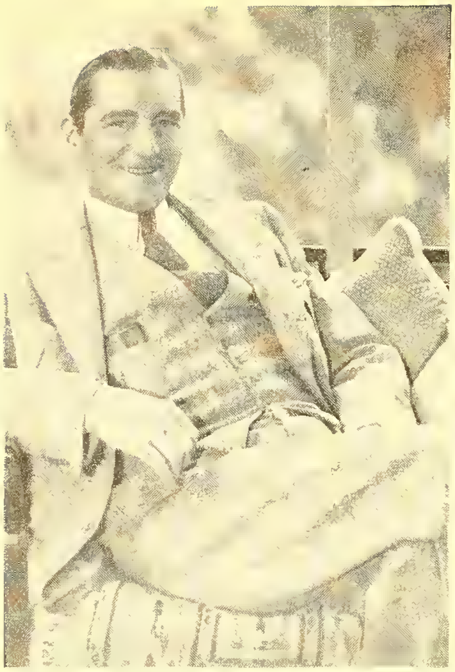
The day **Dorothy** got her divorce from **Jimmy,** she and **Joel** stepped up to the Roosevelt Roof. What did **Dorothy** wear? Well, she seemed to be completely wrapped up in **Joel.**

They make a cute, collegiate-looking couple, even though **Dorothy** does strike the tall **Joel** just about the knee caps.

WHILE **Constance Bennett** is vacationing in Europe, her best girl-friend in Hollywood, **Eileen Percy,** is living at her beach house. **Eileen,** by the way, is making a come-back in "Wicked"—as is **Mae Busch.**

JOAN CRAWFORD has not used face powder for several years. It was **Joan,** you know, who started the suntanned, oily skin fad. But a few days ago **Joan** showed up at the studio wearing a nice coating of dark powder across her nose. It was so becoming that **Joan** has taken up the powder puff practice again. She is also darkening her new blonde hair just the least bit.

NEWS AND VIEWS OF



Dyar

William (Stage) Boyd isn't smiling away rumors that Paramount is building him into a star. In fact, he's happy to admit it

SAW **Billie** Dove dining with a girl-friend the other evening at the Beverly-Wilshire. **Billie** was in all-white and for some reason or other looked like a sad angel. Since her **Howard** Hughes romance struck a snag, **Billie** has not been stepping out in public with other gentlemen. We've seen her three times—and each time with another girl.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, Jr., who was chubby several months ago, has lost so much weight that he is giving **Bob** Montgomery a run for beanpole honors. Some people think **Doug** is too thin, the old meanies.

Fryer

Just as a matter of form, Marian Marsh gives you an idea of why Cleopatra was a queen. The black locks don't belong to Marian

THERE has been some talk that **Loretta** Young and **Ricardo** Cortez are That Way about each other. And it's true that **Loretta** and **Ric** have lunched together a couple of times at the Brown Derby.

But usually when we see **Ricardo** stepping out in the evening, he is accompanied by a pretty society girl (these gals from the social register are playing havoc with our most eligible young men).

Saw **Larry** Gray dining the other evening at the Cocoanut Grove with **Peggy** Morrow, who is pretty enough to be a movie actress, but is content with the reputation of being the prettiest débutante in Los Angeles.

MAE CLARKE has joined the Thalians (film folks' club) and the fact that **Henry** Freulich is a member is said to have had something definite to do with it.

As soon as her divorce from **Lew** Brice becomes final, the folks are expecting **Mae** to become Mrs. Freulich out of studio hours. **Mae** is one girl Hollywood is pulling for. She hasn't had an awful lot of fun out of life. Maybe it's her turn.

SALLY O'NEIL and **Lewis** Milestone, of the "All Quiet on the Western Front" and "Front Page" Milestones, are hitting it off nicely.

Directors have always seemed to be a weakness with **Sally**.

When **Blanche** Sweet divorced **Marshall** Neilan, **Sally** and **Mickey** were expected to step into matrimony.

But now Milestone appears to be holding **Sally's** Irish interest and **Mickey** is definitely out of the picture.

Sally's sister, Molly O'day, who is also much thinner, is also hiking along the road to romance again. Her companion is James Dunn, the sensation of "Bad Girl."

THE former home of **John** McCormick and **Colleen** Moore has gone on the market at the asking price of three hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. As **Al** Jolson remarked, "That is 'some' asking."

George Duryea became Tom Keene—and now they're saying he has a Keene future

JOHN GILBERT has two more pictures to make for M-G-M. With their completion there is a possibility that he will no longer be an M-G-M figure.

It is said that there has been a disagreement, brought about when **Jack** refused to take a salary cut.

Clark Gable may step into the starring niche **Jack** may leave vacant.

Fryer

Do you like your comediénnes blonde or brunette? Or can't you decide—with Joan Blondell and Lillian Bond both looking you in the eye?

HOLLYWOOD TODAY

NORMA SHEARER is back in Hollywood after a three-months' vacation in Europe—and what smart clothes our **Norma** is wearing!

She alighted from the train in Pasadena (Hollywood has no railroad station) wearing a stunning black-and-white print dress, two silver fox furs adorned with an orchid corsage, a very tricky three-cornered hat of black, and an enormous black handbag.

Norma and **Irving** Thalberg have rented one of Bebe Daniels' beach houses until their own is completed.

It's just one vacation after another for some folks. But Norma, they say, is going to do Eugene O'Neill's "Strange Interlude"—and *that* won't be any vacation!

Kornman

Ken Maynard goes in for action pictures even if in front of a "still" camera. He makes work out of a game of tennis—and keeps fit

OLD Dame Rumor can step up and take a bow on the news of the separation of the **Lawrence** Tibbetts.

For some time it has been whispered around that all was not well in the home of the opera-movie-star and his wife. When Mrs. Tibbett went to Europe last year, it was expected she would file a suit for divorce in Paris—but the actual break-up did not come until **Larry** arrived in Hollywood just recently.

Mrs. Tibbett says there is no other woman—and that Hollywood is not particularly to blame. "Too much success in any field does not seem to mix so well with domestic life" is her reason for her suit, based on incompatibility.

George O'Brien is a hombre you want to watch in the talkie version of "Riders of the Purple Sage"

Dyar

The Orientals also know a thing or two about holding hands. At least, this is the way Anna May Wong looks in "Daughter of the Dragon"

Evalyn Knapp sprained her back, but it's now healing—which means that the brunette will soon be back to rival blonde Marian Marsh (right)

SEEN and Heard:

Anna *May Wong, in a stunning pair of Chinese lounging pajamas, entertaining at tea.*

Marlene *Dietrich entertaining her small daughter,* **Maria,** *at luncheon in her dressing-room.*

Lawrence *Tibbett and* **John** *Miljan planning a vacation trip to the desert together.*

Gary *Cooper's father introducing himself to* **Miriam** *Hopkins on the Paramount lot and telling her how much he enjoyed her work in "The Smiling Lieutenant."*

Jack *Oakie in white duck beach pants and an old sweater dropping into a picture show to see "Night Nurse."*

All the ushers greeting him with: "Hello, **Jack.**"

FRANK FAY is just a little "burned" over these stories that it is his "selfishness" that is taking **Barbara** Stanwyck away from the screen. **Frank** says his return to New York had nothing to do with his wife's contract troubles.

But Hollywood, which insists on being romantic about the affair, says **Barbara** is using "contract difficulties" merely as a good excuse to do what she wants to do—follow **Frank** to the Big Town.

THE birth of **Bebe** Daniels' baby may revive the famous "Act-of-God" case that caused such an uproar when **Helen** Hayes left the cast of "Coquette" for the birth of her baby.

Both **Bebe** and Warner Brothers, to whom she is contracted, deny there is any difficulty over **Bebe's** "time out" from studio work. But the newspapers keep the story alive that there is a clause in the contract stating that if the player is not able to report for work for several

(*Continued on page 64*)

TAKING IN

LARRY REID'S SLANT

MERELY MARY ANN

This picture was intended as a test. If Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell—both married now—still made the fans sigh for them, they would continue to star together. They couldn't have had a more likely vehicle for the crucial test. Janet again is a little slavey, slaving away in a cheap boarding-house where Charlie is starving away as a struggling young composer. Together they dream of someday being rich, when Janet suddenly becomes an heiress. Left alone, Charlie pours his love into his music and writes a great opera—and Janet, of course, attends the triumphant opening. It's sentimental romance from start to finish—but what more would you ask from Janet and Charlie? Even the music satisfies, and Beryl Mercer delights as the landlady.

THE ROAD TO SINGAPORE

This is William Powell's first picture for Warner Brothers and one of his best in many a moon. The secret is: he has a chance to be emotional. He sheds his dress clothes and becomes real. He sheds his suavity and becomes human. And he gets away from night-clubs and boudoirs into a new setting. On a ship that is taking him back to his plantation in the South Seas, he meets Doris Kenyon, who is on her way back to her husband, a doctor in the Orient. It is a novelty to see Powell so much in love that he will even resort to trickery in an effort to win her. When she later returns to him, and he asks her to be sure of the step she is taking, he is less convincing. But all in all, the story packs a punch.

HUCKLEBERRY FINN

Like "Skippy," this is rare entertainment. It has Something that will appeal to everyone. Like "Skippy," also, it was directed by Norman Taurog—which may explain matters. And the fact that it sticks closely to the original story by Mark Twain is another thing in its favor. It is even better than "Tom Sawyer"; it has more humor, more drama, more color. The cast is practically the same, with Junior Durkin playing *Huck;* Jackie Coogan, *Tom;* Jackie Searl, "*Cry Baby*" *Sidney Sawyer;* and Mitzi Green, *Becky Thatcher.* As before, first honors go to Junior, who is more real than any of the others—as Eugene Pallette, who drifts down the Mississippi with the boys, is the most believable grown-up.

THE STAR WITNESS

At last—a picture that gives a thought to how gangland might touch you—and you—and you. And excellent entertainment it is. Seven members of a typical American family unwillingly witness a gangland slaying, later willingly identify the murderer from Rogues' Gallery portraits. The gangsters first torture the father, then kidnap his little boy to silence the family. All are silenced except Grandpa, a Grand Army vet, who's still an old war-horse—a rôle played for all it is worth by Chic Sale (of "Specialist" renown). His performance overtops that of Walter Huston, billed above him, but more or less "stuck" with another District Attorney rôle. Grant Mitchell and Frances Starr are quietly true-to-life as the frightened parents.

THE TALKIES

ON THE LATEST FILMS

AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY

Theodore Dreiser tried to prevent the showing of "An American Tragedy," claiming that the present film version could not compare with his literary effort. The courts turned him down, but Mr. Dreiser was not so far wrong. Practically all of the material in the first volume of the two-volume novel is omitted, thus destroying the tragic motivation for what follows. However, director Von Sternberg has done well with the super-sexed material remaining—particularly the courtroom scene. Phillips Holmes is rather colorless as the weakling hero; Sylvia Sidney is appealing as the tortured *Roberta;* Frances Dee is an attractive *Sondra.* But the best acting is done by Irving Pichel, as the ambitious prosecutor.

BAD GIRL

"Bad Girl," as a novel, was a best-seller because it was brutally frank. The picture will be a hit for entirely different reasons. It's the best transcription of Young Love that the talkies have produced. The story, you remember, revolves around a couple of city youngsters who fall terribly in love, marry in haste, and soon learn that they are about to have a child—which each thinks the other does not want. Without getting clinical about childbirth (as the novel did), the picture traces their route through a series of misunderstandings to eventual happiness—and a highly interesting route it is. Sally Eilers, becoming a better actress with every picture, is the girl, and James Dunn—a newcomer you want to watch—is the boy. Frank ("Seventh Heaven") Borzage directed.

SPORTING BLOOD

Years ago, someone wrote a story about race horses and their followers and producers have abided by the original model ever since. "Sporting Blood" also follows the familiar formula, but if you don't go prepared, you're likely to have a good time. The career of the beautiful horse, which captures the attention of sportsmen and crooks alike, is well worth watching. For one thing, Clark Gable is the lad who thickens the plot, playing the rôle of a gambler who dupes his friends and dopes race-horses. You wouldn't think even Gable could do much with such a part, but he does. Madge Evans, the child star who grew up to be a talented adult, is a satisfying heroine. And the actual race scenes are much more exciting than any newsreel.

THE GREAT LOVER

"The Great Lover" fits Adolphe Menjou like one of his own tailored suits. At bottom, it is the sort of picture that he used to do in silent days—but he never did it like this before. In fact, he almost seems to be making sly fun of the old-time Menjou. He has never been more amusing than as the dandified opera star who labors under the illusion that he has a power over women. In addition, he is given excellent support by such capable players as Neil Hamilton, as his most dangerous rival; Irene Dunne, as the woman who captures him; Baclanova and Lillian Bond as two would-be sirens; and Ernest Torrence and Cliff Edwards in character rôles. The "opera" music that breaks into the story does not seem to retard it one bit.

I Hope to Marry Again

Says Ronald Colman, who doesn't expect to find a wife in Hollywood—and who also claims he's no mystery man

By FAITH SERVICE

Alexander

Ronald Colman says most of the movie marriages are absurd — a waste of the ministers' time

"I BELIEVE that marriage is out-of-date to-day," said Ronald Colman. "But until some substitute is found, it must go on—and should go on. By 'marriage' I mean a home and children. I should like to have children—and the right kind of marriage. I doubt that the right kind can be found in Hollywood. Most of the movie marriages are absurd—a mere waste of the ministers' time.

"If ever I am a divorced man, I shall hope to marry again. If I am not divorced sometime within the next ten years or so, I shall retire from the screen and live a life of sin. And, again, I may not. I should not care to have sinners for neighbors. An unpleasant lot—"

Ronald Colman—one of the hardest men in the world to approach—was not "confessing" or trying to shock anybody. He was dead in earnest. He was telling things that he has been thinking—but not saying—for a long time, mostly about himself, Ronald Colman in person.

It all came out during an inquiry to discover if he is—or is not—a Man of Mystery. He is not. Emphatically not.

This cool, poised Englishman who mystifies most of Hollywood—particularly the feminine contingent—blames the Mystery-Man "myth" on the movie town's urge to find a tag for every personality. Clara Bow is "The It Girl." Garbo is "The Sphinx." Chaney was "The Man of a Thousand Faces." Valentino was "The Great Lover." And he, alas, is "The Mystery-Man"—when he isn't being "The Woman-Hater" or "The Hermit."

"The title was born in the publicity department, of course. Great stuff. 'Selling your personality,' and all that. I forget just how it started, or why. I think they used the 'Man of Mystery' line to tie up with some character I was playing. 'Man of Mystery'—he has been following me ever since."

Well, he doesn't seem to crave the limelight, exactly. The Man-of-Mystery gag must be a protection at times.

"Not altogether. People resent that sort of stuff—too much of it. The reaction is, 'Who is this fellow to strut about as a Man of Mystery? It sounds high-falutin' and pretentious.' I am neither of those unpleasant things, I hope."

What is he then? What is his own estimate of himself?

That was a poser. Ronald paused, rubbed his chin with the back of his hand, and looked slightly embarrassed and slightly amused, thinking himself over.

"It's hard to say. I suppose I am a cross between a business man and an actor—rather evenly balanced. With a dash of the beauty-lover thrown in. I must be an actor, or I wouldn't have stuck to it for ten years and more. Perhaps there is something in heredity."

(Ronald is descended from the historic Colmans, father and son, who were playwrights and theatrical producers in Eighteenth Century England.)

"I was trained for engineering. I didn't stick to the training. I was doing well as a stage juvenile when the War broke out. It just happened that I turned to the stage instead of, say, chain grocery stores. Instinct, I suppose you'd call it. Or emotionalism.

"I am a business man because I care about the substantial, commercial value of my wares. I am enormously interested in the actual work of selling them. I am not interested in the details that have to be taken care of off the set—the publicity demands, for instance. It takes love of your work to give a half-hour a day to the actual doing of it and the rest of the time to the necessary, but distasteful side-lines.

"I believe that I have a dash of the beauty-lover in me because I care about books and music and funny things like sunsets and the sea—"

No Great Ambition

WHAT, if anything, is his great ambition?

"Oh, I think the War did away with that. It set me drifting aimlessly. More a lack of direction than a lack of caring. One day I think that I shall be a writer. The next day, I think I do not care very much about authorship and perhaps I had better go back to the stage. The day after that, I change my mind and decide upon a life of travel."

Does he really dodge publicity, avoid meeting people, shun premières and parties and all the carnival life of dear old Hollywood—or is that just a publicity myth, too?

"I object to most publicity. I have a fondness for dignity. I know that publicity is necessary to us actors, of course. When I was on the stage, beginning, I was told

(*Continued on page 70*)

Autrey

MAID OUT OF WHOLE CLOTH

It's silks and satins for Rosalie Roy from now on. This little redhead from Texas came to the movie town to become an extra—and has become a featured player, instead. The thousands of other girls who will wonder how she did it will have a chance to see in "She Wanted a Millionaire"—her third picture

Hal Phyfe

JOAN BENNETT HAS REASON FOR THAT PLAINTIVE LOOK

Just as critics were saying she had done the best acting of her career in "Hush Money," and just as she was starting "She Wanted a Millionaire," Joan Bennett fell from a horse and fractured a hip. She will not be able to work again for weeks, perhaps months. But John Considine, Jr., who seems to favor first Joan and then Carmen Pantages, is now devoting his time to the invalid Joan. None of her admirers and friends can resist her plaintive appeal

GRETA NISSEN—THE VIKING VIXEN

But don't let her hear you calling her Swedish. This Greta will have you know she's Norwegian. In any case, she's a natural blonde and a natural attraction. She was a star in silents — and she's on her way to stardom in talkies, after three years away from Hollywood. Did you know that she designs her own clothes, wears no make-up off the screen, and is reported to bob her own hair?

Portraits by Hal Phyfe

In her first two talkies, Greta was given rôles that made allowance for her accent. But she's keeping strictly to herself, studying those English lessons, as well as avoiding all engagement rumors. So it won't be long before she has an American part—particularly after playing opposite such an All-American as Will Rogers in "The Ambassador from the U. S."

Hurrell

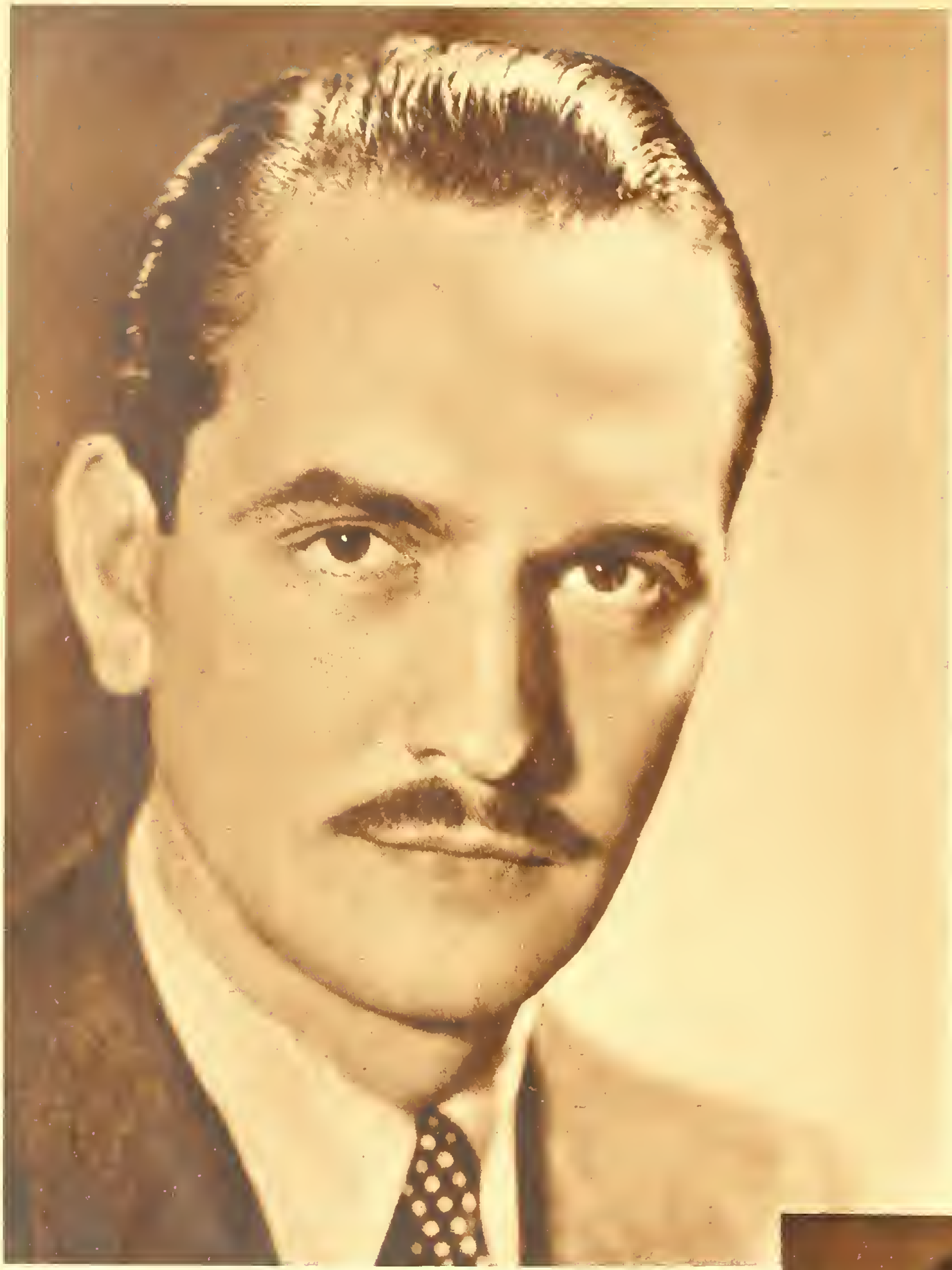
BOB MONTGOMERY TAKES IT EASY NOW

He had to work hard to get where he is—but now Bob can afford to sit down once in a while and think things over. Let's hope he's giving a thought to playing something besides the cheerful wastrel — amusing though the type may be. The folks would hate to see the boy from Beacon get stuck in a rut. How do you like the Montgomery cravat? Original—that's Bob. That's why he's an author on the side

Schoenbaum

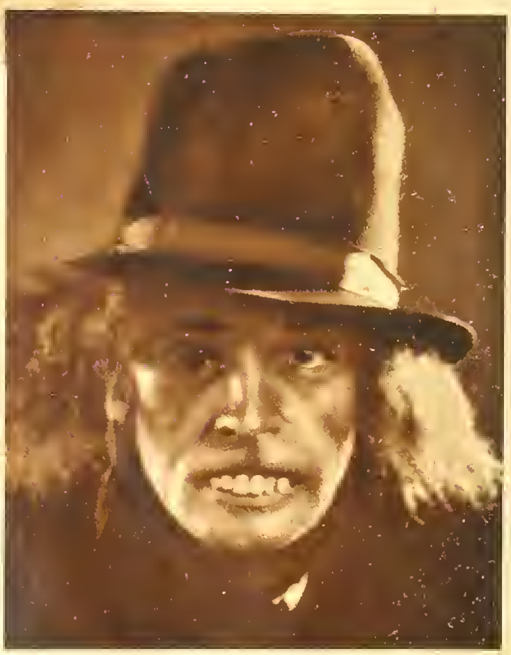
POLA'S GATEWAY TO DREAMS

This picture tells you—better than words—how happy Pola is to be back. She can't get enough of the California sunlight and the balmy air of Santa Monica. All day she sits in the gateway of her beach house and dreams—with never a line of worry on her face about the comeback she is going to make in "A Woman Commands"



Shalitt

Fredric March Can Play Those Roles That John Barrymore Made Famous



Fredric March has shaved off that becoming lip-decoration! But the big news is why he did it. The March mustache, you remember, was acquired for "The Royal Family," in which he gave a perfect take-off of John Barrymore. (John, himself, admits it.) But that amusing satire proved that whatever John did, Freddie could also do—and cost him his mustache. For he has been assigned to make the talkie version of John's biggest hit in silents—"Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." The hideous fiend at the right is our Freddie, prowling around as Mr. Hyde

Watch Out For Miriam Hopkins!

She stole the picture from Chevalier and there's no mistake that she spells danger to plenty of feminine stars--none of whom can afford to be temperamental now. For Miriam is ready to star at a moment's notice

BY NANCY PRYOR

Shalitt

WHEN the gossip leaked out that Miriam Hopkins and Claudette Colbert had cuffed each other just a little harder than was necessary in the "slapping" scene of "The Smiling Lieutenant," Hollywood sat up and began asking questions about Miriam.

It just goes to prove what a bit of gossip will do for a little girl trying to get along in the talkies.

The picture was made in the East, and it was impossible to confirm the rumor. But when Hollywood finally glimpsed the film, and, moreover, saw Miriam in person at the opening—well, the slaps *did* seem realistic.

Hollywood chuckled and immediately set the Hopkins down as an intriguing and slightly dangerous lady—which counts more in this town than merely being a good actress (though the folks are certainly taking nothing from Miriam on that score). So far as the first-night audience was concerned, Miriam wrapped Chevalier's picture under her slim white arm and walked away with it.

The slapping episode has been nicely smoothed over by both girls—if you care for smoothed-over episodes. "Absurd," is what the poised Colbert called the rumor. "Miss Colbert is a lovely girl," Miriam is quoted as saying. But the fact still remains that Miriam looks as if she could take care of herself in any company.

Hollywood further pricked up its ears about the newest picture-stealer when it heard that the lady had smilingly reached across a luncheon table, had shaken hands with smiling Austin Parker, her husband and a playwright and wartime aviator, and had said something to this effect:

"It's quits then, Austin—but you're a great pal."

Decidedly a new way of doing the thing! Here was a lady worth knowing—and watching.

Doesn't Look Dangerous

SHE doesn't look the dangerous type. Not particularly. She isn't mysterious. To the contrary, she has a gay, Southern manner. When she laughs, she giggles just a bit. She can't be an inch over five feet and she's blonde and soft and altogether feminine. Because she isn't strictly a beauty, she can afford to run her hands impatiently through her hair and not give a whoop that the only wave that's left is a natural one.

She talks a lot—and rapidly. Like all nervous, restless people, she has a quick temper. She has ten thousand things on her mind. Yet through her impatience the Hopkins giggle runs like quicksilver, giving a humorous slant on observations that might be complaints in anyone else.

Yes, she likes Hollywood. That is, it's safe to say she likes it, though she really hasn't had time to give the matter any real consideration. Her house at the beach isn't settled yet, but it's grand and cool down there, especially when one reads of the ghastly heat in New York. But heat, or no heat, New York is New York. It would take more than what she has seen so far to swerve her allegiance from the town where she starred for so many years. In spite of her two pictures—"Fast and Loose" and the Chevalier film—she still considers herself a "stage actress." Is she going to continue to do stage shows between pictures? Well, hardly! She'll do pictures between stage shows.

She has not had much time to become acquainted with players or to renew friendships with people she had known on Broadway. Oh, yes, she *had* run across Vivienne Osborne in the wardrobe department.

"It's funny," she commented, "about that meeting. Vivienne was being fitted into a slinky black dress just

(*Continued on page 72*)

The Screen's Best Gangster

Jimmy Cagney's in a class by himself when it comes to playing gangsters. He makes these public enemies real because he lived among them. They may be on the spot—but the spotlight is on Jimmy

Fryer

BY CHARLES GRAYSON

The Slant on Jimmy Cagney

He is 27 years old and was born on New York's lower East Side. Grew up with tough neighborhood gangs—some of his boyhood pals are rated as public enemies, while he became the screen's Public Enemy. Attended Columbia University, but left to join musical show. Worked up to dramatic parts on the stage and jumped to the movies. After gangster rôles he says he's definitely typed as roughneck. Receives amazing fan mail from young girls who adore his brutality. Is married—his wife being a former dancer who gave up career. Is handy with his fists and carries a knockout punch. Although Irish, he can speak Jewish fluently. Loves to nibble on sweets and is crazy over cookies. Can carry on a highbrow conversation, but can also talk the language of the man in the street. Is not thrilled by seeing his name in type or in lights.

JAMES CAGNEY was born July 17, 1904, the son of John Cagney of Cagney's Saloon on Avenue D, near East Eighth Street, in New York. Like the offspring of many liquor dealers, he does not drink. He saw too much of it when he was that hard little Jimmy Cagney, the terror of Avenue A. Nor does he smoke.

He was a tough kid, the up-and-at-'em product of his neighborhood—one of a family of seven. His pals were guerillas in the making. And for the most part that is what they became—racketeers, gunmen, heist guys, liquor runners, gangsters, public enemies—while he became "The Public Enemy." Because his mother, with that grim, fine determination of the Celtic soul, vowed that her boys were not to grow up Shanty Irish.

He attended New York schools and was in his first year at Columbia when the death of his father necessitated his leaving. Two brothers had preceded him at the University, to become doctors, and a third became a successful advertising man—because an Irish woman refused to let her brood be trapped by the accident of birth. Jimmy had had an idea he might become an architect.

Leaving college at nineteen, he landed in the chorus of a musical show. There were forty other applicants for the place, and Jimmy knew only a few steps. But he got the job. And a little later there was a press notice, his first: "James Cagney has replaced Donald Kerr as a dancing feature with the 'Pitter Patter' company, which opened for a week's run at the Schubert-Riviera Theater last night."

No Breaks for Five Years

FOR five years after "Pitter Patter" things were very slow for him. Small-time stuff. Dancing acts. Shows that went pfft! He even played Jewish comedians in vaudeville skits. His top salary was thirty-seven-fifty a week. And then his break—*Little Red* in "Outside Looking In," the play of tramp life. The show went over, and with it Jimmy and Charles Bickford, who was featured. Percy Hammond, the drama critic, wrote of their efforts that "Mr. Charles Bickford and Mr. James Cagney do the most honest acting to be seen in New York."

Despite his excellent notices, after "Outside Looking In" there was another long, stagnant period for Jimmy. Shows died under him. He went into vaudeville and revues as a dancer, spasmodically. He opened "The Cagney School of Dancing." But wanting to act, he always would return to the drama. Thus for four years he alternated between comedy, dancing and (for the greater part) weak-young-brother rôles.

His last shows in New York were "The Grand Street Follies," "Maggie the Magnificent," and "Penny Arcade." In "Penny Arcade" he played opposite Joan Blondell. Then came a chance from Warners to do a movie version of one of his stage bad brothers in "Sinner's Holiday" (which was "Penny Arcade" in disguise). And that led to the part of *Mileaway* in "The Doorway to Hell."

He thinks pictures are the hardest work he ever has done. This is because of the great nervous tension, even when one is idle; the lack of laughs customary in usual show-business; and the lack of stimulus from an audience. He wonders at people who can work for a camera all day

(*Continued on page 68*)

"Palmolive is a delightful soap to use—bland, soothing and gentle, yet its soft lather has wonderful cleansing properties."
Marguerite Hoare
of London

"Don't use just any soap . . . particularly if your skin is irritated! Use Palmolive. It is made of the cosmetic oils of olive and palm." Niraus
of Madrid

"Only a pure soap—a soap made of fine soothing cosmetic oils—will do for your face. That is why I recommend only Palmolive."
Pessl of Vienna
and Budapest

"Palmolive Soap improves your color and tones up your skin. It is bland and neutral. Use this fine facial soap twice a day."
Dahlstrand
of Stockholm

"Ordinary soap may irritate the skin and hurt the tissues. That is why I insist upon Palmolive, a true beauty soap."
Pezza
of Naples

"Thorough cleansing must be obtained by daily use of soap and water. I recommend the vegetable oil soap—Palmolive."
Sterck-Schinzel
of Cologne

"It doesn't pay to experiment—when beauty is at stake use Palmolive. Nothing equals its stimulating, soothing cosmetic oils."
Paul
of Fifth Ave.

"Use Palmolive, a soap that is effective but gentle in its action. The vegetable oils of olive and palm make Palmolive soothing."
Hoefer
of Chicago

These famous names
are among the
20,000 beauty experts
who recommend
Palmolive

"Repeated experiments have convinced me that vegetable oils in soap are best for your skin. That is why I say use Palmolive."
Mrs. McGavran
of Kansas City

"Don't mistreat your complexion by using the wrong soap—use Palmolive. Its vegetable oils make a soap that is safe."
Jessie Henderson
of Los Angeles

When soaps claim beauty results

ask first what they are made of

Palmolive tells you—willingly—
it is made of olive and palm oils

TODAY there are many soaps on the market. Some make extravagant claims. You are often confused—don't know which soap to choose. You take great chances, endanger your complexion, unless you know what is in the soap you use on your face.

Choice of experts

Palmolive Soap is the choice of over 20,000 beauty experts. They know what's in this soap. They know it is made of olive and palm oils—the world's supreme cosmetic oils.

Don't let anyone convince you that soap which merely *claims* beauty results will do for you what Palmolive does. Palmolive results come from Palmolive only.

Palmolive is a pure soap. Its delicate, natural color comes from the fine vegetable oils of which it is made. It is naturally wholesome, just like the complexions it fosters.

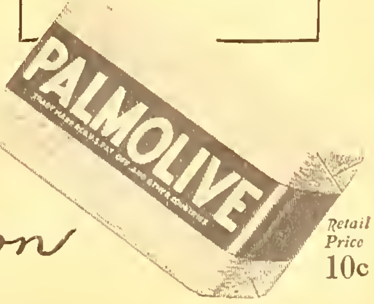
It gives a creamy, fine-textured lather that removes accumulations of dirt, oil, powder, which otherwise cause coarse pores, roughness, muddiness—a dozen and one blemishes to skin beauty.

Youth captivates . . . youth charms. Use Palmolive—only Palmolive—to keep that schoolgirl complexion.

Consult your beauty specialist

There is just one person whose business it is to help you keep good looks. That is the trained professional beauty specialist. Put your beauty problems in her hands. She will help you solve them.

Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion



Retail Price
10c

photo by
RAY HUFF
Los Angeles, 1931

Fascinating stage and screen star has a Complexion Secret you, too, can share!

"I AM over forty years old," says Pauline Frederick. But who would believe it looking at the recent picture above!

"And I am now realizing that it is not birthdays which really count. It is whether or not a woman retains her youthful complexion.

"After every performance of my present stage vehicle, *Elizabeth the Queen,* I use Lux Toilet Soap to cleanse my skin of makeup. Not only does it remove every trace of grease paint, but it protects my complexion and leaves my

LUX Toilet

"I'm over 40!"

Pauline Frederick

face feeling fresh and invigorated. I have used this soap regularly for a long time and find that it does wonders for my skin."

Countless other beautiful women of the stage and screen agree on the soothing qualities of this white soap.

In Hollywood, of the 613 important actresses (including all stars) 605 use fragrant, white Lux Toilet Soap *regularly*. It is official in all film studios. The Broadway stars, the European stars, too, are devoted to it.

Surely *you* will want to try it for your skin!

Soap — 10¢

PAULINE FREDERICK in her present stage success, *Elizabeth the Queen*. With amazing versatility she transforms her face into a remarkable likeness to the famous queen!

Looking Them Over

(*Continued from page 47*)

months the agreement will be non-effective.

However, since both **Bebe** and the company know that contract better than any rumor-artists, we may safely believe what they say—to the effect that the lovely **Daniels** will be back at work as soon as possible after the birth of the **Lyons'** heir.

CLARA BOW blew back into Hollywood from **Rex Bell's** ranch for a brief visit to the dentist. **Clara** is getting just a little chubby again, as she was in pictures a couple of years ago before she went on that rigid diet.

But **Clara** doesn't give a whoop about the new weight. She's busy getting well, and if she takes on a few pounds in the process, it's just added proof of how life in the great outdoors is agreeing with her.

AROUND Town:

Miriam *Hopkins and* **Dudley** *Murphy lunching at the Paramount café.*

Jeanette *MacDonald winning an impromptu beauty vote as the loveliest woman in the Cocoanut Grove.*

William *Powell and his bride,* **Carole** *Lombard, back from their Honolulu honeymoon, shaking hands with old friends on the First National lot.*

Joel *McCrea confiding to a reporter his belief that* **Constance** *Bennett and the Marquis de la Falaise will be married in Paris.*

THE John McCormick-Janet Gattis brief fling into matrimony is all over. Separation rumors began almost as the former producer and his Beverly Hills bride walked back from the altar after their sudden marriage in Honolulu.

On their return to Hollywood, **Mrs. Gattis-McCormick** went immediately to the home of her mother, where she was said to be on the verge of a nervous breakdown. Several days later she saw her lawyer and explained that **McCormick** was "delightful" one day—and something very different the next.

John is still bemoaning his loss of **Colleen Moore**—but **Colleen** is definitely through.

UNDER her legal name of **Virginia Culpepper**, nobody else but **Ginger Rogers** filed divorce papers in Dallas, Texas, against **Jack Culpepper**, vaudeville actor.

Ginger says she was married when she was seventeen years of age and without the consent of her mother. Mama appears to have been wiser than **Ginger**, for now she says **Culpepper** never supported her, often borrowed money that he never paid back and generally behaved more like a debtor than a husband.

Culpepper, in New York, denied all—but permitted **Ginger** to go ahead and get her divorce anyway.

When everything is all straightened up, **Ginger** may marry **Mervyn Le Roy**, the director, who is busy getting a divorce on his own from **Edna Murphy**.

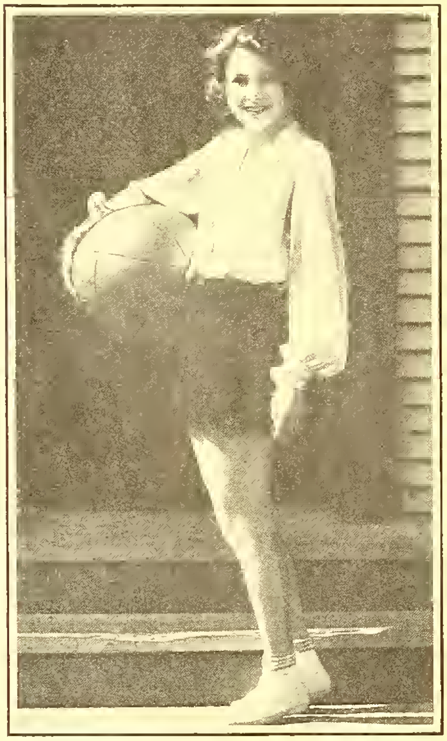
LUPE VELEZ let loose a lot of Mexican excitement when she discovered she had lost a six-thousand-dollar diamond bracelet while attending a party on the terrace roof of a New York hotel.

It was the famous bracelet that **Gary Cooper** gave **Lupe**, and on her way to the ladies' lounge, when she discovered it was missing from her slender brown arm, the ear-witnesses say **Lupe** let out a wail that could have been heard out in Hollywood.

MARY PICKFORD says the popular reaction to these super-sophisticated and over-sexed pictures will be a demand for the return of good wholesome, human interest yarns. "Look at the reception of **Janet Gaynor's** 'Daddy Long Legs'," says **Mary** triumphantly.

And, what's more, **Mary** is looking around for a good old-fashioned yarn for herself. She may or may not personally star in it. "But whether I do or not, I shall produce such a picture," she says. "The box-office is waiting for a breath of fresh air and a wise producer could make a great deal of money by filling such a demand."

And **Mary** is just that kind of a producer.



Don English

Gym dandy—that's Frances Dee, who works out with a medicine ball every day, instead of dieting. And training certainly shows!

GLIMPSED at **Marie** *Prevost's Malibu Party:*

Skeets *Gallagher and his wife—Mrs. Gallagher looking more like* **Greta** *Garbo than ever.*

Hoot *Gibson and* **Sally** *Eilers*—**Sally** *in navy-blue beach pajamas.*

Joan *Bennett dropping in to say "hello" and hurrying home to a beach party of her own.*

Even in beach pajamas **Joan** *carries her lorgnette—which certainly goes to prove she is really near-sighted.*

William *Haines arriving late, but in time to get his share of supper.*

MARLENE DIETRICH went down to the station to greet her husband, **Rudolf Seiber**, upon his arrival in Hollywood. As usual, **Josef von Sternberg** accompanied his star.

We hear that **Marlene** wasn't so pleased about those interviews given out by **Rudy** in New York to the effect that she was a good actress, but an even better cook. At least, **Marlene** is doing very little cooking now. There are reports from the Paramount studio that the gentleman who hates to be referred to as "Mr. Dietrich" will give out no more interviews.

GIRLS, have you a little black satin gown in your wardrobe?

You're going to need it if you're going to be in the Fall style swim. Satin is the new seam-song—the favorite Hollywood colors of this material being black and brown.

Betty Compson appeared at the Roosevelt Roof the other evening in a slinky satin evening gown, fitting her body tightly almost to the knees, then flaring into an abundant skirt. **Betty** wore a long crystal chain for contrast—though most of the girls are wearing satin evening gowns minus ornament, jewelry or contrasting touches.

Jean Harlow wears a black satin afternoon gown with long tight sleeves extending well down over her hands. Another feature of this startling dress is a severe neckline, high and very straight.

Just by way of being different, **Carole Lombard** has chosen brown satin for her favorite street-suit—a simple double-breasted coat with a plain pleated skirt.

PERSONALITIES:

William *Haines taking a good-natured kidding because he refused to start a new picture on Friday.*

Did you know that one of **Lionel** *Barrymore's hands is almost twice as large as the other? Rheumatism is the cause.*

William *Bakewell playing tennis with* **John** *Gilbert's favorite Hawaiian Princess at the home of the* **Monte** *Blues.*

Jack *showing up later to join in the festivities himself. Jack is going places again.*

Monte *and* **Tove** *Blue (the Missus) winning the tennis match.*

SPEAKING of **John Gilbert** and the **Princess Lilioukawani**, gossip has it that **Jack** is going to pay a long visit to the Islands as soon as his contract is finished.

JIMMY DURANTE, the famous so-I-ups-to-him comedian, and his equally famous big nose have arrived in Hollywood to make a picture at M-G-M. **Jimmy's** "Schnozzle" is said to be the biggest in captivity—but it's worth as many laughs to him as anyone else.

Jimmy made the trip to the Coast through the Panama Canal aboard the *S.S. California*.

"And they wanted me to pay double passage because I got twice as much salt air as any other passenger," he complained.

GEORGE BANCROFT and **Clive Brook** both have a hobby of collecting dramatic clippings. **Bancroft's** best is one that lists the title of a play, the director, producer, author and members of the cast and finally says: "A sour show."

Brook has a review of a picture of the wide open spaces. Said the critic: "Nice picture, great scenery—but the actors keep getting in front of the scenery."

(*Continued on page 66*)

This seal answers the question:

"what toothpaste should I use?"

What is this seal?

It is the seal of acceptance of the American Dental Association, Council on Dental Therapeutics.

What is the Council on Dental Therapeutics?

This Council is composed of 13 prominent men of science, appointed by the American Dental Association; and chosen for their outstanding ability in various branches of modern dentistry. Its purpose is to analyze the composition of dental products, such as toothpastes, and pass upon the claims that are made for them. The Council has no interest whatsoever in the sale of any product. Its only interest is to serve the dental profession and the public—to act as a guide.

What is the meaning of this seal?

This seal identifies products which have been passed on by the Council. When found on a toothpaste, it means that the composition of this toothpaste has been submitted to the Council, and that its claims have been found acceptable.

ACCEPTED
AMERICAN
DENTAL
ASSOCIATION
COUNCIL ON DENTAL THERAPEUTICS
COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL

Colgate's bears this seal

Climaxing 30 years of leadership, Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream has been accepted by the American Dental Association, Council on Dental Therapeutics.

Colgate's has been more universally recommended by dentists through the years than any other toothpaste ever made.

This famous dentifrice stands alone. It has healthfully and completely cleansed more people's teeth than any other dentifrice in the world.

Colgate's sells for a low price—but only because it is sold in overwhelming volume. It is the quality of Colgate's—and quality alone—that has held its leadership for years and years.

Be guided by the seal of acceptance. Use Colgate's to keep your teeth healthfully and completely clean.

Colgate's costs only
25c

BE *an* ARTIST
Earn *a* Fat Income

WHAT would you give to be thoroughly trained in Modern Art on which magazines, newspapers and publishers are spending millions every year? Many Federal Students who already have this training are earning from $2500 to $6000 a year—some even more.

More than fifty famous artists making big incomes themselves have contributed exclusive lessons and drawings to the Federal Course in Illustrating. Through these lessons you may get the benefit of their long experience in Illustrating, Cartooning, Lettering, Poster Designing, and Window Card Illustrating. Careful training through the Federal Course teaches you to turn simple lines into dollars. You learn at home in spare time. Earn while you learn if you wish. Through their professional success hundreds of Federal Students have already proved the value of this home study art instruction.

TEST YOUR TALENT—FREE

Fill out the coupon below and get the Free Book "A Road to Bigger Things." You will also receive our Free Vocational Art Test to measure your ability. When you fill this out and return to us our instructors will go over it and give you a frank opinion as to your ability.

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NOW

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— — — COUPON —
FEDERAL SCHOOL of ILLUSTRATING
10091 Federal Schools Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.
Please send your free book, "A Road to Bigger Things," together with Test Chart.
Name
Age
Occupation
Address

Looking Them Over

(*Continued from page 64*)

JACKIE COOPER of "Skippy" fame, and Louis B. Mayer, his boss, have become great pals. Jackie drops in and has "conferences" with Mr. Mayer two or three times a day. The other day he brought the famous producer an ice cream cone and, what's more, the gossip is that the famous gentleman sent Jackie out for another one.

SAID Skeets Gallagher to Lilyan Tashman: "Did you ever hear the one about the vaudeville actor who told one of the Siamese Twins that he would take hei out to dinner when she could get away?"

Said Lilyan to Skeets: "Did you know that the player who trumps his partner's ace should be buried with *simple honors?*"

And now all is quiet on the Paramount lot.

NANCY CARROLL is no longer with Paramount. If this keeps up, there will not be an old favorite from yesterday remaining on the Paramount payroll.

Nancy's new pictures have not had the draw her former films enjoyed, yet with the scarcity of starring talent on hand you wonder at Paramount's courage at freeing so many big names.

The next loss may be Buddy Rogers. Buddy is very anxious to be free of the movies for a little while. If he could fill the radio, orchestra, musical comedy and vaudeville offers that are pouring in now, he says he could make more money in six months than his picture contract pays him in a year and a half.

SHIRLEY MASON LANDFIELD and Sidney Landfield, Fox director, are the proud parents of a baby daughter.

THE infant daughter of the Robert Montgomerys is steadily improving after a severe illness.

And while we are on the nursery notes, Joan Crawford emphatically denies she is expecting the stork.

POOR Polly Moran!

For years Polly has longed to be prettied-up to correct her protruding teeth and to have her nose straightened.

An accidental fall on Easter morning, as she was returning home from church, gave Polly an excuse for visiting the dentist and the nose doctor. And what a job they did! The day Polly walked back into the studio café with her new face everyone gasped: "Look at Polly. She's actually *pretty!*" Those words meant a lot to Polly. She had been waiting to hear them for years.

But the blow of blows has fallen.

After one good look at Polly's improved face in "Politics," the studio officials decided she had lost all her comedy value and now she is going to have to have the dentist make her a new set of "buck" teeth to wear on the screen.

CATALINA ISLAND did a rush business the final week of "the season."

Howard Hughes' yacht with a gay party aboard was anchored in front of the St. Catherine Hotel.

Ditto for the smaller, but just as gay boat, of the Richard Arlens. Dick and Jobyna were entertaining friends made in Honolulu.

James and Lucille Gleason confined most of their vacation activities to deep-sea fishing.

Richard Barthelmess dropped his mask of dignity to mingle around with the crowd at the dance hall.

Conrad Nagel and his wife left their boat to dine in style in the St. Catherine dining-room.

Leatrice Joy, as brown as a berry, spent most of her days in a bathing-suit.

THELMA TODD has changed her name to Alison Loyd.

Just why nobody knows, unless it is Roland Young, who thinks Thelma Todd sounds too much like a comedy name.

Mr. Young is directing Thelma—we mean Alison—in "Corsair," which is certainly not a comedy. The new name was worked out by numerology and is guaranteed to bring the former Thelma lots of success in the dramatic line.

JUST before Constance Bennett left for Europe, she attended a preview of her latest picture. It is the custom on these occasions for the star, producer, director, etc. to occupy seats reserved for them by the management. But Connie pulled a new one.

She arrived at the theater an hour before the preview began, stood in line to buy her ticket and sat down among them—to be exact, between a housewife and a shop-girl. "It proved to be the best audience reaction I've ever had with one of my own pictures," said Constance, "And the talk I overheard gave me valuable tips that will be utilized when we make the re-takes."

MARLENE DIETRICH will not make "The Lady And The Lions" after all. Josef von Sternberg and B. P. Schulberg agreed that the story Marlene found in Europe is not strong enough for their exotic star. Marlene is just a little bit disappointed, but she is willing to grant that her director and producer know a great deal more about the screen merits of the story than she does.

However, the report continues that Phillips Holmes will support Marlene in her next picture—whatever they finally decide on.

GLORIA SWANSON had no more than arrived in Paris when she was taken ill. Her many friends in Hollywood sent hundreds of wires, demanding to know Gloria's exact condition.

Her doctor wired that Gloria had undergone a minor operation and was progressing nicely.

LARRY GRAY is being seen more and more frequently in the company of Catherine Toberman, daughter of one of Hollywood's original founders and certainly one of her richest men. Miss Toberman, who is a tall, stunning blonde, has been seen three times within one week with the movie leading man. To Hollywood, that is all that is necessary to constitute a romance.

JOAN BENNETT and John Considine are supposed to be "made up" and maybe they are (after all, who knows anything about this strange romance?)—since Joan broke her hip. The blonde must remain in the hospital several weeks and learn to walk again.

"Congratulations!

You've truly captured youth's own color tints in this new Two-Tone Powder . . . Seventeen!"

Says DOROTHY MACKAILL

A powder to imitate the actual complexion tints of youth? Yes! . . . that is the marvelous principle on which Seventeen Two-Tone Powder was created!

For the purpose of a powder is *not* to coat the skin as with a mask. Powders which dull the natural skin tints are really ageing in their effects.

The ideal seventeen-year-old complexion is *alive.* The exquisite colors come and go. The skin seems actually transparent. The color tints are fresh, radiant, subtle.

And so should be the color tints in your complexion powder! *Then* you will have naturalness, not artificiality . . . youthful delicacy, not mature dullness.

Seventeen found a way to imitate the natural color tints of youth. This principle, we call Two-Tone.

Ingredients of different weights are blended: light and heavy. The heavier powder clings closely to your skin. The lighter weight powder, on the surface, seems to take on another, lighter color tone . . . which creates a subtle overtone . . . and lends your skin the delicate transparency of youth.

There are various shades, of course, in Seventeen. Select your own, as in any other powder. *But* compare this shade with the shade you now are using! Take a little in your hand. Note the life, the radiance, of Seventeen. Then, a fluff of Seventeen on your skin. What a glorious difference! You will congratulate *yourself* on having found this Two-Tone, Youth-Tone Powder.

Seventeen
Powder
Perfume
Compact
Lipstick

Youth-Tone tints in Seventeen Rouge and Lipstick give you—with Seventeen Two-Tone Powder—a complete Youth-Tone make-up!

"you're BEAUTIFUL"

said her FIRST partner

"you're GORGEOUS"

said her LAST

Every dance taken . . . some admirer always near . . . not a moment for either puff or lipstick. Yet she dazzled every partner.

We moderns no longer look at beauty as a rare and fortunate gift. Today's beauty comes from careful selection of make-up. And how simple this selection is, if you think first of Cara Nome Toiletries!

In creating Cara Nome, Monsieur Langlois created an amazing new beauty treatment. Face powder entirely free from betraying starches or fillers—and so delicate in texture that it clings hours longer, yet never clogs the pores. Soothing lotions and creams to caress the skin and guard its youthful loveliness. And lipstick so delightfully transparent in tone that it heightens—not hides—the natural glow of tempting lips.

You'll know at once that the enchanting Cara Nome fragrance could come from no other spot but the heart of old France! Inspect these toiletries—a complete beauty treatment—at your Rexall Store! There you may always save with safety.

CARA NOME

Cara Nome beauty aids are obtainable at all Rexall Drug Stores. Liggett and Owl Stores are also Rexall Drug Stores.

The Screen's Best Gangster

(*Continued from page 60*)

and not be nearly dead with exhaustion at night. At three o'clock in the afternoon he is practically done for. At this hour he drinks quantities of grape juice, to get the added fuel of its sugar into his blood, and thus in a measure to revitalize him.

He opines that the ending of "The Public Enemy" was unnecessarily horrible, and that the picture might well have ended where he was shot and tumbled into the gutter. Yet that scene, in which he was delivered back to his mother a corpse, proved the big smash of the picture. His neck was given a bad shock, falling through the door, trussed up as he was.

He says: "No matter how many things I want to do in the theater, and am capable of doing, I now am definitely typed as an American roughneck. I suppose I'll have to go on doing that rôle, despite my great wish to do more human things. Once the public gets you set in its mind as one sort of person, there you are."

In his next, "Larceny Lane," he is co-featured with Joan Blondell. This one also was written by those clever young men, John Bright and Kubec Glasmon, who authored "The Public Enemy" and "Smart Money." It should do as much for Jimmy as its predecessors—and then stardom.

He gets amazing fan mail. Young girls—fourteen and fifteen—write that they "hope he is really as nasty and brutal as he appears on the screen," because they "adore nasty and brutal men;" and that they "could love him to death." He smiles, without mirth, at these demonstrations of juvenile complexes. He understands the psychology that prompts the writing. So he is neither flattered nor depressed. He understands.

"The current popularity of the menacing screen type," he will tell you, "is due to the fact that women enjoy a threat in a man. Just think how many women are held to a man because they know that at any moment he is apt to haul off and knock them cold."

He says: "One of the great troubles with Hollywood as I see it is that it tries to live up to its publicity reputation. Actors come out here planning to make money, save it, and then go back to New York. But they get caught up in the whoopee whirl, the social racket, and when they are washed up, they haven't a dime to show for the time they've invested.

"When I first came out here, I was told that I would have to put on a front if I wanted to succeed—have a house, a big car, and be seen around the night-clubs. I said, 'If that's the way to get ahead in Hollywood, to hell with it!' And I guess it isn't—because in a year I've gone on without any of those things, while the boys who were so busy advising me to be flashier have almost all faded from the scene."

His Private Life

HE lives quietly in a furnished flat on West Holloway Drive in Beverly Hills. His wife is a former dancer, and pretty, and she gave up her career for marriage. Both Cagneys have a nervous trait, a hold-over from the dancing days, of sitting with their hands under their knees and keeping time to imaginary music by tapping their toes on the floor. This was the way they used to sit during stage waits, and they still often fall into the habit.

His favorite house attire is a crash bathrobe and a pair of worn slippers. He has no children, pets, or servants. His one car is a modest one. And though but five feet eight, he could flatten most of the colony's leading men with neatness, dispatch and good-humored glee.

A grand piano dominates his living-room. Between pictures he spends hours at this, practising. He has a yen for Debussy—a preference strange only to those who expect to find him a living counterpart of the rôles he enacts. A fondness for Debussy's music fits in with the real picture of this soft-spoken young gentleman who is so hard-boiled on the screen that he might be rolled on the lawn at the White House Easter party.

He still loves to dance, and will break into a routine of tap steps with practically no encouragement. He likes to draw, and his sketches aren't bad. He also likes to swim, but at this his technique isn't so good. He does not bathe at the gilded beaches favored by the more glittery movie folk. He patronizes the strand at which Mr. and Mrs. John Everyman disport themselves. His salary is not at all in keeping with the popularity to which he recently has been lifted.

His voice is low, gentle, and given to mumbling. In life he looks like a cross between Jim Tully and Marjorie Rambeau. Like Jim Tully he is handy with his "dukes."

He acts continually. His mobile face is scarcely ever in repose. His pantomime is vivid and telling. One moment he is enacting the pansiest of pansies; the next the gloomy *Pascal*, walking along the edge of a cliff and contemplating suicide; the next a terror-stricken motorist, finding that his brakes aren't holding on a steep hill. His eyes are the size and shade of full-blown cornflowers.

He cares passionately about conversation, and Russian novelists. He will sit up all night threshing out problems of economics and philosophy with his friends. His views are extremely liberal—always for The Man in the Street. He can wear only blues, grays and browns.

He goes to prize fights, and from there to a discussion of the character-motivation in long-winded novels like "Power." He is hot-tempered, independent, amiable, and sends money home regularly to his mother. He is not thrilled by seeing his name in type or in lights. He says he is too much the veteran to get a bang out of the things that the green kids find so glamourous.

He has chronic stomach trouble, doubtless brought on by his habit of nibbling constantly at sweet food. He is a fool for cookies. He swears continually in quiet, explosive tones, invariably for the sake of emphasis.

He is extremely intelligent and speaks Jewish fluently. Amazed to hear their language emanating from one obviously as Irish as Paddy's pig, Jews will ask him how and where. He answers: "I'm a New York boy with an ear for music."

He works out as regularly as possible at the Hollywood Y. M. C. A. His friendly foemen at boxing and wrestling are any number of celluloid thespians, now that tough times in the cinema city have thrown so many actors out of employment. Jimmy is hard in a fight, but invariably clean and honest. He loves to battle, with his fists or his tongue, and he is equally good with both.

He likes New York the best of any town he has seen yet, but he'd like to get a glimpse of Budapest and Vienna. If he ever retires, he'll do a little globe-trotting first and then hit for the backwoods somewhere—and draw. And stay there.

He does not know how long he is going to continue to ride the crest in Hollywood. But when his day here is over, he will not be found downcast or whining. He's an Irishman with a brain in his skull and a song in his heart. He'll get along.

THE THRILLING "HALF-FACE" TEST

THAT REVEALED THE TRUE SECRET OF SKIN LOVELINESS

Under the Constant Supervision of 15 Leading Dermatologists, 612 Women Compare Skin Care Methods . . . and Find the Real Road to Complexion Beauty.

•

On one side of the face…one skin care method. On the other side…another.

This dramatic test was made for 30 days . .·. not on one complexion, but on 612. Not under one dermatologist . . . but under 15. Not on one type of skin . . . but on skins of every type, of all ages from 15 to 50.

The beauty preparations used on one side of the face by these 612 women included every well-known soap, cream and lotion. On the other side, the treatment was always Woodbury's Facial Soap. After 30 days, the records showed: In 103 cases, Woodbury's had corrected blackheads; in 106 cases remedied acne; in 115 cases reduced oiliness; in 83 cases shrunk enlarged pores; in 81 cases made the skin less dry. Even "normal" complexions found finer texture, a fresh bloom under the gentle stimulus of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

No other cleansing agent, soap, cream or lotion, noticeably helped either faulty or normal skin.

It would be hard to ascribe such wonder-working powers to a soap, but Woodbury's is more than a mere soap; it is a beauty treatment founded on the special formula of a true specialist in skin loveliness. It gathers its powers to remedy and to beautify from oils and balms and unguents too fine and costly to be used in an ordinary toilet soap.

For years millions of women have found skin loveliness through Woodbury's. Many have never known complexion troubles because they have daily guarded their skins with Woodbury's.

Why not begin today to see what a 30-day Woodbury treatment will do for *your* complexion?

•

The statements made in this advertisement have been examined by a leading New York dermatologist who found them to be in accord with the reports of the 15 skin specialists who conducted the nation-wide Beauty Test. The names of the doctors are not published here, but the Editor of this magazine has them on file, and they are available to any genuinely interested inquirer.

THE INDEX to LOVELINESS
Woodbury's
FACIAL SOAP

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COUPON FOR PERSONAL BEAUTY ADVICE

John H. Woodbury, Inc., 910 Alfred St., Cincinnati, O.
In Canada, John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario

I would like advice on *my* skin condition as checked below, also trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap and generous sample of Woodbury's Cold Cream and Facial Cream and Facial Powder. For this I enclose 10c.

Oily Skin ☐
Dry Skin ☐
Wrinkles ☐
Flabby Skin ☐
Coarse Pores ☐
Blackheads ☐
Sallow Skin ☐
Pimples ☐

*Name*____________________

*Address*____________________

I Hope to Marry Again

(*Continued from page 50*)

that I must be seen places. I must lunch here. I must go there. I must be *seen*. I obeyed. I went but I hated it. I still hate it. I am not a museum-piece by inclination.

"But if I were told to do these things now, I should probably do them. The business man in me, you see. I have been called a Man of Mystery. I never go out of my way either to affirm it or deny it. I'm passive about it. I certainly do not *feel* like a man of mystery—and say so if anybody asks me.

"If I could go to an opening or to a party at the Cocoanut Grove, make personal appearances, or contact the public in any other way, and feel sure of the character of the notice I would receive, that would be another matter. As it is, I prefer to hide. I am far more likely to attract the attention of a party of drunks than the attention of the sort of people I would like. I often have. So have all of us.

Why He Stays in Hiding

"WHEN Lindbergh or the Prince of Wales or Mussolini or some statesman makes a public appearance, the demonstration he receives is properly conducted and policed. Such a man may inspire enthusiasm, but he isn't mobbed. There's a certain respect for him. But if an actor makes a public appearance, he is likely to have his clothes torn off his back and also likely to be the target of ribald and hysterical remarks. Why invite this sort of thing?"

He and Clive Brook must find a great deal in common. Clive doesn't believe in the conventions, either. He also finds modern marriage a farce—except, of course, in his own case.

Ronald smiled. "Clive is the most conservative man I know," he said.

Does he really think Bill Powell was unhappy—as Bill claimed—before his marriage to Carole Lombard?

"He seemed to be at times . . ."

Ronald does not talk about his own marriage. Hollywood did not even know during the first few months he was here that he *was* married—and his polite aloofness toward all the local men-snatchers was baffling. Ronald just didn't bother to disillusion the town, and state that he was not a bachelor.

His wife is pretty—and at the time they were married, was even better known on the stage than he was. Her name was Thelma Raye. When they married, so friends relate, she gave up her career. She was not going to take any chances of losing Ronnie. They had a struggle for the first few months of wedded life, making both ends meet. Times were so hard in England (this was just after the War) that they came to New York. Life was no easier for an actor here. Then, finally, he had the chance to play opposite Lillian Gish in "The White Sister." The tide began to turn for them.

But even while the picture was being filmed—while they were on location in Italy—he and his wife had a misunderstanding. They were dancing one night in a resort, when Ronald suddenly left her in the middle of the floor, and walked out—walked out of her life.

It is understood that she is now living in England, with her child by a previous marriage, and that she and Ronald have come to an agreement whereby she lives—and always will live—comfortably. Every time he goes back to England (and he has a contract now that allows him to spend six months of every year in England), friends expect him to hop across the Channel to Paris to get a divorce. But he has not yet done so, to the best of Hollywood's knowledge.

Before Vilma Banky married Rod La Rocque, and before the world knew that he already had a wife, Ronald's name was linked romantically with that of the Hungarian star. Since that time there have been no romance rumors about him. No one would accuse him of displaying an interest in women. His friends are all men.

So long as no individual woman interests him to the point of emotionalism, there seems to be no harm in his staying married. It saves him from pursuit from husband-hunters. He certainly isn't unhappy.

"No. I am happy, even contented. I am what you might call a philosophical pessimist. I am pessimistic about almost everything and rather amused that I am."

You who have been dreaming of a Ronald Colman who is a dark Man of Mystery will have to say farewell to him. He does not exist. A much more satisfactory person does. Much more *real*. A sound, sane, sensible chap who cares about dignity and work and children and sunsets and the sea—this is Ronald Colman, described by himself and not by a gushing press-agent or reporter.

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Peppermint, Wintergreen and Spearmint Flavors

MAKES THE NEXT SMOKE TASTE BETTER

Stalwart Idols of Hollywood Rival Gods of Ancient Greece

(Continued from page 25)

of his closest friends claim, is Physique.

Richard Dix and Bill Boyd are almost too muscular to be ranked with the boys who started the muscle fad. Those early lads are hardly in it with Rich and Bill. And that goes for popularity, too.

If you remember a picture called "The Pagan," you haven't forgotten how Ramon Novarro looks in the flesh. He has had to dress up more in talkies, but it's still easy enough to compare Ramon with the mythical old-timers. If he had lived two thousand years ago, he would probably have been the model for some of those statues that are still admired to-day.

Valentino Showed His Ancestry

AND Valentino. Who can forget Valentino? He even came from the land of the Caesars. There was no mistaking his ancestry. It was in his face, as well as his form. Not tall, he even created the illusion of height by his carriage and his poise. Oddly enough, it was dancing that first gave him that poise—and fencing that kept it for him. Neither was in use in the time of the handsome ancients. It only proves that you don't always have to do as the Romans do, to have a romantic physique.

John Barrymore has the kind of profile that was responsible for "the glory that was Greece, and the grandeur that was Rome." He even has the same kind of shoulders. But John's legs are a bit thin for the rest of him. That sad fact, however, has not retarded John's progress as an idol.

Incidentally, some of the finest and brainiest actors have some of the poorest physiques. If you ever happen to see Adolphe Menjou, Gary Cooper, Robert Montgomery or Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in one-piece bathing-suits, you'll know what I mean.

Otto, Hollywood's most famous tailor, knows who are the screen's most stalwart males. He's the one who told *me*. And he says there's usually a reason when a hero isn't big and brawny.

"Most men nowadays don't get enough exercise to develop their muscles. It doesn't give you muscles to watch a ticker tape or drive an automobile. An actor's profession is especially bad for the physique.

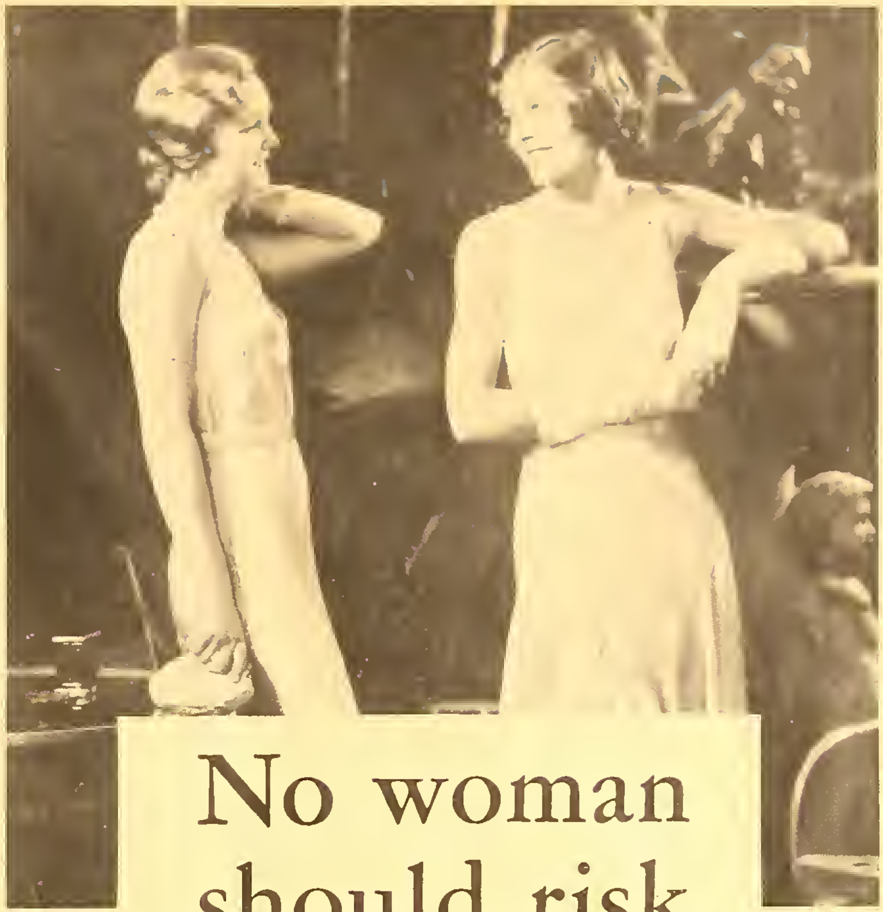
It's Exercise That Builds Them

"BUT a good many of the screen boys make up for hours of sitting around a set by going in for body-building exercise. The ones who work out regularly in a gymnasium are usually healthier specimens than those who go out for sports. From what I've seen of swimming hereabouts, it's usually done lying face down on the sand at Malibu. And when I see pictures of these screen stars whacking a tennis ball, I wonder if they go on whacking after the camera stops clicking.

"Ronald Colman, Bill Powell, Dick Barthelmess and Jack Gilbert do—but I'm sort of suspicious of some of the others. No, I won't mention any names. I'll let you guess.

"How would I like to make suits for Apollo Belvedere or some of those other Greek boys? Well, from the pictures I've seen of them, there would be quite a saving on shoulder pads. But I wouldn't care for the job of tailoring them in sports clothes or business suits.

"To my way of thinking, modern young men like Phil Holmes and Dave Manners are handsomer than any of those antique athletes. You *can* picture Phil or Dave in a fig-leaf, hurling a discus, but can you imagine Hercules in a dinner jacket?"



No woman should risk unknown substitutes for Kotex

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THERE'S one time to be cautious—that's when you hear the expression, "just like Kotex."

How do you know it's just like Kotex? Who stands back of it? Where was it made? How? By whom? Is it, like Kotex, used by hospitals from coast to coast?

Those words, "just like Kotex," mean much more, you see, than surface resemblance. It's easy to make a pad that looks like Kotex. Far, far harder to make one that meets the rigid Kotex standards of purity, of cleanliness, of perfect hygienic safety.

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After all, why take chances? You know Kotex is safe. It is treated to deodorize. It is adjustable. Last year more than 10,000,000 pads were used by hospitals alone—their choice of Kotex should be your guide.

Kotex may cost a few pennies more than some questionable substitute, of whose makers you know nothing. But those few cents guarantee a product that meets your personal ideals of cleanliness, as well as hygienic safety.

You have every possible comfort in Kotex. Careful shaping, for comfort and inconspicuous lines. Super-softness . . . that lasts . . . because Kotex is made of laminated layers of Cellucotton (not cotton) absorbent wadding, which absorbs scientifically, away from the surface.

The feeling of security that comes with perfect fit, perfect adjustment. And the fact—how important, too—that you can wear Kotex on either side. There's no worry about inadequate protection. No chance of embarrassing situations.

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3 *Can be worn on either side* with equal comfort. No embarrassment.

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Paul Rieger & Co., 141 First St., San Francisco

Watch Out for Miriam Hopkins!

(*Continued from page 59*)

like mine. 'Are you being tested for the night-club hostess in "24 Hours"?' I asked her. She said she was. If that wasn't ridiculous! Once before, on Broadway, Vivienne and I were being tested for the same part in a show. I happened to be lucky enough to get it. I hadn't seen her since—until that absurd meeting in the wardrobe. And now we were being tested for the same rôle again! It seems unfortunate that we couldn't run into one another under more—er—friendly circumstances."

Two days after their encounter, it was announced that Miriam Hopkins' first rôle at the Paramount West Coast Studio would be the night-club hostess in "24 Hours." Is she dangerous? Just ask Vivienne—or Claudette.

It may be of interest to other ladies who will come out second-best with Miriam to know that she has not always had things so much her own way. In her words: "If I had had a nickel for every hour I sat in the anterooms of producers' offices, I could have retired before I started."

Miriam landed on Broadway armed with a Southern accent, artistic ambitions, and amateur dramatic honors at Goddard Seminary. Her family back in Savannah, Georgia, did not exactly approve of Miriam's theatrical ambitions. She had been brought up in good old Southern style—to play the piano, to pour tea correctly, and to say "Suh" to her elders.

How She Crashed Broadway

WHEN she finally decided to cast her fortunes with the stage, she figured her singing lessons and the hours she had put in at dancing school would gain her a foothold. Miriam guessed correctly, for a tryout before the producers of the "Music Box Revue" won her a part in that show. For a year or so she appeared in that and other musicals, and then signed with a ballet bound for South America. On the day she obtained her passport, she fell and broke her ankle—and a broken ankle is of no more use in a ballet than an extra leg. Miriam remained in New York.

It was at this stage of her career that the long waits in producers' offices began. The episode of the broken ankle killed her hopes of becoming a dancer and she turned her attention to a start in the dramatic field. One or twice Miriam got a chance to read a script. The minute the stage director heard that Southern accent, he would start chuckling. "You should do comedy," most of them advised.

Miriam compromised by accepting a featured part in a vaudeville skit. When the act finally reached the outskirts of Broadway, it attracted the attention of a theatrical scout looking for feminine talent for "Little Jessie James." Miriam made her first big hit in this musical offering, which ran for a solid year.

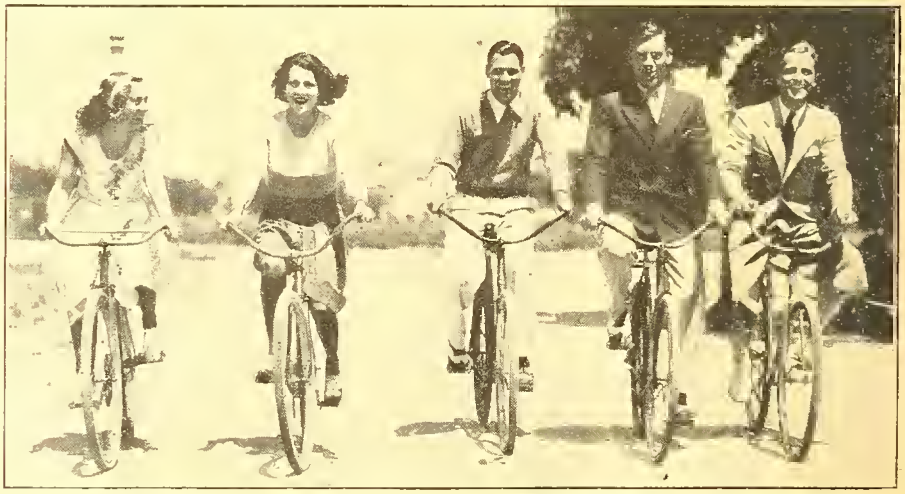
From there on she coasted, alternating musical comedies with dramatic shows as the mood hit her. She did "The Puppets" with Fredric March, "An American Tragedy" (in the rôle that Frances Dee portrays on the screen), "Excess Baggage," "The Garden of Eden," "The Bachelor Father," "Ritzy," a revival of "The Affairs of Anatol," and just recently "Lysistrata."

Refused Screen Offers Before

ON four different occasions during the height of her success on Broadway, Miriam was offered contracts with different major studios in Hollywood. "But I don't know anything about pictures. I'm happy in New York, and I don't want to leave," she always explained. One of the chief reasons why Miriam did not want to leave was a young man named Austin Parker at whose request Miriam had become Mrs. Austin Parker. Being Mrs. Austin Parker did not in the least interfere with making "Fast and Loose" and "The Smiling Lieutenant" in the Paramount Eastern studios—and just to prove how nicely Fate fits into the plans of lucky ladies, both Miriam and her husband received offers to come to the West Coast about the same time. Parker came out to write dialogue for RKO.

Now they're parted. "We've been parting and getting together again every little while for the past year," she is reported to have explained. "So we talked it over, and Austin and I decided to remain apart, but friends. We realize our marriage was a mistake."

But there's no mistake about Miriam Hopkins' being very much in the movies. And there's no mistake that she's making herself dangerous to the feminine stars on the Paramount lot. It's getting so that not one of them can afford to be temperamental and threaten to walk out. The studio might take the truant's threat in earnest—and put Miriam Hopkins in her place. That's how dangerous this newcomer is. She's ready to star at a moment's notice.



Free wheeling, Hollywood style. It's the latest way to go places and do things, according to (left to right) Jobyna Ralston, Frances Dee, Dick Arlen, Walter Huston and Phil Holmes

Anonymously Yours

(*Continued from page 26*)

the same as the President's son's, and he sent her a cigarette lighter inscribed with them. Also on the lighter was a phrase thanking her for her services to Cuba during the Spanish-American War in 1898.

The actress liked the joke and kept the lighter in her living-room. Finally she had to put it away. Too many Hollywood gossips looked at the date, looked at the actress, wondered how many times she had had her face lifted, and went away smiling. No sense of humor.

* * *

HOLLYWOOD actresses, lots of whom go to bed earlier than they are supposed to and don't party much, have been annoyed during the last month by a pretty dancer from New York on whose career this column has touched before. She goes everywhere, drinks what she pleases, and continues to look as young and fresh as ever. Quite recently she had to have her appendix taken out. A group of her jealous *confreres* visited the hospital. At least, they thought, she wouldn't be able to party there; and they also hoped to find a line or two in her flawlessly beautiful face.

They tiptoed into her room. There she sat, propped up on pillows, surrounded by flowers, looking lovelier than ever. A nurse stood over the bedside, holding a glass and a spoonful of soup. "Now," she was saying, "Just one more mouthful of soup, and then another glass of champagne!"

Will Gable Take the Place of Valentino?

(*Continued from page 15*)

his counterpart—but he is a man who will give you the nameless thing that Valentino gave you.

With Garbo you will see him and long to have him with you.

He will make you dream again. He will evoke the flames of desire. He will quicken your veins with the same sensuous fever that Valentino gave you—and left you the poorer when he took it away.

Everywhere, here in Hollywood, where women gather, you hear the name of Clark Gable. Everywhere men as well as women are calling him "the biggest sensation the screen has known in years." And everywhere you hear: "Doesn't he remind you a little of—Valentino?" I give you my word that I have heard two hundred Hollywood women, in groups and individually, say that same thing to me and to each other.

They Started the Same Way

HE began his screen career as Valentino began his—first as an extra, then as a "heavy." He emerges from that type of rôle in the Garbo picture. But no single picture has been responsible for his fame as "The Four Horsemen" pushed Rudy into the limelight.

Joan Crawford (he played with her in "Dance, Fools, Dance") told me, "He is the finest actor, the greatest 'find,' the most outstanding personality the screen has had in years—perhaps has *ever* had."

Ivan Lebedeff said, "I saw Gable on the screen for one instant and in that instant I thought, 'That man will be a tremendous sensation. He is an actor. He has great power. He is a romantic 'heavy' *as Valentino was.*'"

At a rival studio the other day, someone observed, "There is one person out here

No woman likes to wash a dirty handkerchief

This unpleasant job ended forever by . . .

KLEENEX

DISPOSABLE TISSUES

NO one likes to wash handkerchiefs. It's the most unpleasant task imaginable. Why do it?

There's no longer any necessity whatever for any woman to perform this disagreeable task. Kleenex costs so little, and it's sold the country over.

Wonderful in many ways

Kleenex is a remarkably soft tissue, the size of a handkerchief. It's gentler than any handkerchief, and scientific tests prove it's nearly twice as absorbent.

Due to the very low cost, each tissue is used just once, then destroyed. This not only saves washing. It prevents self-infection from germs in handkerchiefs. And permits a clean, fresh tissue each time.

Kleenex is particularly valuable during hay fever and colds, when a dry handkerchief is so necessary to comfort.

Other uses

Use Kleenex for removing face creams, as authorities advise. Its great absorbency assures thorough cleansing of the pores.

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Motorists like to keep a package in the car. Mothers find Kleenex useful in the nursery.

Kleenex comes in many lovely tints as well as white, in Cellophane-wrapped packages, to keep tissues absolutely fresh and clean. The convenient package permits easy removal of tissues with one hand. At all drug, dry goods and department stores.

"I protect my complexion by using Kleenex to remove cold cream."

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now destined to be the new sensation of the movie world." And the Powers at the rival studio said, "You mean Clark Gable." Not even a question.

Hollywood is talking about this man as *no* man has been talked about since Rudy was a living idol.

The man himself—also like Rudy—is of the utmost simplicity. Perhaps he will not be so a year from now. If he is, he will be a superman. For the cards are all on the table and unless some unforeseen hand disarranges them, he has such adulation coming his way as makes mortals believe they are gods.

He doesn't, physically, by feature or measurement, actually resemble Valentino. He is six feet, one inch tall. He weighs one hundred and ninety pounds. He has dark brown hair and luminous gray eyes. He has a tanned skin and an ingenuous smile. His shoulders are broad.

When I asked him where he was born, he said, "In Ohio, ma'am."

How and Why He Began Acting

HE looks foreign. I don't know of what nationality. Bulgarian, perhaps. His forebears were all Pennsylvania Dutch. His father, William H. Gable, was a contractor. Clark was born in Cadiz, Ohio. He went to public schools and to high school in Hopedale, Ohio. He took a business course at Akron University. It had never occurred to him to be an actor until he became interested in the stage through "filling in" at a community playhouse.

He liked to dramatize himself when he was a youngster, he told me. He still does. Expecting to follow in his father's footsteps and deal in stone and brick and mortar in Cadiz, Ohio, he liked to imagine himself doing more breath-taking things—riding to thrilling rescues, toppling over kingdoms, exploring strange seas. He decided after a few years of banging about the world (part of the time as a lumberjack) that he could satisfy this desire for self-dramatization by being an actor and acting these parts.

He has, to date, a completely undeveloped ego. He is bewildered by this thing that is happening to him. Echoes of the prophecies for his future have reached his ears.

"I don't know *what* to think," he told me, "I don't know what it is all about. They tell me these things. I don't know what they mean. Of course, I'll never be anything like Valentino. I haven't what he had to work with. I'm just an actor with a job, that's all. That's all I ever have been, all I ever expected to be, all I am now.

"Why, I was out here four or five years ago and they wouldn't even give me a chance as an extra. No one could see me at all. Funny, isn't it? I suppose styles in actors change just like styles in clothes and plays and things. I wasn't the type then. Perhaps I am now. That may be it. But if I wasn't then and I am now—well, I may not be a year from now. Isn't that logical?"

"A Great Lover?" He Laughs

HE laughed when I asked him if he felt himself to be the dangerous, thrilling individual he is on the screen. He just threw back his head and laughed. He laughs a lot. You suspect that his laughter masks embarrassment and uncertainty—uncertainty of just how serious you may be when you talk to him of his potentially brilliant future.

He claims he doesn't want to have a great roll of money. I really believe that he doesn't, too. He says, "If I reach the spot you are telling me about, I know what I'll do—*I'll back out gracefully.* I don't want money, not a great deal of it. I don't want *things.* I'm not that type of person at all. I wouldn't be happy living as some of the stars out here live. I don't care anything about luxuries and servants and swimming-pools and big parties. I wouldn't fit. I couldn't handle them. It's important to me to be happy—in my own way."

I asked him about women—of course. I told him some of the things that might happen to him if he should approach the stage that Valentino reached. The hysteria of women. The pursuit. The burning curiosity. He said simply, *"I should think it would be sort of repulsive."*

He is not a ladies' man, this dark, new lover. He is timid with women, respectful and courteous. He makes you feel dangerous when you *look* at him. When you talk with him, you feel comfortable and happy and safe.

He likes men's things. Especially horses. And boats. And the sea. And guns and pipes and long hikes and the mountains. His favorite author is D. H. Lawrence.

He drives to the beach at four in the morning to see the sunrise and he tells you about sunsets he has seen. He tells you about sunsets with the same ardor you might suppose he would tell you about women.

He doesn't talk about women at all. He doesn't seem to be interested. His mind doesn't run that way.

The Women He Prefers

WHEN I pressed him for an opinion, he said that he liked modern women, self-reliant women, women with minds of their own. He does not like clinging vines or cute little things. He likes a woman you can talk to as you can talk to a man. He also said that he doesn't care particularly for the sensationally beautiful woman. He pointed out that many of the great loves of the world have been between people of no outstanding beauty. He asked me, relative to this, if I had read "The Savage Messiah," the new and powerful biography of Van Gogh, the artist.

He doesn't go to parties. He has to work too hard. In New York, where he played in "Machinal," "Hawk Island," "Gambling" and "Blind Windows," he worked at night and had the days to himself. Here he works all day, sometimes part of the nights, and would like to know what you *can* do in between times—except sleep? There haven't been many idle moments for Clark—not with "The Easiest Way," "Dance, Fools, Dance," "The Secret Six," "A Free Soul," "Sporting Blood" and the present Garbo vehicle under his present Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer contract, as well as "Night Nurse" at Warners, on loan.

His screen chance came overnight—after many nights, he says—when Hollywood saw him on the stage as *Killer Mears* in the prison tragedy, "The Last Mile."

Once in a lifetime—and maybe twice—there flashes across the screen a man with this strange power. Clark Gable doesn't know his power yet. The inexplicable sensations he gives you are as inexplicable to him as they are to you or to me. A certain combination of features, a certain look in the eyes, a certain way of carrying the head and using the hands—and a world falls in love with you.

When the world falls in love with Clark Gable—he will run away!

Garbo recognized him. So will you—!

Did You Know That—
Paramount is grooming Paul Lukas, the Hungarian actor, for stardom to take the place vacated by Bill Powell?

Sensible way to lose

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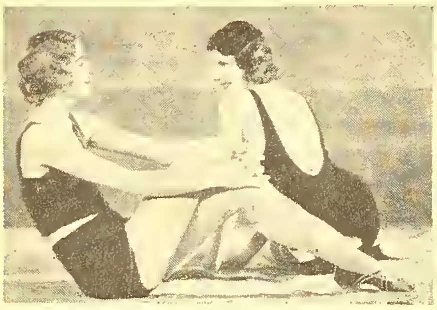

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City.......................... State
Color of your hair?..........................

Science Reveals Garbo's Character

(*Continued from page 23*)

She is a very deliberate person. She is used to forming her own ideas. It would be a waste of time to advise her.

But her real charm lies in her sensitiveness. She has the texture of a fine instrument. She has a love of life. Trifles to most people are big issues with her. And, by contrast, she feels an injury much keener. She is deeply wounded by what would glance off the average person's back. Fortunately, this touchiness is under strict control. It results in keying her up until she is as taut as a violin string. Harsh sounds, disorder and furious colors hurt her. Beautiful scenery, good literature and fine arts delight her. Even her food must be of quality, rather than quantity.

This touchiness also has developed another peculiarity. Garbo underrates her own ability. She is the type who believes that real success comes only slowly and by hard labor, with sorrow and disappointment every step of the way. Hers came so quickly and easily that she often wonders if it is genuine. She constantly fears that some day it will all blow away just as quickly—

It makes her stand on guard. She remains as aloof and cold as those distant glaciers North of her native Sweden. The moment a person gets the least glance inside of her, she freezes up and Garbo is closed.

This self-control governs her life. It has firmly set the muscles of her lips and chin. There is nothing soft and feminine about them. They are not the lips of a yielding woman, but those of a scoffer and cynic. They are the lips of a woman whose head refuses to allow her to have a good time. Her self-control would admit nothing but an ideal mental companionship, even though beneath there burns a warm, beautiful fire.

Strange as it may seem, she has the muscular development, facially, of a person not in the least bit like her: Will Rogers. Both are shrewd and self-controlled. Both are wary of friends. Both shun the "yes" men. If they are praised, it must be from authentic sources.

Garbo's face is a real treat for the facial character-analyst. Even though she may be termed a mystery, the muscles of her face reveal her character with remarkable clarity. So much so, it is easy to imagine the routine of her working day.

Being sensitive, she would rather rehearse her lines alone. She would have to study the character she is to represent until she could completely eliminate herself. Possibly, she would try to live this person in her imagination. Before a mirror she would rehearse the details, comparing shrewdly the differences between her own actions and those of the person she is to portray. Presently, she would have completely erased Garbo. It is this that is so baffling about her screen personality. She recreates the emotion and characteristics of her rôle. It is an illusion. It is what makes Garbo appear as though she had no body at all.

Then the actual work is begun at the studio. Garbo is still in a dream. The scene is shot. The director shouts. A rehearsal. The scene must be re-shot. Something is wrong. Garbo is walking out. She will not go on. She is through. Underneath she is hurt and furious but her self-control limits her words.

Why? Because her mood is gone. She has been dashed to reality. Perhaps she is slipping and they are finding out. She walks away . . . her willowy shoulders high . . . like an exquisite violin controlled by a masterful bow . . . all suppression held at a hair trigger edge . . dynamite smothered by snow . . . That is Garbo—as revealed by her interesting features.

80th Prize

WHY (I) CHANGED TO MARLBORO CONTEST
Miss Gretchen Colnik, Milwaukee, Wisc.

I changed to Marlboros when in New York three years ago, because people whom I considered smart smoked them. I have stuck to Marlboros because they are intriguingly mild, distinctively ivory tipped and a complement to my personality. With Marlboros in my home, I feel myself the perfect hostess!

Gretchen Colnik

. . . 55% more in safety and enjoyment at only 5 cents more in price

MARLBORO
PLAIN or IVORY TIPPED
America's finest cigarette

ONCE upon a time there was an average man who decided to become a Great Inventive Genius.

His first creation was a cake cutter — a tin hoop with sections like an orange. You just pressed the hoop down over the cake, and the sharpened sections cut the whole into perfect wedge-shaped pieces.

The Inventive Genius, eager to cash in on his creation, sought some advertising counsel. But the first thought of the Advertising Man was to see the cutter in action. Would it really cut cake?

Properly indignant, the Inventor challenged the suggestion. The cutter was hustled off to the practical kitchen of a woman who serves advertisers in a very practical way. She tests household devices and foods and recipes, just as you would test them in your own kitchen.

On the appointed day a lovely layer cake was baked expressly for the try-out. The shiny tin hoop slipped gently over the tender frosting. The blades pressed into the smooth top, and sent little shivery cracks in all directions. Then the dreadful truth was demonstrated. *The beautiful tin cutter wouldn't cut. . . . It merely squashed the cake!*

The household devices you see advertised in this magazine have all been tested and tried. They are practical. They positively do what their advertising says they will do. All this is determined *before* they are advertised here.

REMEMBER THESE EYES?

First a hit on the stage, this blonde comedienne now is winning new laurels in Warner Bros. Pictures. She is 5 ft., 4 in. tall, weighs 115 lbs. and has sparkling gray eyes. Name below*.

eyes win love of most men

"Out of every 1,000 lovers," says the New York Times, "more men fall in love with women's eyes than with any other feature." Keep *your* eyes always clear, bright and alluring by applying a few drops of harmless *Murine* each day. It enhances their sparkle and quickly clears up any bloodshot condition resulting from late hours or outdoor exposure. 60c at drug and department stores. Try it soon!

**Joan Blondell*

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

Requires no insanitary eye cup!

You no longer need to ENVY The Slender Woman

Here's good news for fat people. After years of study and research, a licensed physician and pharmacists of high standing now offer you a simple, quick and absolutely SAFE way *to get rid of excess fat.* No exercising—no dieting—safer than either and far more effective. Thousands have become thin the O. B. C. T. WAY. Men and women marvel at the way the pounds come off.

YOUR MONEY BACK

if O. B. C. T. does not do what is claimed for it. Prove this at our risk Send no money. Pay postman $1.50 when package arrives. Money positively refunded if you do not lose weight on first box. Two weeks' treatment should convince you.—Start reducing right away—write today.

O. B. C. T. LABORATORY, Inc.
4016 Lincoln Ave., Dept. 12-77 Chicago

TYPEWRITER ½ Price

Save over ½-Rock Bottom Price on all standard office models—Underwood, Remington, Royal, etc.—Easiest terms ever offered. Also Portables at reduced prices.

SEND NO MONEY

All late models completely refinished like brand new. *Fully Guaranteed.* Sent on 10 days' trial. Send No Money. Big Free Catalog shows actual machines in full colors. Greatest bargains ever offered. Send at once!!

10-day Trial

International Typewriter Exch., 231 W. Monroe St. Dept. 1082, Chicago

You can be quickly helped, if you STAMMER

I relieved myself after stammering nearly 20 years. The story of my suffering and relief will interest you. Send 10 cents for my 279-page book. B.N BOGUE
7729 Bogue Bldg., 1147 N Illinois St., Indianapolis, Ind.

Even Hollywood's Heroes Can't Resist Their Charms

(*Continued from page 19*)

looks, instead, like the feminine version of "when a fellow needs a friend." There's wistfulness in those eyes and sadness in that mouth. If she were inclined that way, Joan could have a host of protectors. As it is, she seems content with John Considine, Jr.

Joan, however, isn't the only girl in the film colony who makes the local Lotharios want to be of some help. Madge Evans is the newest sweet young thing to make the boys' eyes shine. Maureen O'Sullivan—well, it's hard to keep track of all of Maureen's would-be helpmates.

When Hollywood's six most famous directors were asked to pick "the six most beautiful women in the talkies," they chose, among others, Frances Dee. (The others were Marlene Dietrich, Dolores Del Rio, Gloria Swanson, Kay Francis, and Jeanette MacDonald.) And Frances is on her way to a heart-wrecking reputation already with that beauty. She seems to have replaced Billie Dove in Howard Hughes' affections.

Norma's Very Much Married

NORMA SHEARER may be "The Divorcée" and "A Free Soul" to you, but she is Mrs. Irving Thalberg to Hollywood. And other women aren't a bit sorry. They feel the same way—and probably even more so—about Lilyan Tashman, who is Mrs. Edmund Lowe.

Evelyn Brent is a smoldering siren on the screen but off it she is Mrs. Harry Edwards. She discourages all would-be swains by remarking that her husband is the handsomest man in Hollywood.

Wynne Gibson always plays The Other Woman, but off the screen she is noted for her sense of humor. She's a good sport. She isn't dangerous.

But Marilyn Miller. There is a girl that no other woman likes to see approaching. She comes right out and says that she has never had a real girl-friend, except her sister. Her sense of humor, she guesses, appeals to men rather than women. Sense of humor indeed! Do men want to marry a sense of humor? And Marilyn has had more marriage offers than any other girl in Hollywood.

Ina Claire is another siren with a witty tongue who doesn't inspire sisterly affection in other women. But men appreciate the Irish redhead. And now that she is no longer Mrs. John Gilbert—well boys, the line forms on the right. It is already forming, as a matter of fact.

Gloria Swanson enters the lists of the dangerous again also, now that her divorce from the Marquis de la F. et de la C. is all but final. On the screen, the glorious Swanson appeals most strongly to women—because of her clothes. Off the screen, it's the men who buzz about Gloria—because of her brains. Moreover, her suitors are always Men Who Matter.

How Lily Rates Off the Screen

LILY DAMITA is so popular with the men in real life that the doors to her set have to be locked when she is working. There are men who wouldn't let her toil if they could only get in to see her. It's Gallic gaiety that lures them.

Watch out for Sylvia Sidney—not only as a coming star, but as an off-screen siren. In the few months that she has been in Hollywood, she has become one of the most popular girls here—among the men. (Almost exclusively among the men.) When you want to know whether or not a girl is the dangerous type, watch how women react to her. If women don't like her, she's a heart-wrecker. That's the way with Sylvia—who doesn't mind what women think. She thinks women are a dull lot, anyway.

When Edwina Booth draws near, women narrow their eyes, and men open theirs a bit wider. She's different. She has all the tense poise and the lurking ferocity of a tigress. At least, that's the impression she gives. If she ever gets a big break, plenty of Hollywood men are willing to prophesy, she will show the world something new in emotional fireworks.

Pola Negri, since her return, has been keeping pretty well to her beach house at Santa Monica—but no one is forgetting that she is back. Neither the men nor the women. If Pola glows again, there will be hordes of men who will want to glow with her.

Last, But Not Least

DOROTHY MACKAILL is a real-life siren. She laughs with men, not at them. She makes sex appeal a gay, natural affair of sunburned days at the beach.

So is Estelle Taylor—whose exotic beauty completely engulfs her escorts, reducing them merely to "that man with Estelle" (but they don't know it).

So is Carole Lombard, who has not lost the art of being a woman in becoming a star.

So is Betty Compson, who admits she has never worked through a picture without a romance—"maybe two of them."

A siren that Hollywood would like to get a glimpse of in person is Tallulah Bankhead, who has been making her films in the East. The boys find it hard to believe the rumor that she isn't interested in men.

It seems the town doesn't have enough Dangerous Women already!

The phantom-men in the illustrations on pages 18 and 19 are:

- Clark Gable—with Greta Garbo
- Warner Baxter—with Joan Bennett
- Joel McCrea—with Constance Bennett
- Ralph Forbes—with Clara Bow
- Robert Montgomery—with Joan Crawford
- Lew Ayres—with Jean Harlow

Did You Know That--

Jack Warner went to France for a holiday and the French government took the opportunity to suggest that he suppress "Fifty Million Frenchmen." And Jack, according to the rumors, laughed merrily?

Thelma Todd changed her name to Alison Loyd and went over to United Artists to play a dramatic rôle in "Corsair." After which a comedy contract called her back to Hal Roach Studios, where she's Thelma Todd. They're calling her "Dr. Loyd and Mrs. Todd?"

"Cherries Are Ripe," the stage play that Rod La Rocque and Vilma Banky have been appearing in on the road for many months, is scheduled for a Broadway opening in October—without Rod and Vilma?

Rod and Vilma are coming back to Hollywood—with Vilma losing all her Hungarian accent, but not a bit of her beauty?

VILO-RAY Now Astounds the World's Beauty Authorities

- *The Famous Lucille Young Again Gives Women Amazing New Beauty. Results that Seem Utterly Beyond Belief*
- *Until Seen. Startling, Mysterious Rejuvenation.*

By Jas. C. Staunton

I HAVE SEEN a 68 year old woman made to look 20 years younger. I have watched while sallow skins came to a glow of marvelous natural color. I have seen blackheads disappear as though by magic. I have witnessed the almost instantaneous banishment of lines and wrinkles. Muddy, blemished complexions have been given marvelous transparency before my very eyes.

All this in the famous laboratories and Salon of that amazing woman, Lucille Young, scientific magician of beauty, advisor to millions, famed in a dozen countries for original discoveries without equal.

And now a discovery to make all others seem insignificant—the sheer, stark, seeming miracle of VILO-RAY. This incredible, youth-giving, breath-taking result of years of research is a *fifteen minute treatment*. Just fifteen minutes to give results that heretofore have taken months.

I'll tell you how I have *seen the treatment given*—a way *you yourself may easily follow*—a way that brings VILO-RAY to you *in your home* . . . at a few cents for a treatment, instead of the Salon cost of $10.00. Until recently, fabulous sums had to be spent to produce the VILO-RAY treatment. Now, a new marvelous process has brought the treatment within the reach of all. And, according to her custom of over 20 years' standing, Lucille Young is giving her GREATEST DISCOVERY to the whole world of women for a sum *anyone* can afford.

WHAT VILO-RAY IS —HOW TO USE IT

Here is the treatment. First the face and neck are thoroughly cleansed. Lucille Young uses a special cleansing cream. But other good cleansing creams will do *almost* as well. Next Lucille Young shows you two mysterious containers. Through the crystal glass of one, you see a fascinating, violet hued liquid. And you learn part of the startling secret. This liquid has been *irradiated* by the marvelous Ultra Violet Ray. Special electrical apparatus is required to create this ray . . . in which the liquid is bathed . . . and later given its mysterious violet hue. In a second container a pale yellow semi-solid, a secret formula that Lucille Young alone knows . . . one that other chemists have so far been unable to analyze . . . one that energizes skin and muscle structure as has never been done before.

As you watch, Lucille Young applies these two components of her VILO-RAY TREATMENT. The Method is EXACT, yet easy when Lucille Young explains it . . . as she does to all taking the treatment . . . as she will to you in her Method Directions sent with the ready prepared ingredients. I, myself, have applied the VILO-RAY Treatment, with the same utterly astounding results that Lucille Young achieves.

THOUSANDS of Lucille Young's regular patrons have already used VILO-RAY . . . in their own homes.

As nearly every woman knows, Lucille Young serves scores of thousands of patrons all over the world — women who could never come to the Salon. Thousands of these women have been personally advised of the new VILO-RAY treatment by Lucille Young. They have eagerly sent for, and tried, the supreme achievement of their beloved and trusted beauty authority . . . and their expressions of delight, of amazement, of joy are so extravagant that had I not seen equally amazing things, I could not believe such incredible praise.

WHO Should Use Lucille Young's VILO-RAY

Unlike all other beauty creams, lotions, and specifics, Lucille Young's VILO-RAY Treatment is for both *young and old*, for those who desire to correct beauty defects; for those who simply wish to become *more beautiful*.

VILO-RAY has the property of energizing, of waking up skin tissues and muscle structure beneath the skin. It makes use of the astounding discoveries of the world famous University of Copenhagen regarding the myriad of tiny blood tubes of the skin called capillaries. The average person has enough of these to equal 60,000 square feet. Think of it! VILO-RAY energizes the capillaries, creating a health influence upon the skin that is marvelous. You can *feel* VILO-RAY "picking up drooping muscles," ironing out lines, firming contours. After a single treatment, you can actually *see* the wonderful natural glow in your skin, the erasure of lines, the firming of sagging chins, the smoothing out of contours.

Lucille Young

How VILO-RAY is Sold to You—

VILO-RAY is entirely too scientific, too magical, too marvelous, too APPARENT in the results YOU ACTUALLY SEE, to need subterfuge. It doesn't have to hide behind ambiguous promises. In fact it really doesn't have to MAKE ANY PROMISES AT ALL.

Therefore you may buy VILO-RAY with the unconditional guarantee that the entire purchase price will be REFUNDED WITHOUT A WORD OF ARGUMENT if you, yourself, simply write in and say "I want my money back." You do not have to explain, give details, or anything else. Lucille Young offers you VILO-RAY as the most marvelous beauty discovery of the age. If YOU do not enthusiastically agree, if you are not so wild about the new beauty you achieve that you want to praise VILO-RAY to the skies, then Lucille Young DOESN'T WANT TO KEEP YOUR MONEY.

You Do Not Have To Send Money with Order

You are cordially welcome to send for VILO-RAY c. o. d., sending no money whatsoever. Then, when VILO-RAY, arrives, simply pay postman $2.95 (the Special Introductory Price), plus the few cents postage. If you prefer to save the postage, send remittance with order. My Guarantee insures your satisfaction or return of $2.95 on your "say so."

LUCILLE YOUNG,
358-A Lucille Young Building, Chicago, Ill.

Send me your famous VILO-RAY Treatment, complete with instructions and everything to use just as in your Beauty Salon. I understand that if I am not delighted with results, I shall have the full purchase price $2.95 returned to me by notifying you within ten days and returning any unused VILO-RAY, or even the empty containers.

Name..

St. Address..................................

City..............................State..........

NOTE: My guarantee makes it convenient to send cash with order, and you then save the postage. If you desire, enclose Special Introductory Price of $2.95

Why Folks
Grow FAT

Facts All Should Know

The study of ductless glands, in late years has revealed a great cause of excess fat. The thyroid gland secretion largely controls nutrition. It helps turn food into fuel and energy. When this gland is inactive, it is found that too much food goes to fat.

This discovery has largely changed the treatment of obesity. Doctors the world over now supply this lacking factor. As a result, excess fat has been disappearing fast. One sees that everywhere. This despite the fact that people walk less, because of motor cars. And starvation diets are no longer advised.

A Great Factor

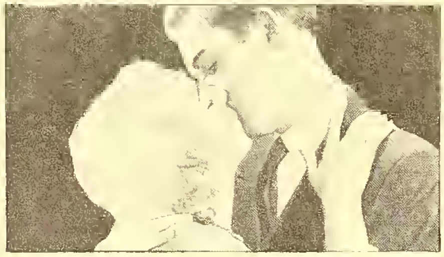
Marmola prescription tablets embody this modern method. A famous medical laboratory prepares them to fit the average case. People have used them for 24 years—millions of boxes of them. They have brought to multitudes of people new youth and beauty, new health and vim. Now almost everyone has friends who know the delightful effects of Marmola.

Marmola makes this new-day method easy and economical. A book in each box gives the formula and explains the results. Users thus know exactly what they are taking, and why. When the extra weight goes and new vim appears, they know the reasons for it.

If you over-weigh, let Marmola prove to you what the right and natural help can do. Stop when weight gets down to normal, and you feel and look your best. Then tell your friends whose figures are abnormal. You cannot do a greater kindness to the over-fat.

Go start today. Your druggist has Marmola with the book enclosed. Do not delay the joy of being thin.

MARMOLA
PRESCRIPTION TABLETS
The Right Way to Reduce
$1 AT ALL DRUGGISTS



Her Blonde Hair
brought him back

HE couldn't forget how her hair sparkled and shone . . . And so another lovers' quarrel is patched up—by Blondex. This special shampoo keeps blonde hair thrilling with golden lights—safely brings back true golden color to dull, faded blonde hair. Prevents darkening. Not a dye. No injurious chemicals. Stimulates the scalp. Try Blondex today and see the *difference*. At all drug and department stores.

Natural-Like CURLS
How to set real personality waves with fingers, combs or clips shown simply.
FREE PENNY WAVES to keep straight hair curly 30 days, send 25c to cover mailing.
EUGENE PENNY, 117 N. Wells, Dept. 41, Chicago

Will Buddy Rogers Rival Rudy Vallee?

(*Continued from page 17*)

a sensitive microphone, who needs power? Not Rudy, vow the girls. Then why should Buddy?

Of course, Rudy has a technique all his own that has never been successfully copied. You don't have to wait for the station announcement to know who's singing, when Vallee is on the air. His mastery lies in his being just a fraction of a beat behind the melody. He's soothing, he's calming, he's romantic. But he never seems to emote as he sings. He gives the impression, instead, of lazily dreaming. Buddy, on the other hand, puts more fire in his torch songs. And his voice is equally clear.

Buddy's More Versatile

RUDY, when he isn't crooning ever so softly to those untold millions of women who are looking for a vagabond lover, sometimes picks up a saxophone—and can tootle the horn with real talent. But what is this, beside the accomplishments of our Buddy? Buddy can make a piano dance, can make a violin sob, can tease soft melodies out of cornets, clarinets, saxes and even flutes, can strum a mean rhythm on banjo or mandolin or uke—and how the boy can rattle the traps! There just isn't any comparison here.

And how about looks—to broach a delicate subject? Well, most girls can bear to look twice at Rudy—but is he any match for Buddy? Rudy is blonde, of course, which is one thing in his favor now—but it won't be when Television comes. Blondes just don't screen well in Television broadcasts. He'll have to become brunette and how will he look then? You *know* how Buddy will look. He has raven-black hair, dark sparkling eyes, and a ruddy, outdoor complexion. Moreover, he has an athletic physique. And who would accuse Rudy of that?

So far as backgrounds go, they're equal. Both came from small towns—Rudy from Waterville, Maine, and Buddy from Olathe, Kansas. Both have lost their accents. Both went to college only a brief while—Buddy to the University of Kansas, and Rudy to the University of Maine and to Yale—and both earned pocket money with band-playing on the side. Both became famous very early. Both are now wealthy. Both have a tremendous fan following.

Buddy can do at least one thing aside from music that Rudy can't—and that is: *act*. Do you, by any chance, remember a film called "The Vagabond Lover"? Suppose the Television people wanted their big star to do a little acting now and then? Well, Buddy could do it.

And—Buddy Isn't Married

ALSO, don't forget this: Miss America prefers her idols unmarried. And Rudy has violated the unwritten law. He comes right out in public and shamelessly states that he's in love with Fay Webb, his new wife—and adds that it's the first time he has ever been in love. And after you—and you—and you—had supposed he was singing just to you! Has Buddy done a thing like that?

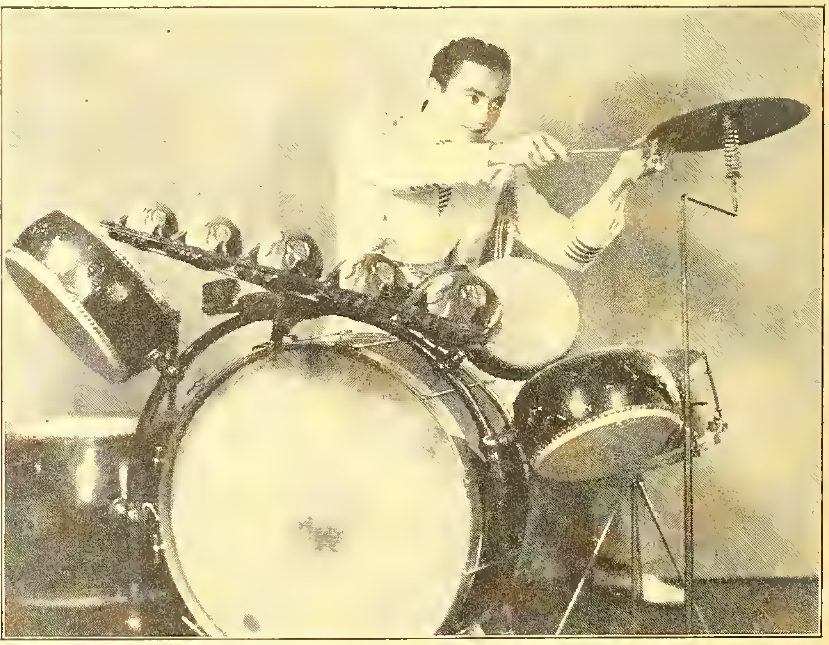
He has been rumored engaged to Mary Brian and June Collyer and Jean Arthur and plenty of others, for years (at least, it seems years). Probably those rumors were started by press-agents, say you. Anyway, he's still single. And there is where Rudy's potential rival is most dangerous. There isn't a girl in America who still couldn't dream of winning the fascinating Buddy. He's not only handsome, but heart-whole and free.

More than a year ago, Buddy told me that he was taking voice lessons and going on with his studies of the piano and mandolin. But the funny part of it is that he doesn't expect to compete with Rudy in the crooning business, despite the voice lessons. It's the band that interests him.

"I have a new idea for a band, I think," he says. "Something almost symphonic. Not less than eighteen pieces, and with at least four violins. And flutes. I love flutes. None of this rattle-bang-crash stuff. Sweetness and melody is what I want.

"I'm going to make a one-night-stand tour of every city in this country. I'm going to tour Europe. I have a swell idea—to make up an intercollegiate band with one boy from each of the big universities. I'll start with

(*Continued on page 80*)



If you've ever seen Buddy Rogers in a personal appearance, you've seen him play every instrument in the orchestra. The boy can even play a solo on the traps—and can Rudy Vallee do that?

ugly hairs

Now "SNOW" simply melts them away! cleanly...quickly...safely...

It's so easy to use "Snow". Simply apply it. Remove it and your skin is clean, fresh, free of ugly hair.

WHAT woman isn't ashamed of superfluous hair? Yet shaving and harsh chemicals ruin a delicate skin. "SNOW" is something entirely new—non-irritating, harmless, mild. No itching, no rash, and every trace of hair is gone! Eminent physicians endorse "SNOW"—scientific laboratories of high standing declare it *absolutely safe.*

Use it on the legs—where transparent hose, and the stockingless mode of summer days, call attention to any dark, streaky, unlovely hair. Such a growth is objectionable to the fastidious eye—it may disgust the one you wish most to attract. All the year round, use "SNOW" to wipe away unsightly hair on the limbs.

"SNOW"—for fastidious women

Use it under the arms—where evening gowns and sportwear alike demand a smooth, clean surface. Here, where perspiration acid tends to burn and irritate the delicate skin, "SNOW" may be used with perfect comfort. None of the scraped, reddened appearance or burning sensation left by the old-fashioned razor!

Even on the face—where hair is so embarrassing and disfiguring—"SNOW" is safe, mild and effective. And because it goes below the upper skin, breaking off the hair before it reaches the surface, there is no short, stubby growth, no sign that any hair ever disfigured the skin! "SNOW" discourages the growth of new hair, too—each time it takes longer for the unpleasant growth to return.

A fibre brush FREE with "SNOW"

How do you use "SNOW"? It's ridiculously simple! Mix with a little cold water—and apply with the convenient little fibre brush given FREE with each package. Leave "SNOW" on a few moments—when you remove it, you remove the ugly hair as well. USE "SNOW" AS OFTEN AS YOU WANT TO! It does not coarsen the pores or thicken the growth of hair.

Doctors would not endorse it, if it were not ideal for women's use.

Money-back Guarantee

"SNOW" is the perfected depilatory—the discovery of a great European laboratory. It is positive acting—quickly, cleanly, it banishes ugly, beauty-marring hair growth. Always it leaves the skin silky smooth—completely free of hair.

We *know* that "SNOW" does all we claim for it, and more! We'll gladly stand the expense if you are not satisfied. You risk nothing! We post a *binding, money-back guarantee* with each package sold. Ask for "SNOW" at your druggists—or pin a $1 bill to this coupon and a large package will be sent by return mail, postpaid, with the *free* fibre brush.

"SNOW"

simply melts hair away

P. S. For men, too . . . "SNOW" is the new amazing razorless shave! Use it and get the quickest, cleanest shave you've ever had. Even the toughest beard vanishes easily—even the tenderest skin gives up its beard without a trace of irritation.

RASOFIX CORPORATION OF AMERICA.
Dept. 2F, 299 Broadway, New York (Dept. 2F; 427 St. Francis Xavier, Montreal Canada).

Enclosed is $1.00 (C. O. D. $1.15) for which please send me the large size package of "SNOW" and the special fibre brush. If I am not satisfied with "SNOW" I am to receive my money back.

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

City ____________________ *State* ____________________

Grow-

Yes, Grow Eyelashes and Eyebrows like this in 30 Days

Marvelous new discovery!—makes eyelashes and eyebrows *actually grow!* Now as never before you can positively have long, curling, silken lashes and beautiful, wonderful eyebrows.

I say to you in plain English that no matter how scant your eyelashes and brows, I will increase their length and thickness in 30 days—or not accept one penny. No "ifs," "ands," or "maybes"—you actually see startling results—or no pay! You be the judge.

Over 10,000 Women Prove It

—prove beyond a doubt that this astounding new discovery fringes the eyes with long, curling natural lashes—makes eyebrows lovely, silken lines. Read what they say—sworn to under oath before a notary public. From Mlle. Hefflefinger, 240 W. "B" St., Carlisle, Pa.: "I certainly am delighted . . . people now remark how long and silky my eyelashes appear." Frances Raviart of Jeanette, Pa., says: "Your Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier is simply marvelous." Flora J. Corriveau, Biddeford, Me., says: "With your Method my eyelashes are growing long and luxurious."

Results Evident in One Week

In one week—often in a day or so—you see the lashes become more beautiful, like silken fringe! The darling little upward curl shows itself and eyebrows become sleek. It's the thrill of a lifetime—when you have lashes and brows as beautiful as any ever seen.

Remember—I guarantee you satisfactory results in 30 days—or your money refunded in full. I mean just that—no quibble, no strings.

Send today. Special Introductory Price only $1.95 NOW! Later $5.00. Order NOW at low price.

Lucille Young

Sent C. O. D.—Or if money accompanies order postage will be prepaid.

Lucille Young, 658-A Lucille Young Bldg., Chicago,
Send me your new discovery for growing eyelashes and eyebrows. If not entirely satisfied, I'll return in 30 days and you refund my money.
Price C. O. D. is $1.95 plus few cents postage
If $1.95 sent with order postage will be paid.
Check if money enclosed ☐ or C. O. D. ☐

Name...

St. Address...................................

City.. .State... .. ..

Weddings That Never Happened!

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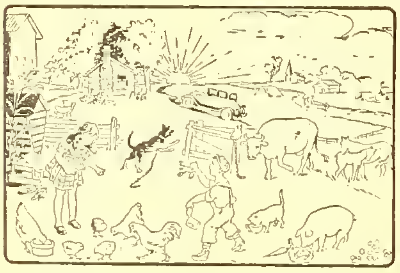

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There are many objects in the picture to the left, such as dog, girl, rooster, boy, tent, etc. See if you can find 5 starting with the letter "C." As soon as you do this, write them on sheet of paper or a postcard together with your name and address and send it to me at once.

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JAMES ARMSTRONG, Mgr. Dept. T-576 323 South Peoria St., Chicago, Ill.

Will Buddy Rogers Rival Rudy Vallee?

(*Continued from page 78*)

Kansas. Of course, that will have to come a little later. It takes at least a year to get a band in shape and accustomed to playing together."

"Do you have a band in mind that you could get together in a hurry?"

Instantly Buddy became a little cagey. "I think I can get one. I'm sure I can. I've been making plans, you see—"

From which you may gather that Buddy *has* a band all ready to go into action.

"I certainly had no idea that the studio was taking any active interest in me now," he confided. "I thought they had been pretty discontented with me of late. But when I asked for my release so I could get to New York in time for rehearsals for the Earl Carroll show, they wouldn't let me go! I suppose it's on account of the notices I received on my performance in 'The Lawyer's Secret.'

"But my option comes up in December and if they keep me after that, they'll have to pay me a lot more money. I don't imagine they'll want me enough to do *that,* do you?"

"You could," I suggested, "do very bad work between now and then."

"Oh, I've already done that!" said Buddy, ruefully.

Pictures have never been more than an interlude for Buddy. Ever since he had that band in college, he has had the itch to become a jazz *maestro.* The first thing he did, when he brought his family to California and settled down in the big Beverly Hills house, was to furnish a music room "with all the instruments of a band." He has never ceased his variety of music lessons, and has never ceased to talk and dream about that band he was going to have some day. Pictures, even when he was at the top of the heap, have been a side issue.

In December, unless Paramount exercises its option and holds him for another six months or year, Buddy will be in New York, "vibrating" to his band, at the New Yorker, over the radio and probably in some musical show or other.

"I'll have a white suit," he says, "and I'll stand up there, and we'll play! *Boy!*"

Are you listening in, Mr. Vallee?

Mary and Doug Will Never Be Divorced!

(*Continued from page 22*)

in the early summer how Lilyan went after a girl who "took refuge from the sun" in Eddie's dressing-room? She even used her fingernails. Does that look as if she is anxious to shed Eddie?

Alice Joyce *and James Regan will never be divorced.*

Alice told me once, with a smile, that she would always be in love with a rollicking Irishman, as like another Hibernian as two peas are alike. (Remember Tom Moore, her first?) And so, she intimated, to what avail would Reno-vating be? Hers is a happy family life with grown-up children and everything.

Ann Harding *and Harry Bannister will never be divorced.*

And here, despite all my determination to the contrary, love does enter in. Real love. They said, one unforgettable day, "Until Death do us part." They meant it. Don't ask me how I know. I haven't said I knew about any of the others. How do you know that the stars shine and the tides move in and out? You can't touch the stars; you can't put your fingers on the mainspring of

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the tides. You know them, just the same. Now and again, you feel a love just as certainly. Ann Harding's love for Harry Bannister and his for Ann is such a love—the unbreakable kind.

When they first came to Hollywood, Harry was the better known. Now it is Ann. She would like things still to be as they were then. But whoever is the more famous, fame will never wreck the romance of Ann and Harry. They mean too much to one another, and little Jane Bannister means too much to them.

The *Clive Brooks will never be divorced.*

Like the Harold Lloyds, they are family people. Habit will save them. Children will save them. There are people like that—born family people. And there are other people who are born individuals, never to fit into group life.

Clive Brook and his wife do fit. They positively revel in the security that each offers the other, and they recognize the bonds of their children.

Clive has a decided aversion to discussing love-lives. He doesn't understand why actors are supposed to have them and supposed to talk about them, when scientists and statesmen and day-laborers aren't. But give him a chance and he'll convince you that actors can appreciate family life more than any other class on the globe.

Bebe Daniels *and Ben Lyon will never be divorced.*

There are two reasons why this happy couple will stay married—the first of which is love. The second is that they, also, are family people. They are settled down. Both have had a long and instructive course in fiery emotions and affairs, and both know how fruitless they are. More, they are two individuals who never really wanted to be individuals—and do want a home and children while they're young and have the leisure to appreciate them. They fully expect to keep their youth in the company of their youngsters.

The *Leslie Howards will never be divorced.*

They have been inseparable ever since the day they were married—back in wartime. He came back to Hollywood the second time only to get enough money together to buy a little house in the Surrey hills in England, retire from the stage and screen, and write and he with his family alone, away from the crowds. Leslie Howard believes that only through our children do we reach immortality. His two—a boy and girl—mean more to him than anything else in the world.

The *Warner Baxters will never be divorced.*

Nor will the Jean Hersholts.

Nor will John and Marcelite Boles.

Those early years when they were poor, when they had to struggle, when they learned how to appreciate each other before they ever had a chance to appreciate the world's goods, when they took care of their children, themselves—those formative years have left their mark.

The John Barrymores will never be divorced.

Robust John and quiet Dolores have too much in common. Neither needs Hollywood in order to exist—only the other. If John really carries out his threat of leaving the screen, Dolores will do likewise. What one feels, the other feels. What one does, the other does. Theirs has become a family life like that of the Lloyds and Brooks and Howards.

Richard Arlen and Jobyna Ralston will never be divorced.

They are the easiest-going people in the world. Nothing ruffles them. They are the type who, when they walk up to an altar, marry for keeps. Dick's dressing-room is positively cluttered up with pictures of Jobyna. She has renounced the screen, lest she neglect her family.

These—like Mary and Doug—will never be divorced.

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Tipping You Off

(*Continued from page 8*)

gration authorities told her that since Evelyn Rosetta was born in Germany, Evelyn Rosetta was a German—and must enter the United States under the German alien quota. But clever Vivian got herself and child a Swedish passport and didn't have to stop at Ellis Island on the way into New York. She's planning to do a stage show with sister Rosetta before returning to Hollywood. And Hollywood, somehow, can't help wondering what Nils thinks about that.

Mrs. Edith M. Shearer, mother of Norma, has one of those new Reno divorces from Andrew Shearer. The grounds were non-support.

The inside story is that Ivan Lebedeff is about to be starred. Women, it seems, have gone Lebedaffy since seeing him in his latest picture—the first, by the way, to give him the principal rôle. Did you know that for a hobby he writes fiction—usually in French? And, moreover, sells it.

The cops have been jailing sun-bathers on roofs in downtown Los Angeles, but nobody has molested the sun-absorbers of Malibu and Santa Monica. And *they* started it all!

When Joan Bennett fractured her hip, her sister Barbara (Mrs. Morton Downey) and her mother (now Mrs. Eric Seabrooke Pinker) flew West to be with her. And sister Connie went to Paris.

June MacCloy, the blonde beauty who use to charm Broadwayites with her cute throaty voice before she went to Hollywood, is now playing in a series of short reelers called "The Gay Girl Comedies"

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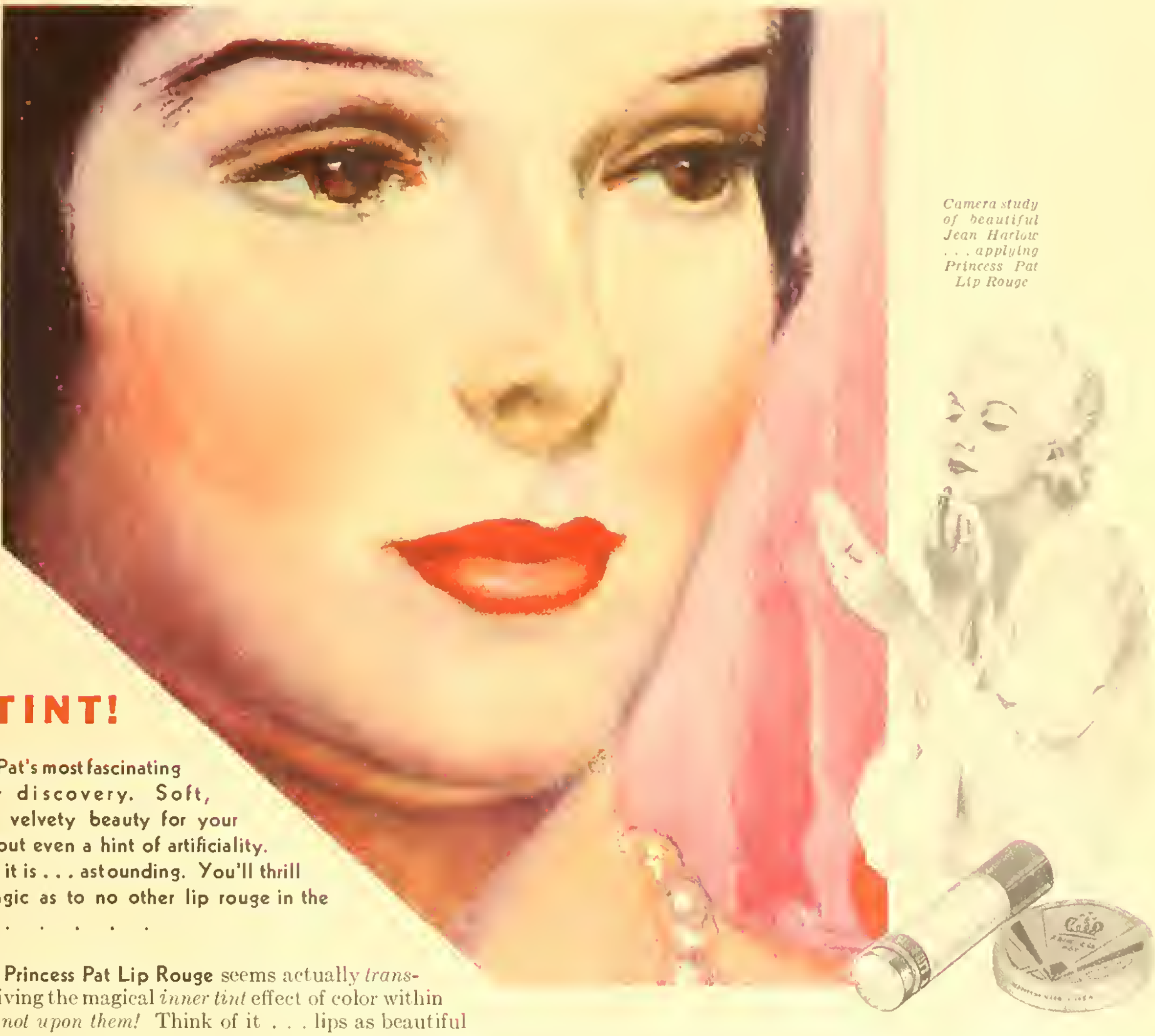

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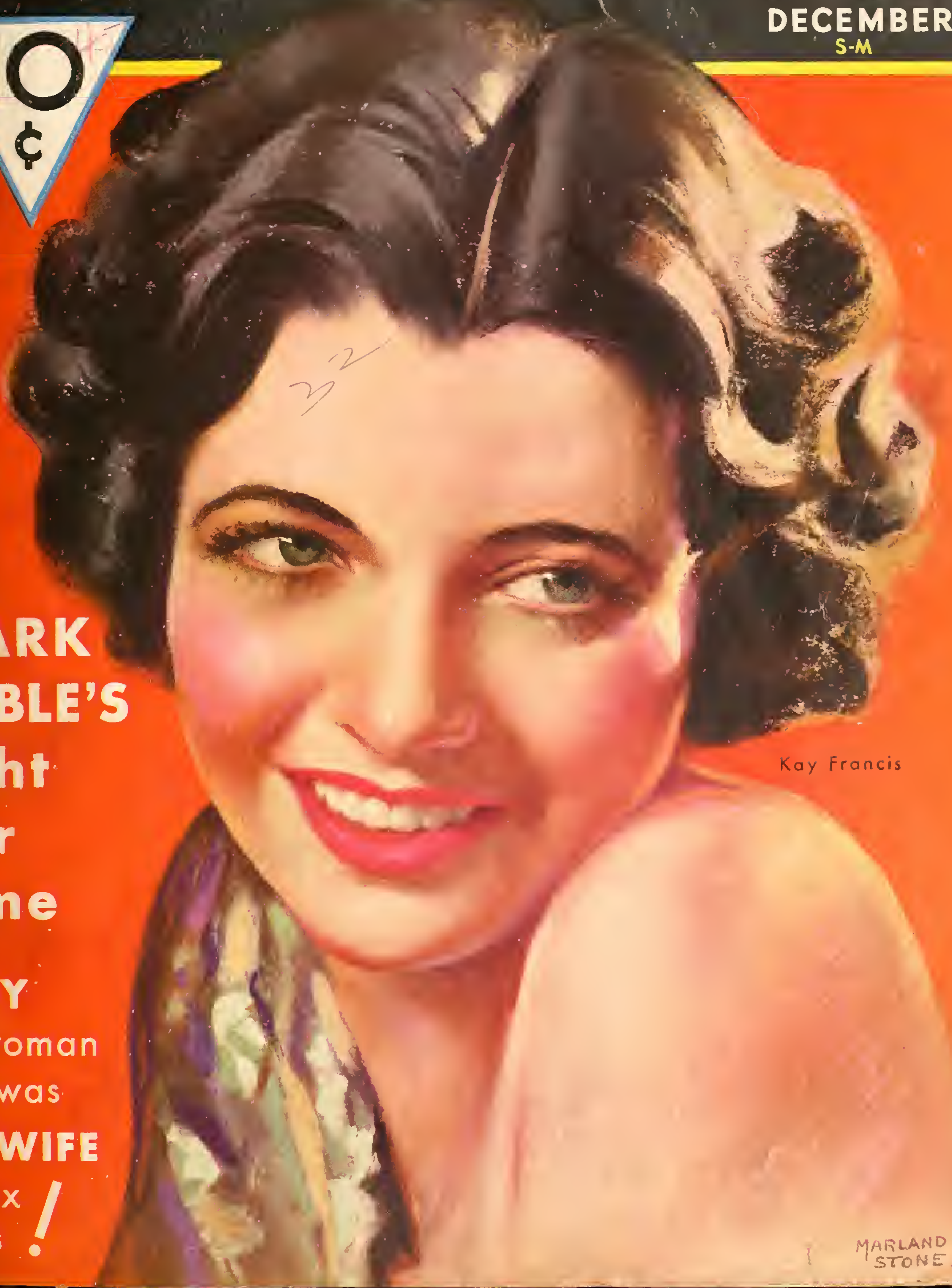

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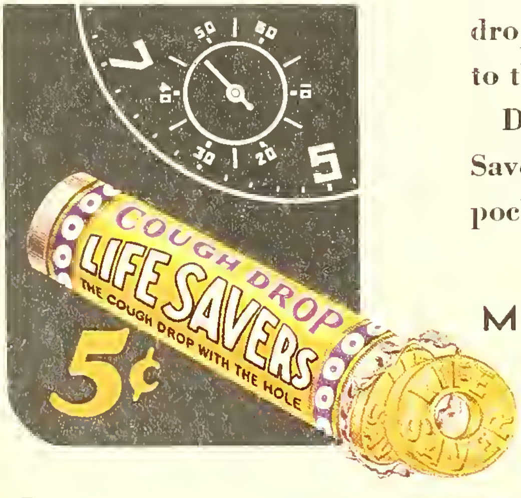

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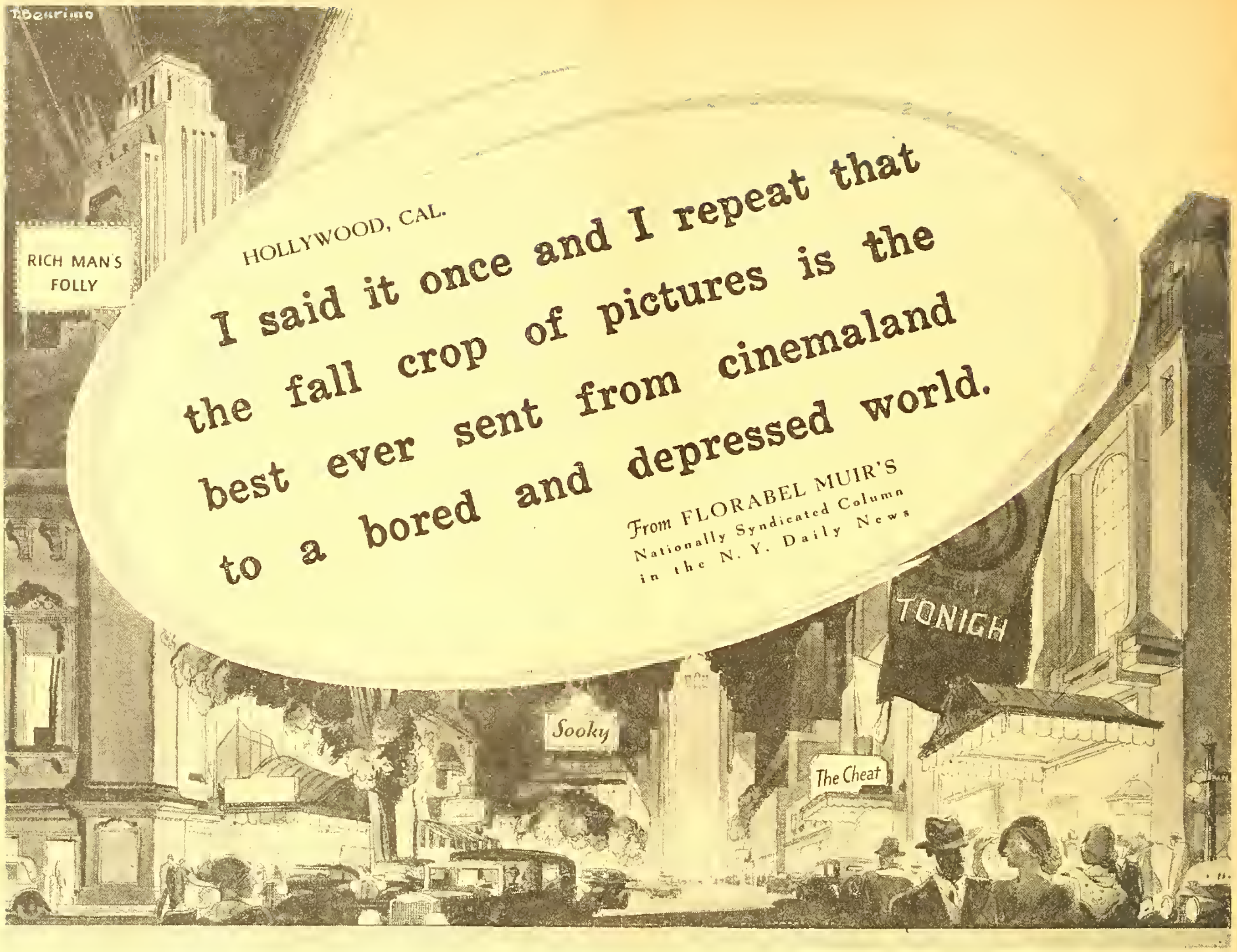

HOLLYWOOD, CAL.

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MOVIE CLASSIC

VOL. I No. 4 DECEMBER, 1931

THE TABLOID MAGAZINE OF THE SCREEN

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MOVIE CLASSIC comes out on the 10th of every Month, MOTION PICTURE the 28th

MOVIE CLASSIC *is published monthly at 350 E. 22nd St., Chicago, Ill., by* MOTION PICTURE PUBLICATIONS, INC. *Entered as second class matter July 29, 1931 at the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, under the Act of March 3, 1879; printed in U. S. A. Editorial and Executive Offices, Paramount Building, 1501 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.*
Copyright 1931 by MOTION PICTURE PUBLICATIONS, INC.
Single copy 10c. Subscriptions for U. S., its possessions, and Mexico $1.00 a year, Canada $2.50, Foreign Countries, $2.00. European Agents, Atlas Publishing Company, 18 Bride Lane, London, E. C. 4. Stanley V. Gibson, President and Publisher, William S. Pettit, Vice President, Robert T. Canfield, Secretary-Treasurer.

BETWEEN OURSELVES

IT seems to me that Hollywood has muffed a great opportunity to do something for the unemployed. Not one single studio has dramatized the depression and turned out a picture to awaken—really awaken—America to the tragedy of idleness. No studio has told the story of even one of the millions of men who were working two years ago and are not working now.

MAYBE such a story would be too somber on the screen. Maybe people don't want to be reminded of little real-life tragedies. But isn't it time they *were* reminded—particularly the capitalists and the politicians? Isn't it time we all realized there are Six Million Unemployed in these United States—and found other ways than slow-moving and fleeting charity to help them? And what medium could arouse America's emotions so much as a dramatic motion picture?

FOR those who are lucky enough to have the price of theater tickets, the movie magnates are about to make a number of cheerful little dramas calculated to make you forget—for an hour or so—that times are hard. You are going to see plenty of comedies this winter, hear plenty of music, and face a regular barrage of happy little romances. All is to be sweetness and light, and you're to kid yourself into thinking, "All's well with the world . . . . "

TO give credit where credit is due, however, practically every theater in the country is giving benefit performances for the unemployed. The week of November 18–25 has been set aside by relief agencies as National Motion Picture Week, and theater profits are to be turned over to the National Unemployment Relief Fund. Go to your movies that week and help the unemployment situation in your town! And if your neighborhood theater isn't joining in the movement, it's up to you, personally, to find out why.

YOU can't pick up a paper these days without learning that some screen star has either been secretly married for lo, these many months—or has just been discovered on the verge of marrying on the Q. T. It's an epidemic. And isn't it slightly silly—when all parties concerned are of legal age and supposedly mature? Can you blame some of the boys for suspecting that the reason for many of the "secret" weddings is that they make better publicity when the news does break?

LESLIE HOWARD, the brilliant young Englishman who has acted circles around most Hollywood leading men during his brief stay in the movies, has returned to the stage. "Health" is given as his reason, and perhaps that is the explanation. Certain it is that he turned down big contract offers in leaving the talkies flat. But if producers had given him the breaks he deserved, I suspect he would not have deserted. It is a reflection on Hollywood that he did not get along faster. Point out, if you can, any other actor who has given such effortless and believable performances in the last year as he has in "Outward Bound," "Never the Twain Shall Meet," "Five and Ten" and "Devotion."

THE evening following Thomas Edison's funeral, the lights of Hollywood and other cities were dimmed for one minute in tribute to the man who made movies possible. It is interesting to recall how he did it. He obtained the first crude "moving picture" by placing a group of ordinary box cameras in a long row. A figure went past the row. As it passed each camera, the shutter was clicked. The negatives were fastened together and projected on a screen. Thus, movies.

I LIKE this new idea of M-G-M's of putting two or more stars in the same picture, and hope other studios will do likewise. It ought to make for better all-around acting. You'll see Norma Shearer and Robert Montgomery together in "Private Lives," Greta Garbo and Ramon Novarro in "Mata Hari," Joan Crawford and Clark Gable in "Possessed," Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper in "The Champ"—and then, if their varying temperaments can all be soothed, Greta Garbo, Clark Gable, Joan Crawford and John Gilbert in "Grand Hotel." Who wouldn't go to see such a picture—even if only to see which gentleman was favored by the Garbo?

FOR the first year since the earthquake, the producers haven't gone rah-rah this fall. The number of collegiate drahmahs has been very small—and could have been smaller by about two with no one shedding tears. Hollywood at last has learned that you and I would rather save our quarters and see a real game on Saturday, than watch one of Hollywood's last-minute-touch-down affairs any other day in the week. Let's give a cheer for dear old Hollywood!

SPEAKING of comedians, have you caught a glimpse of Jimmie (Schnozzle) Durante? He's funnier than all four Marx Brothers, or the Four Hawaiians, either, for that matter. He's insanely funny, uniquely funny. His looks help a lot, but he wouldn't make you burst your vest if he didn't have a gorgeous sense of wit. And, unlike most hard-working clowns, he's just as spontaneously funny off the screen or the stage. It's a sure sign that he isn't high-hat.

Larry Reid

MIRTH...
NAPOLEON OF NONSENSE...
GULLIVER OF GLEE..
HE-MAN OF HILARITY...
FOREMOST FUNSTER OF THEM ALL
HIJACKER OF THE BLUES..
...KING OF KOMICS

Get acquainted with
Joe E. Brown
The Clown Prince of the Talkies

in

"LOCAL BOY MAKES GOOD"

with DOROTHY LEE

Based on a play by
J. C. and Elliott Nugent

Directed by MERVYN LEROY

He is a storm of laughs just being himself, and when he is "two other fellows" he is a cyclone of merriment . . . Get acquainted with this merry madcap of nonsense! . . . this hilarious and uproarious comic! . . . the laugh-master of them all! . . . His next picture is "LOCAL BOY MAKES GOOD". . . . Don't miss it, or the other blues-chasing comedies featuring this Gulliver of Glee soon to appear at your local theatre . . . You'll have the laugh-time of your life.

A FIRST NATIONAL & VITAPHONE STAR

Movie Classic's Letter Page

Become a Critic — Give Your Opinion — Win a Prize

Here's your chance to tell the movie world—through Movie Classic—what phase of the movies most interests you. Advance your ideas, your appreciations, your criticisms of the pictures and players. Try to keep within 200 words. Sign your full name and address. We will use initials if requested. Address Letter Page, Movie Classic, 1501 Broadway, New York City

Each month, Movie Classic gives Twenty, Ten and Five Dollar Prizes for the Three Best Letters published on this page

The $20 Letter

Pictures Need Taming

I READ somewhere that Mary Pickford said she would like to direct pictures. That's an idea! Perhaps then we can get good, clean wholesome pictures that won't make us blush. She occupied an enviable position in the movie world for twenty years. Why?—Cleanliness. That's the answer. I nominate her for a similar position to the one now occupied by Will Hays. And, by the way, where is the Board of Censors? Have they lost or misplaced their scissors?

For playing in indecent pictures, I believe the prize should go to Joan Crawford, with Norma Shearer running her a close second; although Norma keeps her dignity while Joan has absolutely no regard for hers. Norma portrays shady ladies, acting like a Grand Duchess and Joan portrays respectable ladies, acting like a hussy.

I wonder whether we will hear of the stars who portray such rôles twenty years hence? You and I know the answer. They will sit idly and see some director usher them into quick oblivion. We would like our screen ladies to be good—once in a while anyway.

Let's have "The Sheik" with either Clark Gable or Ramon Novarro in the rôle. Either would be splendid. Then, can't we have some of the other good old costume pictures as talkies? We've had quite enough of gang warfare and indecent society dramas and I believe a little Mid-Victorianism for a change would help the pendulum swing back.

Herman Nichols,
Biloxi, Miss.

The $10 Letter

Musicals More Than Welcome Again

WHERE has it been all my life? This 25c magazine masquerading under a 10c price? I think it's great—everything about it.

Who was it anyway who started this gossip about the world being fed up on musical pictures?

F'rinstance—the combination of two such glorious voices as are possessed by Bebe Daniels and John Boles—or the sweet, low voice of Gloria Swanson—or, again, that inimitable singing of Maurice Chevalier's! I ask you—wasn't there a much better taste in your mouth after having heard these artists than there was after sitting thru a rip-roaring gangster picture?

And yet—producers gathered the idea somewhere that all this beauty must be sacrificed—the public wanted something else—gangster pictures, if you please. Oh, Producers, Producers, somebody sold you a gold brick! Look before you leap!

This is the branding scene from "The Cheat," Tallulah Bankhead's new picture, with Irving Pichel applying the branding iron. Miss Bankhead gives one of the finest performances of her career and we warn you not to miss it

We need musical pictures, if for no other reason than to counteract the column after column of gangster stuff that is thrust upon us by the newspapers.

Movie Classic, from some items in your latest issue, I take it that we are soon to have several such pictures! Hurray! Things are looking up!

Violet Kinne,
Rock Island, Ill.

The $5 Letter

Now It's Up to Marlene

THREE cheers for Movie Classic! It's built like a newspaper with all highlights headlined! I like the set-up very much indeed; it's easy to read and decidedly well worth reading.

But tell us: Isn't Paramount making a mistake in its new handling of Dietrich whom your Carol Benton calls its "greatest star"? What does she mean "greatest"? Is that appellation the result of the flood, very costly flood, of publicity with which they floated the fair fraulein into public notice? We have had "Morocco" and "Dishonored" in neither of which did the so-called 'Magnificent Marlene' do more than display her gorgeous legs!

She, the German marvel, was to back the silent Garbo off the screen, she was to show the world what dramatic ability really is and to date she has stared into space, holding Joe Stern's black cat in her arms, has displayed her pedal extremities from every conceivable angle and smiled quite the loveliest smile I have ever seen. All of which is quite all right but hardly to be termed "genius."

Give the girl a break! Stop cramming her down the public throat with adjectives; if she is an actress give her a rôle which calls for more than hosiery advertising; let her prove her right to be billed above Ruth Chatterton or Nancy Carroll as Paramount's greatest star!

Miss Kay Yarborough,
Washington, D. C.

Gable on Way to Stardom

A PROMINENT writer recently said that Clark Gable is the type of lover that men as well as women like to see on the screen. Generally speaking, Rudolph Valentino did not appeal to men as strongly as to women. For that reason, it is my belief that Gable will become more popular than Valentino, provided he is handled right. It is certain that he is to become a big star.

One picture, "The Four Horsemen," elevated Valentino, almost overnight, to stardom. I hope that such a thing does not happen to Gable. It will be far better if his rise is gradual. In this way, he will build a firm foundation upon which stardom may rest with security. Then, his position as a star will be lasting.

Edward Cannon,
Columbia, S. C.

Our Eugenies Off to Una

LET'S do some handclapping and loud hurrahing for Una Merkel. She's a little devil of a picture stealer and none of us minds it a bit. Janet Gaynor had to look to her onions in "Daddy Longlegs" or our friend Una would have completely obliterated her. Her accent is priceless, her actions cute, and—well—she's just a swell little comedienne. Way down here we give the Georgians the "merry ha ha," but our Empress Eugenies go off to Una Merkel.

Paula Berc,
West Palm Beach, Fla.

Came the Dawn

I MUST have been asleep all this time. I just discovered Movie Classic and oh, what a discovery! I didn't know there could be such a fine movie magazine for only ten cents. Depression or no depression I'm going to buy Movie Classic from now on. You can bet I'm going to try and get the first two issues which I missed.

Just a word about that fascinating per-

(*Continued on page 82*)

Name This Girl

Win $1500.00!

CO-ED, INCORPORATED, will pay $1,000.00 cash just for a girl's name — and $500.00 extra for sending it quick. We want a name that will properly describe America's most beautiful college girl—one of those attractive, lively co-eds that you see at every college and high school. There is nothing to buy or sell in order to win this $1,500.00 and you will not be required to do anything else but send a name. This big prize will be given just to find the right name for a lovely young lady who will sponsor a beautiful nation wide radio program we contemplate for this winter.

Send Your Favorite Name

What girl's name do you like best? In fact, what name are you thinking of right now? Maybe it's just the one to win this $1,500.00. Don't bother trying to think up fancy names—just such an ordinary name as Betty Allen, Nancy Lee, Mary Lynn, etc., may win. Better send the one you are thinking of right away!

$500.00 for MAILING IT QUICK

Yes, $500.00 cash or, if preferred, a beautiful new FORD TUDOR SEDAN will be added to the $1,000.00 prize if the name is sent within three days from the time this announcement is read. So, send your suggestion TODAY! Take no risk of losing that $500.00 EXTRA which is to be won so easily—just for being prompt.

Nothing Else To Do

Certainly this $1,500.00 prize is worth trying for, especially when it costs you only a 2c stamp and an envelope. There is nothing else to do—nothing to buy—nothing to sell—no coupons to clip. This $1,500.00 Cash can be yours just for sending the winning name within three days after reading this announcement. CO-ED, Incorporated, wants you to send your suggestion at once . . . no matter how simple or plain it may be. The very name you send may be the one they are seeking and if you could imagine the thrill of receiving a telegram stating that you won this $1,500.00 prize just for sending a girl's name, you would lose no time in mailing your suggestion at once. You will receive an immediate acknowledgment by letter and at the same time, we will have a big surprise for you in the form of another prize offer through which you can win as much as $4,000.00 more. So, DON'T WAIT . . . DON'T DELAY! . . . mail this coupon today.

MAIL THE NAME YOU SUGGEST ON THIS COUPON

A. S. WEILBY
CO-ED, Inc., 4619 E. Ravenswood Ave., Dept. 126, Chicago, Ill.
The name I suggest for America's most beautiful college girl is:

____

Date I read this advertisement______________
My Name is ______________________________
Address ______________________________
City______________ State ______________

Be sure to fill in the date you read this announcement

RULES: This offer is open to anyone living in the U. S. A., outside of Chicago, Illinois, except employees of Co-Ed, Incorporated, and their families and closes midnight, February 29, 1932. All answers must be mailed on or before that date. Each person may submit only one name, sending more than one will disqualify all entries for that individual. $1,000.00 will be paid to the person submitting the name chosen by Co-Ed, Incorporated. An additional $500.00 cash or a Ford Tudor Sedan will be given to the prize winner, providing the winning name was mailed within three days from the time the announcement was read. Duplicate prizes will be paid in case of ties.

CO-ED, INC., 4619 E. Ravenswood Ave., Dept. 126, CHICAGO, ILL.

Our Hollywood NEIGHBORS

GOINGS-ON AMONG THE PLAYERS

BY MARQUIS BUSBY

THERE are more rumors floating around concerning a rift in the married life of Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. than there are relatives of producers on studio payrolls.

If you believe half of what you hear, Joan Crawford is practically in Reno, and Doug has the new spouse all spotted, with the money saved up for the license. Doug danced several numbers in a row with Hope Williams at a recent party. The next day Hollywood buzzed with the news that Hope was the vampire who had lured Doug from his home and fireside. Then Hope paid a call on Joan at the studio, and it turned out they had been friends for a long time. No more scandal there than in a Quaker meeting.

Both Joan and Doug deny all rumors vehemently. Doug almost froths at the mouth at the mere mention of any disagreement.

Joan, however, is taking positive steps to end the stories. There are well-authenticated reports that she will increase the population of California by at least one small soul. (Twins do happen, you know.)

That is one way of spiking the rumors. Pretty drastic, I'd say, and not always effective even if it is the little che-ild who joins the hands of mammy and pappy in the last reel of the picture.

Richee

Here is Judith Wood carrying out the spirit of Thanksgiving in her costume, her prayer and her turkey. Anyone would offer up a prayer to be given such a hefty bird and Judith is praying that it's well-cooked and has plenty of tasty stuffing

MY goodness, but babies are getting commoner than super-productions in Hollywood. Norma Shearer and Bebe Daniels sort of gave it social *eclat*. If this keeps up, no self-respecting feminine star will be photographed with a horse or a dog. It'll be babies or nothing.

Even Lilyan Tashman says firmly that she is going to have a baby. Maybe she'll have it next year if she isn't too busy.

I'm just waiting to see Lil wheel Eddie Lowe, Jr., or maybe it will be Edwina, Jr., into the Embassy for luncheon.

On the other hand, I think Lil should change her mind about it. After all she has established herself as a leader of Hollywood styles. It would set a dangerous precedent for her to follow slavishly a style set by other actresses.

GRETA (I Tank I Go Home) Garbo has a new trick up her sleeve. When "Mati Hari" gets around to your "moom-pitcher" theater you will see the Divine (advt.) Garbo cutting some fancy capers. She has been busy rehearsing her steps for days, and everybody at M-G-M, from producers to prop boys, itches for a glimpse of the Garbo workout.

An uneasy thought sort of dampens my enthusiasm for this world-staggering event. Mati Hari, if you believe what you read in books, was not particular as to the amount of clothes she wore when dancing. There is one instance when they say she didn't even have a shimmy to shake.

Greta will just have to be careful, that's all. Will Hays might get her if she doesn't watch out. Come to think of it, there have been few pictures of Garbo showing any exciting amount of epidermis. When she first came to the studio she made some publicity stills in a track suit. Ziegfeld never made any offers as far as I know. Since then, Garbo, just like a football team, has worked "under wraps."

THE other day Norma Talmadge gave a birthday party for Brother-in-law Buster Keaton. The *piece-de-resistance* (French for big moment) was a birthday cake the size of the Yale Bowl, all iced up and with at least seventy candles on it. Buster blew 'em all out in one breath. He isn't an athlete for nothing.

It sort of recalls another occasion when Buster was asked to cut the cake. He did cut it, and then fell in it. Awfully funny, but hard on both the cake and Buster's clothes.

The party at Norma's turned into a regular family reunion, with Constance arriving back from five months in Europe that very day.

WHEN Chester Morris was appearing on the Broadway stage he was cast in a certain play which abounded in long speeches. One actor would get started on something which rambled along like a political address. The other players would try to think up enough acting business to keep the audience from wondering if they had been sent over from the wax works.

Finally it was Chester's chance to spiel. As he started he saw three very drunken young men staggering down the aisle. They had front row (center) seats, and proceeded to scramble over knees to get to their places. At last they settled down to comparative silence. Chester had been talking through it all.

The drunks listened patiently for ten minutes. Then, up they struggled to their feet again, climbed over a dozen

(*Continued on page 64*)

His disguise was perfect—*did she really know it was her husband when she surrendered to him...?*

Don't miss this new type of love story—saucy—witty—naughty—gay!

Enjoy this daringly unconventional picture which marks the screen debut of the greatest lovers on the American stage—in a picturization of their famous success—"The Guardsman". Here is a totally new thrill for the motion picture public.

Alfred LUNT
Lynn FONTANNE

famous stars of "Goat Song," "Caprice," "Elizabeth the Queen" and other stage triumphs, in

The GUARDSMAN

Idols of the American Stage, they bring their genius to the talking screen in the prize picture of the year. A new triumph for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer!

with
ROLAND YOUNG — ZASU PITTS
From the play by Ferenc Molnar
Screen play by Ernest Vajda
Directed by SIDNEY FRANKLIN

By Courtesy of the Theatre Guild, Inc.

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

Anonymously Yours

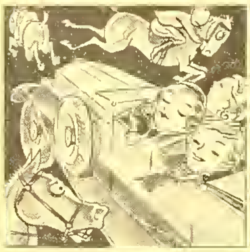
By CHOLLY HOLLYWOOD

ONE of the bigger studios finds itself in the deepest quandary of the week. Some time ago they fired one of their top executives—he wasn't related to anyone—and started hunting high and low for a man brainy enough to take his place.

The hunt, Hollywood being Hollywood, took time. In the meantime the big boss got pretty worried for fear the studio would fall apart. Then a stenographer pointed out to him that everything was going along just as it always had, and when he investigated this proved to be true.

Now they're wondering just what the top official did with his time, and why they hadn't fired him long before.

* * *



SPEAKING of drinking, the girls got together the other night and had a party. All their husbands had been partying around, leaving them at home, and they were tired of it. Many film stars, many wives of film stars, were among them. Over cocktails, they talked things over. Over wine, they sympathized. Later on, they wept.

Then one of them, the oldest of three sisters well-known to film fans, and another girl got into a car and drove it down the bridle path in the middle of Sunset Boulevard, while the radio in the machine played—most appropriately—"Nearer, My God, to Thee"!

* * *

EVERYBODY is talking about the new boy-friend of one of the most glamourous stars in pictures. At first they thought him very rich. He had a lot of clothes, and yachts and estates here and there were mentioned. All the other girls were jealous, until a fellow showed up who had known him in Europe, where it appears that he had acted as the escort of an elderly lady who liked to be taken places and was willing to pay for it. Now they don't know whether to envy the star her acquisition or not. Gigolo songs are not so popular as they were a few months ago.

* * *

WE'VE told you about one "hen party" of the month. Another occurred that was not so gay. A beautiful brunette who plays vamps and rivals Lilyan Tashman with her swanky clothes gave a mixed dinner party the other night. After coffee, the women went upstairs to primp and the men, talking by themselves, found out that they were missing one of the best prize-fights of the season.

Off they sneaked to the fights, just as if they had been ordinary fellows like anyone else, instead of film stars. When the hostess came down she found herself surrounded by lonely wives. "I'm not giving a smoker for women," she stormed. She added that she had wined them, and dined them, and if they were silly enough to let their husbands walk out on them, it was their own fault. *She* didn't care for the exclusive company of her own sex and she was going to bed. Home went the wives—and that was the end of one gay Hollywood evening.

A CHARMING actress tells this story on herself and the fellow who used to be called the screen's greatest lover. They worked on the same picture together for weeks and never spoke. Hadn't been introduced, or anything. Then it came to the ears of the s. g. l. that the actress had called him a word much too naughty to find a place in this column. Raging, he rushed to her for an explanation. She said she hadn't called him the naughty word at all. "I just said you were a ham," she added. Mollified, he accepted that for an apology and they became the best of friends.

* * *

ANOTHER actor, a fair-haired young man lately promoted to stardom, belies his screen character by making love to every woman he meets. In his pictures he makes love in a very gentle and poetic way that is supposed to appeal to the mother instinct in woman. In real life he goes up to women at parties, if they catch his fancy, and brusquely tries to kiss them. He doesn't care whether they are married or not, or even if they are willing to be kissed—and they say he has been kicked out of more houses than any other fellow in Hollywood.

* * *

THIS column keeps harping on the "beautiful blonde dancer brought from Broadway to star in musical comedy rôles." Things are always happening to her, or perhaps she just tells them amusingly. She has an admirer who acts as a sort of bodyguard. He follows her around everywhere and they are the best of friends. But certain times when he has been pretty much underfoot she is apt to demand gloomily—"Do you suppose I got drunk the other night and married him?"

* * *

SILLY tale of the gossip writer who went to a party and told all the guests—just for the fun of it—that he knew something about a star who was a friend of theirs. Story was sensational, he added, though it wouldn't do the star any good with his public. The next morning the friends started 'phoning the editor of the gossip's magazine advising that the chatter writer be fired. Instead the editor raised his salary—believing he had something really dirty to tell. Tragic finale: writer had been drunk at the party and can't remember whether he ever had a story about the star in question or not.

* * *

THE favorite son of M-G-M went, with his wife and a few others, to the gambling tables at Caliente last week. He likes to risk a bit; his wife doesn't care for the idea. She limited him to fifty dollars. Promptly he lost it. She smiled grimly. That was that.

(*Continued on page 69*)

IS THERE A SUBSTITUTE FOR LOVE?

Howard Hughes
PRESENTS

"The AGE FOR LOVE"

- As interesting as "Hell's Angels" — as true to life as "The Front Page," this great picture answers the question — "Can the HOME survive modernism?"
- It is a modern picture based on the day's most common problem—should the young wife work? It will grip you—interest you—entertain you—let you see behind the scenes of life's greatest drama.
- "The Age For Love" is now ready for release. Take the whole family for a memorable evening's enjoyment.

"UNITED ARTISTS PICTURE"

FROM ERNEST PASCAL'S
SENSATIONAL NOVEL

WITH

BILLIE DOVE · CHARLES STARRETT
LOIS WILSON · MARY DUNCAN
EDWARD EVERETT HORTON

A
FRANK LLOYD PRODUCTION

WATCH FOR NEWSPAPER ANNOUNCEMENT

At last...

..what women have been hoping for.. a NEW improved MAYBELLINE Eyelash Beautifier, that . . .

. . . does not smart the eyes if accidentally gotten into them . . .

. . . is perfectly tear-proof and will not run or smear . . .

. . . applies more evenly and smoothly with greater ease . . .

. . . contains beneficial oils that tend to promote the growth of the lashes and keep them soft and glossy . . .

. . . removes easily with soap and water or with cold cream.

REGARDLESS of your past experience with eyelash darkeners, go to your toilet goods counter and purchase a package of the new solid form Maybelline. Absolutely harmless. You will be amazed and delighted with the results. 75¢—Black or Brown.

For 10¢ and coupon below we will send Purse Size for trial.

Maybelline Eyelash Beautifier

CLIP

MAYBELLINE Co., 5900-24 Ridge Ave., Chicago

10¢ enclosed. Send me a Purse Size package of the new Maybelline. ☐ Black ☐ Brown.

Name..............................

Address..............................

TIPPING YOU OFF

Little Low-Downs On The Stars

ABOUT that James Dunn-Molly O'Day romance: the popular Jimmie says he's saving his money—but he'll have to have plenty more than he has right now before he files intention to wed.

Mary Astor put one over—getting married over in Yuma, Arizona, 'way back in June. If the papers caught the name correctly, the lucky chap is one Dr. Franklin Thorpe. For months the newshawks had been seeing Mary with the doctor—and suspected a romance—but they got his name as "Thorne." Whenever Mary was asked about "Dr. Thorne," how easy it was for her to Deny All!

Alice Doll is one of Hollywood's typical beauties, making good in small rôles in support of Marilyn Miller and Dorothy Mackaill

Joan Bennett, who fractured her hip in falling from a horse, was no sooner walking again after ten weeks in the hospital than she had an attack of the flu. She was up and about again, however, in a few days and hearing that she was supposed to be interested in Joel McCrea. (Joel, you remember, used to be seen hither and yon with Connie Bennett.) It's possible that Joan does have a new Interest In Life, for her famous off-and-on-attachment for John Considine, Jr. seems to be all over. The young executive is going places again with Carmen Pantages—and it looks as if the next stop is the marriage license bureau.

Remember Harry Langdon, the meek and sad-faced little comedian of silent days? He has just sued for separation from his wife—and reveals by his action his own explanation of his failure to triumph in talkies. His grounds for separation are that the Missus "nagged" him and was extravagant.

Eleanor Hunt, former Follies girl and featured player in the movie "Whoopee," who eloped with Rex Lease not so many months ago, has just won a divorce on the grounds of mental cruelty. It seems that every time she sat down to read a book of philosophy, Rex was so unkind as to laugh.

You've probably been wondering why you haven't read more in the papers about that lawsuit brought against Marlene Dietrich by Riza von Sternberg, estranged wife of Marlene's "discoverer" and director. (The charge, you recall, was alienation of affections.) Well, you aren't likely to hear much about it for a year and a half or so. The courts are so congested that the case isn't apt to come up any sooner than that.

What ever became of Elinor Glyn? If you must know, the IT Woman has been sojourning in Budapest and other Continental capitals, where she can't possibly be as well known as in these United States.

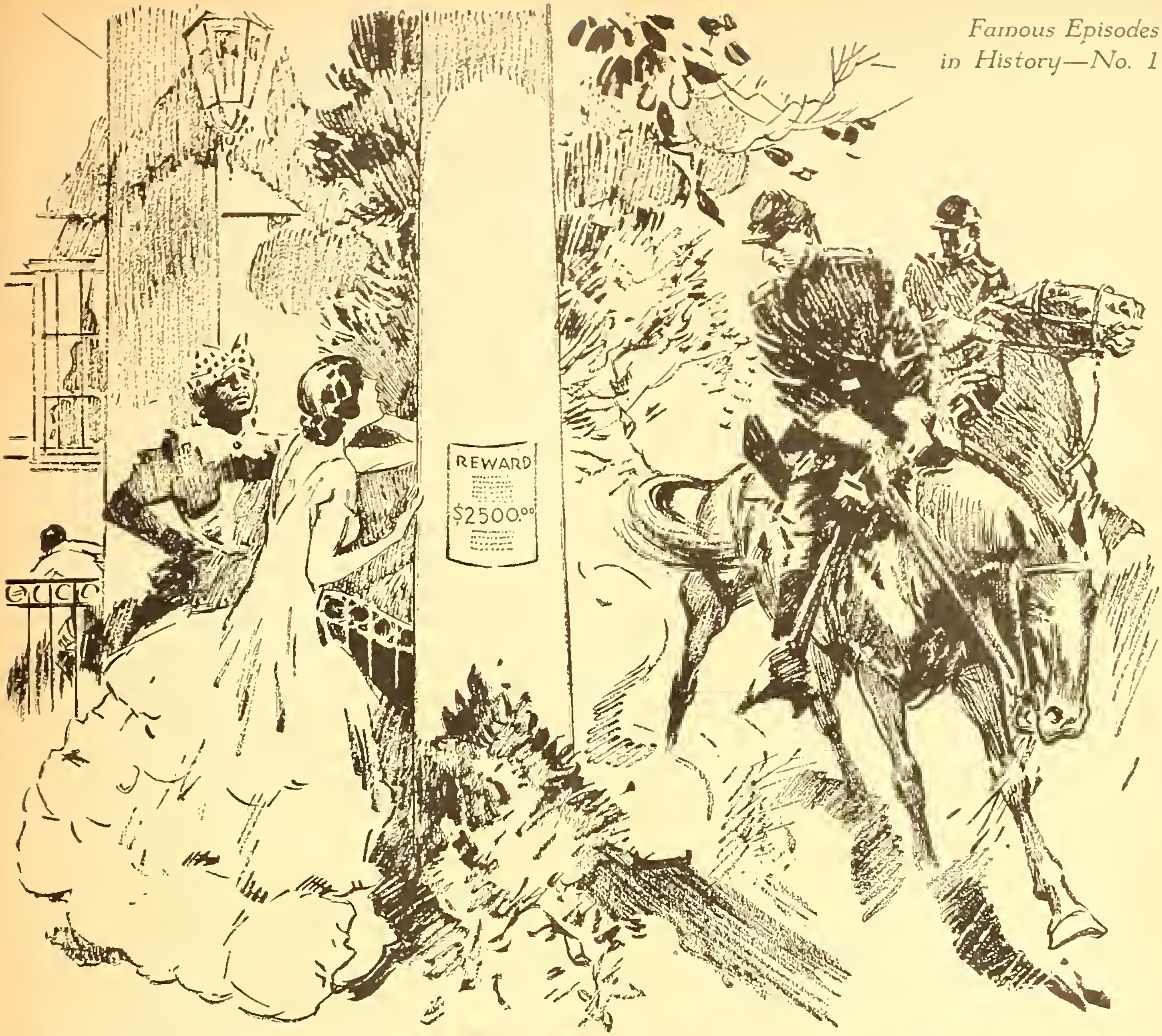
Phillips Lord, the *Seth Parker* of "'Way Back Home," is the only radio favorite to make a big hit in the movies—though Bing Crosby is coming along fast in Educational shorts. Even such popular lads as Rudy Vallee and Amos 'n' Andy weren't exactly box office wows. Lord is unusual in other ways, too. He writes hymns in his spare time, doesn't swear, and won't allow swearing in his presence. 'S tough on the scene-shifters.

While the rumors grow thicker and thicker that Dolores Costello Barrymore is rehearsing some new lullabies, it looks more and more certain that husband John has parted with the Warner Brothers. And John's plans for the future? They do say he's listening to a suggestion from M-G-M that he and brother Lionel co-star in "Arsene Lupin." The brothers (the Barrymores, we mean) have never appeared together on the screen, though their greatest success on the stage was achieved together.

The trials of living at Malibu Beach! Barbara Stanwyck had to get up at four a.m.—and that's before sunrise—to arrive at location on "Forbidden" on time. On top of that she received sprained ankles and bruises when thrown from a horse during production. Considering what Joan Bennett suffered from a similar accident, Barbara's lucky. Also, she's a great one for going on though hurt. She was injured when making "Illicit," but refused to hold up production.

Physicians at the Arizona sanitarium where she has been recuperating from her long illness report that Renée Adorée is fit again. She will soon be back on the screen—with hardly a trace of French accent. She has been improving each shining hour.

(*Continued on page 16*)



Famous Episodes in History—No. 1

Find 5 Hidden Spies

—and Qualify for the Opportunity to Win

$2600.00

"No sah, no spies heah, sah. All ouah boys haive retreated, sah," but these cavalry officers must stop and look for concealed spies in spite of the touching effort of the southern girl to protect the Confederates who were left behind by the Confederate army to spy out the positions of the advancing northern troops. Incidents of this kind were not uncommon in the bitter struggles of the Civil War when two great armies made up of the finest men in America fought the war of conflicting principles and ideals.

In both the Confederate and Northern armies, the finest manhood volunteered for this hazardous service and were of great value to their generals.

Spies could cause the annihilation of a whole regiment by learning of their plans and reporting them to their own field generals. Consequently, it was immensely important to apprehend all spies before any information could be obtained by them and carried back to their own forces. It took clear thinking and thorough searching to ferret out these spies and many lives depended on its being done thoroughly.

In the picture above, the faces of 6 spies are concealed. It will take close observation to find them. Nothing so valuable as human life is at stake now. The Civil War with all its strife and heartache is fortunately almost forgotten.

In producing this historical observation test, we hark back only to the valiance displayed by the men and women of both the North and South and not to the long dead hatreds.

You may search out the faces of the hidden spies in quest of a $2600.00 prize. A reward of $2600.00 to you if you find the faces of 5 of the hidden spies and are prompt and win first prize; or if you prefer a latest model Chrysler De Luxe Sedan and $1000.00 cash.

In our great advertising plan of giving large prizes which is introduced to you through this "famous episodes in history" puzzle, number one, we will give 60 prizes, including 5 latest model sedans or their value in cash.

Only persons living in the U. S. A. outside of the city of Chicago are eligible to submit answers. No expense. Neatness and originality do not count, only correctness. Answer today. Dozens of prizes. No obligation to compete. Duplicate prizes awarded in case of ties. If you can find the faces of five of the hidden spies mark them with a cross and send your answer at once.

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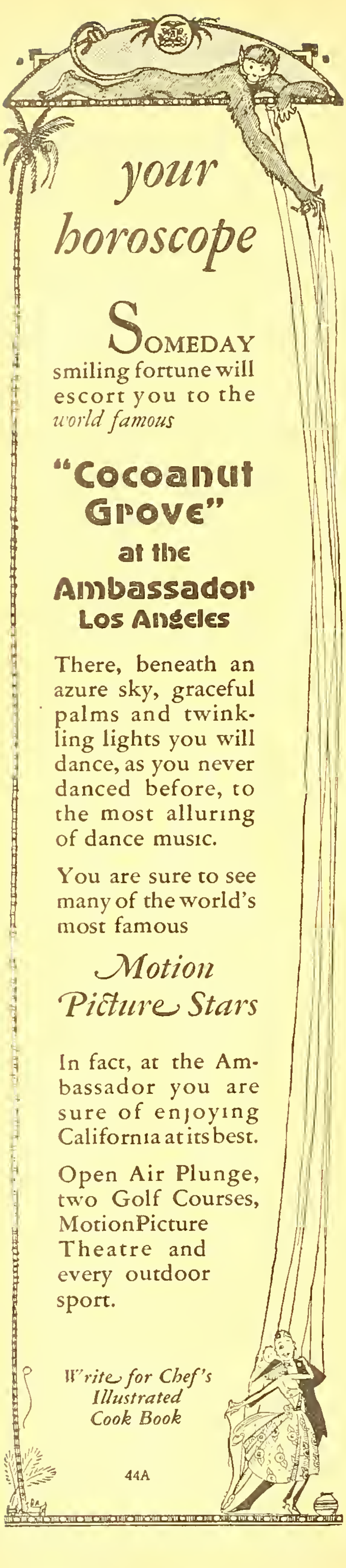

your horoscope

SOMEDAY smiling fortune will escort you to the *world famous*

"Cocoanut Grove"
at the
Ambassador
Los Angeles

There, beneath an azure sky, graceful palms and twinkling lights you will dance, as you never danced before, to the most alluring of dance music.

You are sure to see many of the world's most famous

Motion Picture Stars

In fact, at the Ambassador you are sure of enjoying California at its best.

Open Air Plunge, two Golf Courses, Motion Picture Theatre and every outdoor sport.

Write for Chef's Illustrated Cook Book

44A

Tipping You Off

(*Continued from page 14*)

Speaking of injuries and such, Evalyn Knapp—who was *hors de combat* for several weeks after fracturing some vertebrae in a fall from a cliff—is back at work once more. The title of her new picture, at least for the moment, is "High Pressure."

Addie McPhail's divorce is final this month—which means that in a few days Mack Sennett's bright-eyed little comedienne will be Mrs. Roscoe Arbuckle. There's also a possibility that she will be his leading lady in the two-reel comedy he is to make to discover whether or not the fans want to see him back.

Lupe Velez, Europe-bound, rode across the continent on the same train with John Gilbert, also Europe-bound (for a three month's vacation). Both smiled when New York reporters queried: "Romance?" The next day, Lupe went all the way over to Brooklyn to see John off on the *Bremen*—and again smiled mischievously at reporters. Later, some of the newshawks were so unkind as to wonder out loud if this could be a ruse to distract attention from Lupe's previously-rumored heart trouble with a prominent film executive. Incidentally, 'tis said that Ziegfeld has bloodhounds on Lupe's trail because he wants her as a star in his new winter revue.

Here's a lad with a violent case of modesty! Colin Clive, the English actor who came to America for six short weeks to play *Captain Stanhope* in "Journey's End," has just been lured back to Hollywood to take the title rôle in "Frankenstein." He received three big offers before the picture was finished—and he wouldn't even listen to them until he had seen a pre-view of "Frankenstein" and knew how he looked in his *second* talkie!

Jackie Cooper for once, is not in mischief. Togged out in uniform with Sam Brown belt and all the trimmings—he takes orders and likes 'em. You will soon be seeing him in "Sooky"

Peggy Fish, New Jersey girl who is famous as the decorative beauty in countless ads, says: "Somewhere on earth there must be another Gary Cooper." She confesses she went 'way out to Montana for her vacation last year to see if she couldn't find one—and all the boys were bow legged!

There *is* something new under the sun after all. Kathlyn Williams, film actress, and Charles Eyton, former executive, were dynamited apart in Reno last January. And now they are reported to have made wills Leaving All To Each Other.

Hope Williams, New York society girl who became a famous stage actress and was left out of the Social Register, was lured to Hollywood last summer to star for RKO in something called "Penthouse." After a few weeks, the studio decided that the story was too weak for her or sumpin'—and there weren't any more breezy stories on tap at the moment. So Hope has gone back to New York. While she was in Hollywood, her ex-husband, Dr. R. Bartow Read, young New York physician and amateur aviator, was killed in a 'plane crash. Though she divorced him three years ago, he left her his entire estate.

The newest social hit—invited everywhere—is Jimmie (Schnozzle) Durante. Friends are trying to tell him he ought to go into a night-club (as in the old days) and make money evenings while he entertains. Letting out a secret about Jimmie: he likes pie crust so much he usually has a slice in his pocket. And he isn't one of these pie-throwing comedians, either!

It's back to ranch life for Harry Carey, who has been making serials since his great performance in "Trader Horn." He probably won't give up acting, but he's going to repair and rebuild the ranch which was wiped out when the St. Francis dam gave way in 1927. He's one of your real outdoor men.

One of Lloyd Hamilton's trade-marks is his silly waddle; it has been worth thousands of dollars to him. Consequently, when he was struck by a car a few weeks ago and had a leg broken in three places, he sued for $52,300—no more, no less.

Minna Gombell, the ever-present girl friend in "Bad Girl," has other duties besides acting at Fox. She is an expert at the art of being graceful—and teaches proper diction, manners and make-up to youngsters on the lot.

It isn't often that movie folk report thefts in Hollywood and environs, but Dorothy Burgess was convincing when she reported to police that she had been robbed of jewelry valued at $10,000.

Easy as A-B-C
F
G
A
B
C
D
E

Too Old to Learn Music?

Hardly. Not after thousands and thousands of men and women between the ages of 30 and 50 have enrolled with the famous U. S. School of Music and have learned to play their favorite instruments without the slightest difficulty or waste of time!

WHAT has your age got to do with learning music when you now have a method at your disposal that has done away with compulsory practice—that has tabooed monotonous scales and harsh-sounding finger gymnastics—that has slashed expensive fees—that makes *you* the boss instead of requiring a personal teacher?

If, year after year, hundreds and hundreds of children, scarcely in their "teens," learn to read notes and play a musical instrument with only our printed instructions and illustrated diagrams to guide them, think how simple it must be for older people to follow, benefit and progress rapidly in this home-study manner.

Always Fascinating

You can't go wrong. You'll never lose patience. Not only will you *want* to study—you'll actually look forward to the "next lesson" when you study music the U. S. School way.

And no wonder. You spend a little time each day in the privacy of your own home seeing and hearing your musical dreams come true. There's no personal teacher to take orders from—no intricate explanations to baffle you—no trust-to-luck tactics. For right with you at all times are our concise print and picture instructions keeping you on the right track—telling you what to play and showing you how to play it—taking you over a delightful short-cut to musical accomplishment. Each new lesson contains a new thrill. For the entire course from the very beginning to the end is brimful of cheerful, tuneful selections which you eagerly learn to play *by note.*

And as far as money is concerned—you'll never have any complaint. For, regardless of which instrument you select, the cost of learning will average only a few cents a day.

Music Will Be An Unfailing Friend

The older you get, the more you need the solace and pleasure that self-made music affords. Anyone can tune in on a radio—play a record or get music out of a player piano. But what empty satisfaction compared to making music *yourself!*

The ability to play, on the other hand, offers you a definite escape from monotony—gives you the opportunity to do something real—to meet people—to make friends. And there's nothing like good music to help you forget your troubles.

Every child, too, who can play a musical instrument is equipped with an accomplishment that attracts, entertains and holds chums—that replaces bashfulness with confidence and poise—that assures a social and profitable "stand-by" for their later years.

Think of the wonderful satisfaction of being able to play what you want and whenever you are so inclined. Forget your age. And bear in mind, you don't have to know one note from another to start your lessons from the U. S. School of Music.

PICK YOUR INSTRUMENT

Piano
Organ
Ukulele
Cornet
Trombone
Piccolo
Guitar
Violin
Clarinet
Flute
Saxophone
Harp
Mandolin
'Cello
Hawaiian Steel Guitar
Sight Singing
Voice and Speech Culture
Harmony and Composition
Drums and Traps
Automatic Finger Control
Banjo (Plectrum, 5-String or Tenor)
Piano Accordion
Italian and German Accordion
Juniors' Piano Course

Write Us First

Are you sincerely interested in music to the extent that you want to find out all about this easy as A-B-C method of learning? Then send at once for our 64-page booklet, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home" that explains this famous method in detail and that is yours *free* for the asking. With it will be sent a Free Demonstration Lesson, which *proves* how delightfully quick and easy—how *thorough*—this modern method is.

If you really want to learn to play at home—without a teacher—in one-half the usual time—and at one-third the usual cost—by all means send for the Free Booklet and Free Demonstration Lesson TODAY. No obligation. (Instrument supplied if desired—cash or credit.) U. S. School of Music, 6012 Brunswick Bldg., New York.

***Thirty-Fourth Year** (Established 1898)*

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Please send me your free book, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," with introduction by Dr. Frank Crane, Free Demonstration Lesson, and particulars of your easy payment plan. I am interested in the following course:

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Name . . . . . .

Address . . . . . .

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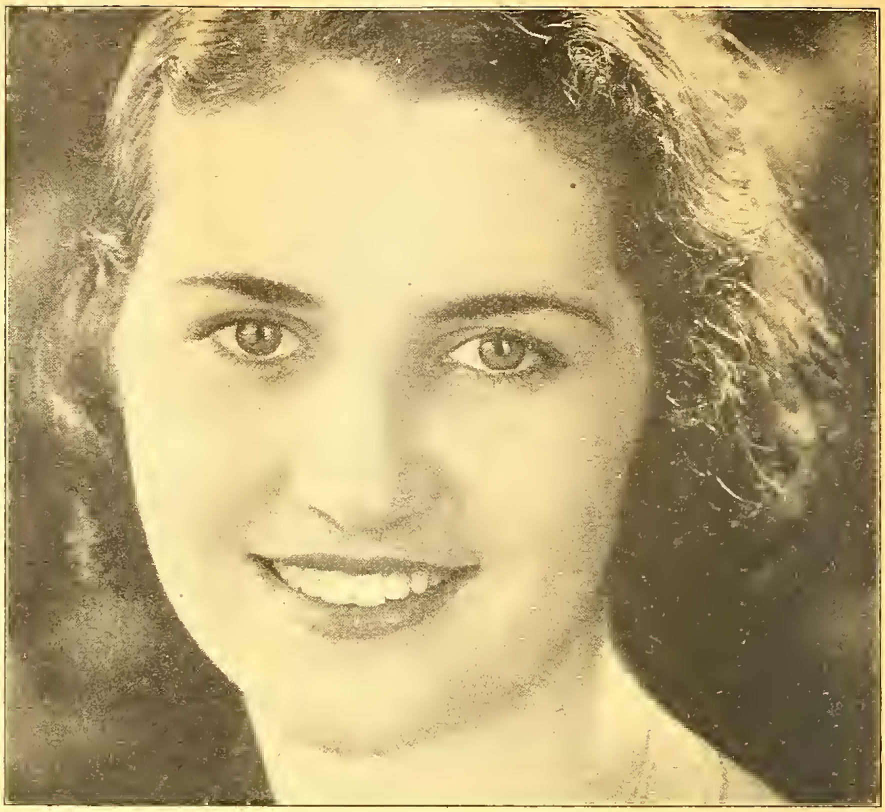
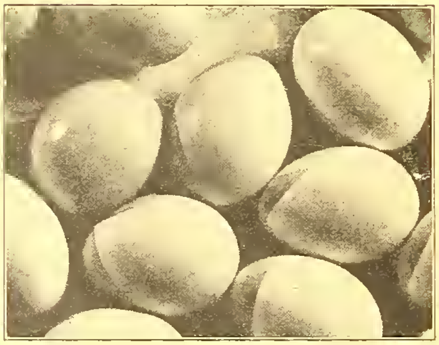
LISTERINE
TOOTH PASTE
LAMBERT
PHARMACAL COMPANY

25¢



More BEAUTY for your Teeth— More MONEY for your Budget

—with this extraordinary tooth paste



Buy 6 dozen eggs with the money you save

There are many things which you can buy with the $3 a year each member of your family saves on tooth paste. But very few will do you and your children as much good as eggs—especially in these winter months. Eggs are a valuable source of vitamins "a" and "b." They also supply *lecithin*, important in nourishing the nerves and aiding growth. Remember, eggs are always part of the diet which doctors prescribe during convalescence to bring back health and energy.

Listerine Tooth Paste costs only 25¢ a tube. Yet its cleansing and polishing power, plus safety, are unsurpassed — even by imported tooth pastes, costing 75¢ a tube.

It is entirely free from coarseness and grit. It cannot scratch even a baby's tooth enamel. And it contains, in addition to all the usual cleansing elements of value—an astonishingly effective, *special polishing agent.*

Our methods cut costs for you with no loss of quality

Though Listerine Tooth Paste is only a youngster in the tooth paste field—it is the biggest, most vigorous youngster ever seen. Over four million people have switched to it in nine years—and have kept on using it constantly. This demand calls for production on a huge, cost-cutting scale. You benefit by these savings.

Try it! Learn how white your teeth really are

Your teeth benefit as much as your pocketbook. Economy alone could not have won and kept so many users—particularly millions of women, who prize the beauty of their teeth.

The special polishing agent clears away every particle of dirt and decay. Tartar, tobacco-stains, other discolorations—vanish without leaving a trace. Yet it is scientifically gentle in action and therefore cannot injure tooth enamel.

Besides, it leaves a remarkably fresh and invigorating after-taste. Your mouth *is* clean—and *feels* clean, too.

Give this tooth paste a trial. After that, we know you will keep on using it. Its economy, refreshing taste, and safe cleansing power will guarantee that. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE . 25¢

She is perhaps the only star you know very little about. She's a puzzle to interviewers. But you won't be puzzled by her—as Hollywood is—after reading this unusually vivid character study

BY SARA HAMILTON

The Most Baffling Brunette

Who Is She?

SHE'S wild about lamb chops. And candy "nigger babies." And doesn't look it. With the slightest encouragement, and even without, she'll fly to the kitchen and cook lamb chop after lamb chop. It's a lamb-chop complex.

On the screen, she's generally a siren. Tall, stately, deadly. She always gets her man. But on the set, she'll eat bags of the inevitable "nigger babies" before she goes after him.

She drives her own Ford. And calls it "Rabbit." Because it leaps wildly. And has no tail worth speaking of. According to certain Hollywood traffic cops, it does practically everything rabbitish except multiply and lay Easter eggs. But she loves it.

She imagines she isn't superstitious. But she wouldn't take a chance under a ladder for the world. And she likes the number 12. It has played an amazing part in her career. She finds it scattered all over her movie life.

She started her movie career on the twelfth of the month. Her first picture was made on Stage 12. The first shot was numbered 12. Her twelfth picture was her best. Her car license, quite by accident, totals 12. Ida, her trusty maid, secretary and companion, came to her on the twelfth. It's her lucky day.

Her studio dressing-room remains on the second floor of a building while she really rates a bungalow. She remains upstairs with the lesser lights because her room number is 66. Which totals 12. Just try to get her out of it! When the studio renumbered the dressing-rooms, she still remained. And had someone make a sign with 66 painted on it. And there it hangs on her door between 213 and 215.

How Sorry They Are to Lose Her

NOW she's leaving this studio and transferring to another. And the studio she's leaving is reported willing to give her five hundred more a week than the other studio—if the other studio will release her from her contract. Which Studio Number 2 isn't likely to do.

She's from Broadway. But, unlike most ex-stage stars, she lets people forget it.

She's considered one of the three best-dressed women in Hollywood. And buys fewer clothes than some extras.

(*Continued on page 68*)

Clark Gable's Fight For Fame

How did he become the greatest sensation of the screen since Valentino? Josephine Dillon, who was his wife for six years and shared his struggle for success, here tells the story—which has never been told before. She was the one who gave him poise and self-confidence and taught him how to act—and takes no credit for it. She gives all of it to Clark Gable, himself

By DOROTHY CALHOUN

When a new personality comets across the screen, a hundred claimants to the "discovery" hurry forward for a share of reflected glory. After years of argument, the honor of discovering Valentino went to June Mathis, scenario writer, who saw in a shabby, moody young immigrant the possibilities of a great star. Now that another great sensation—Clark Gable—has appeared out of total obscurity, many will claim to have "discovered" him. In the interest of fair play, we feel that credit should be given where credit is due. Read this story and see if you don't agree with us as to the real discoverer of Clark Gable.—*Editor's Note.*

Sergis Alberts

Josephine Dillon, well-known as a dramatic coach, was more than willing to work so that her young husband could get out in the open air and concentrate on his acting

SEVEN years ago in Portland, Oregon, a pleasant-looking woman in her middle thirties, with a voice so beautiful that when she talked she was beautiful, too, looked up at the sound of an opening door. Since there was a sign on the door, indicating that Miss Josephine Dillon Trained Stage Aspirants, it was frequently opened to admit young and shabby and hungry-looking people with the unmistakable stamp of the theatrical profession. But the boy who stood there now was unlike any actor she had ever seen. Indeed, he had been an actor only three weeks in a wretched tent show. His hands were calloused with manual labor. He was thin and sick-looking, and terribly ill at ease. He said his name was Clark Gable.

"I want to be an actor," he said. His voice was wrong, too, she noticed—too high, unmodulated. "Can you teach me to be one, ma'am?"

She looked at him. She saw the too-prominent ears, the gauntness, the shyness of him. She saw, too, in the ill-fitting clothes, the splendid body of an athlete, wide-shouldered and narrow-hipped—and in the gaunt face, dark eyes ablaze with purpose.

"He had what we stage teachers call 'the spark,'" Josephine Dillon told me. "I knew then that he had talent. But I didn't know until we were married a few months later that he was a descendant of Peter Stuyvesant, with the dogged Dutch persistence that will not be discouraged. If Clark is really a success now—as I have always told him he would be—it is owing first and above all to himself. But I like to think that I had something to do with it. You see—" she looked at me with brown eyes that brimmed suddenly with tears, though she was smiling, cheerfully, "I didn't take my marriage lightly. Women of my age don't. I'm still terribly in love with him—"

All She Has of Clark Now

SHE lives in a little backyard studio behind the towering Roosevelt Hotel in Los Angeles, where she supports herself by teaching other eager youngsters how to stand and walk and speak lines. On the wall—among the pictures of her former pupils, Norma Talmadge, Laura La Plante, Billy Bakewell—are pinned two old photographs of Clark Gable when he was playing a "What Ho!" rôle in Shakespeare, and small parts in stock in Los Angeles. "Oh, I couldn't let you take one of *these!*" she said hurriedly. "They're all I've got—"

All that the woman who was his wife for six years now has of Clark Gable!

She hasn't seen him for a year, except on the stage and on the screen. She sent him a telegram of congratulation when he played in the bitter prison play, "The Last Mile," on the local stage, and she wrote him a note telling him how proud she was of him when he won a contract at M-G-M. But he didn't answer.

"I'm a little sorry about that," she says gently, "but I know it isn't his fault. There are so many people around a successful actor, advising him unwisely, trying to make him seem different from what he is. Why, I've laughed over some of the things I've read about Clark—how he was a college man, and how his broad shoulders came from working as a lumberjack. He was in a lumber camp three days, I think. Why do press-agents tell such things when the reality is so much finer? Clark is an educated man, yes—*but he made himself one.* He studied, he read, he worked in desperate earnest. I'm a Stanford graduate, myself. I got the books for him and laid out courses of study.

"When I first knew Clark, he had an inferiority complex on one subject. He felt that because he hadn't had much education he was handicapped—he had the idea that suc-

When Josephine Dillon met Clark Gable seven years ago, he was not the poised and self-confident actor you see at the left—nor the healthy specimen you see below. The six years that they were man and wife worked wonders for him—though, now married again, he does not talk of those struggling years

Hurrell

cess always came from study of books. I had him read biographies that proved that he was wrong. I had him read the classics, history, Shakespeare . . .

"He had worked all his life—the hardest sort of life—at anything he could get, in clothing stores, in garages, in the oilfields. He wanted to go on working while he waited his chance to act. I told him, 'You haven't time, Clark. If you're going to succeed as an actor, you'll have to do it in the next few years. You're twenty-five. I'll take care of our living till you get started—now you buckle down to your studies!'

"We were in Los Angeles when we were married. That was a little over seven years ago. I got a job mornings in a photoplay school. I worked at another job afternoons. I gave lessons in elocution evenings. And Clark studied. He was like one possessed with a single idea—to be a good actor. He practised voice exercises at the piano by the hour—and got his voice down a full octave. He memorized lines, and read. Talk about your college education! Clark could pass most college graduates now!"

He was not strong, for all his powerful build, and she sent him to a farm to build up his health. She had a doctor prescribe a diet and had a physical culture expert give him the right exercises to develop his body. The too-prominent ears were corrected. But, above all, Josephine Dillon worked with him to overcome the psychological handicap of a bitterly-poor childhood and youth.

Sometimes he found work as an extra—in the "Telephone Girl" series, and "The Collegians," for example. When he proudly brought his checks home, she bought him a new shirt and a pair of shoes and sent him out thus equipped to make the rounds of the casting offices.

"They didn't tell him he'd never make a movie actor, as I've read they did," she laughs. "He didn't get near enough to a casting director for that! He used to call every studio on the telephone every day and beg them for *anything*—anything at all, and they'd say, 'Nothing today.' Finally, I decided to lay that plan aside for a while and I got him a job with Louis McLoon on the stage."

Night after night, she bought a ticket out of their slender resources and sat in the audience, in a different part of the theater each night, and watched her young husband on the stage. Night after night, they went back home to their small bungalow and she worked with him, hearing his lines, correcting whatever faults she had noticed that evening, improving every bit of business, every smallest motion.

"Sometimes we would work until daylight over just an entrance," she says. "I'd make him go into the hall and open a door and walk into the living-room, over and over, until we were both ready to drop from exhaustion. More than once we *did* drop! But that's the European way of training actors. The turn of a shoulder, the carriage of the head, the simple act of picking an object off a couch or a table must be beautifully done, must be *right*. That's how

(Continued on page 71)

Can The Newlyweds Of Hollywood Stay Married?

You have read about their weddings and, perhaps, you half-expect to read about their divorces in another year or two. Every one of these couples, however, stands a chance of never taking the road to Reno—and this story tells you why

In October, MOVIE CLASSIC ran a sensational feature, "Mary And Doug Will Never Be Divorced," which listed the strong ties that bind not only the elder Fairbankses, but Harold and Mildred Lloyd, Ben and Bebe Lyon, Ann Harding and Harry Bannister, the Warner Baxters, the Conrad Nagels and other Hollywood couples. But what of the Hollywood newlyweds of the past few months? This article deals with their separate and collective problems and frankly asks: Can They Stay Married?—Editor's Note.

Fryer

William Powell is 38, while Carole Lombard Powell is only 22—but if Bill can stay young with her, their marriage ought to go on forever

CAN they stay married? Do even the principals themselves—the glowingly happy William Powell and Carole Lombard, the romantic June Collyer and Stuart Erwin, the freshly re-married Clark Gable and Rita Langham, the first-anniversary Sally Eilers and Hoot Gibson, the domestic Charles Farrells—yet know the outcome of that question so vital to their happiness? Is it too soon for questions? Too soon to question the depths of the unions they have founded?

Most marriages, even Hollywood marriages, begin in the belief of "evermore." But the outcome of the Hollywood kind is seldom predictable. Those who should have been happy—have not been. And others who have been "doomed" from the start by popular doubts have managed to steer their little crafts into surprisingly safe waters.

Bill and Carole

CAN *William Powell and Carole Lombard Stay Married?*

It's up to Bill, the suavely elegant Powell, who is neither suave nor elegant where Carole is concerned. If ever a man was madly in love, indulgent and proud of a woman, that man is William Powell. And it is up to Bill to stay that way, proud of Carole's beauty and youth—and understanding it.

Six months before Bill and Carole were married, she gave a story to a reporter that she and Bill were the grandest of friends, but that she doubted they would ever be married. Carole Lombard is twenty-two. William Powell is thirty-eight. She loved Bill. There was no doubt of that. Yet, because she wanted to be *right*, she could not help but wonder if the difference in their ages might make too great a difference. Not now—but later on. Tragedies have been written on such themes.

Well, Carole changed her mind and she and Bill went to Honolulu on a honeymoon. And those who are close to them say that Carole has changed many of her ideas. The girl who used to love cafés and bright lights and dancing and a good time has slipped happily into a calmer routine of quiet dinner parties, theaters on "off" nights, and even quieter fireside evenings with Bill alone.

There is little doubt that Carole understands Bill perfectly—and it is up to Bill to remember that his beautiful bride is but twenty-two, and life is still very

Virginia Valli Farrell's marriage withstood its greatest test before the nuptial knot was tied, when Charlie's name was continually coupled with Janet Gaynor's

Spurr

By DOROTHY MANNERS

much of an adventure at twenty-two. Bill has already known one "unsuccessful" marriage—and once said he would never marry again. Having taken the step a second time, he is not likely to let anything wreck his happiness—and Carole's—if he can possibly prevent it.

June and Stuart

C*AN June Collyer and Stuart Erwin Stay Married?*

It is unfortunate that the romantic elopement of June and "Stu" should have been compared from the start with another romantic elopement—that of Loretta Young and Grant Withers, who are now in an interlocutory state of divorce.

Both Loretta and June eloped to small towns in Arizona, and were married outside their religion to young actors whose fame did not quite equal theirs. There was great maternal objection to Loretta's marriage. June's socially prominent parents were in New York at the time of the ceremony. "But we talked to Mother and Dad over the telephone," explained the dimpled June. "They are just as happy as we are."

You have to be a hard-boiled cynic, indeed, to doubt the happiness of June and Stuart. They fairly glow with it. The girl who was the favorite Hollywood dancing partner of Prince George of England, the selected "beauty" of the Baron de Rothschild and the favorite Hollywood "deb" of visiting football heroes, is twice as proud of being attractive to Paramount's favorite Swede comedian, than to any of the others.

And Stu? You have only to see Stu following every move of June's with the eyes of an adoring lover to realize just how much this beautiful girl means to him. They have eyes only for each other.

But in this modern age marriage does not keep other men's eyes and admiration from beautiful women. So long as June continues in the public eye there, will be other men—maybe another Prince, another great millionaire—to make toasts to June's loveliness. A beautiful actress is never neglected.

"Jealous of June?" scoffs Stu. "Say, I can't understand why every man in the world isn't in love with her!"

The Stuart Erwins *are* happy.

June Collyer, of New York's Four Hundred, eloped with Stuart Erwin of Squaw Valley, but her parents didn't object. The sailing looks smooth

Longworth

Sally Eilers and Hoot Gibson have just celebrated their first anniversary and anticipate at least twenty-four more

The Charlie Farrells

C*AN Charlie Farrell and Virginia Valli Stay Married?*

Strangely enough, it is commonly believed that this marriage weathered its most dangerous waters *before the ceremony.* The gossip that so insistently linked Charlie's name with Janet Gaynor's might have wrecked an impulsive marriage between Charlie and Virginia, if it had followed too soon upon Janet's own to Lydell Peck.

"Spite marriages" the world would have called them—"two love-smitten kids trying to get even with each other." But wisely Charlie and Virginia allowed the most dangerous threat to their happiness to whisper itself out. They permitted gossip to run its course and lose interest at the lack of sensational developments, before they attempted to be married.

This marriage *should* last.

Charlie and Virginia have tested their love through the fire of gossip and insinuation; they have found what they meant to one another even while the world was linking his name with another girl's. And at last they have found contentment together.

They are not the "hysterically happy" type of newlyweds. Their understanding goes much deeper than that. Virginia understands Charlie, not only as a bride, but as a pal, a constant companion, an adviser, a home-maker. She has had that understanding a long time. They

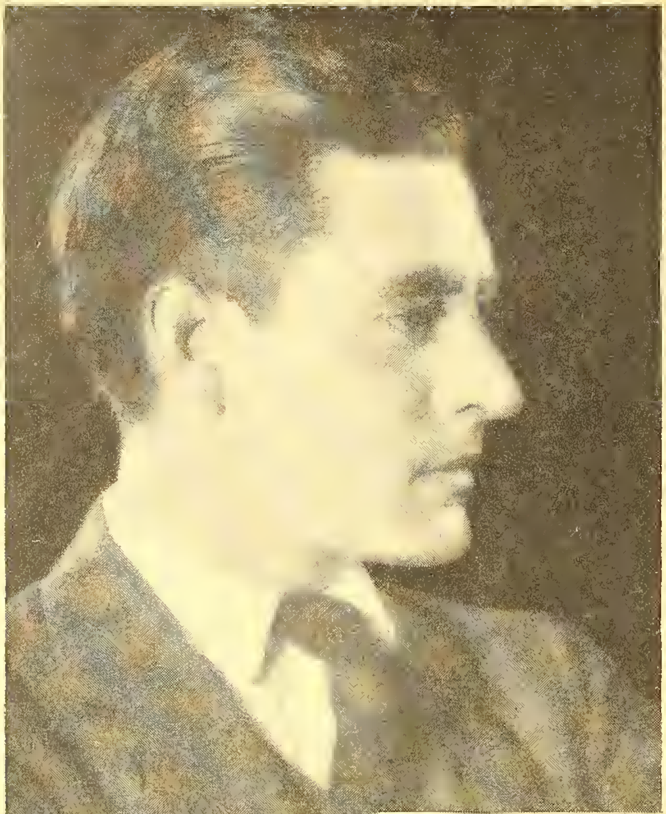
(Continued on page 73)

All those years that the world thought he was in love with Janet Gaynor, Charlie Farrell was going with Virginia Valli. He took time to be sure

Phyfe

The Headline John

1922



An early portrait of John in the days when he was a young unknown

By MURIEL BABCOCK

IN 1922, a young Fox player married Leatrice Joy secretly in Tia Juana, Mexico. So obscure and unknown was he that news of the wedding found its way into the public prints only because of the rising prominence of Miss Joy. The young actor was John Gilbert. The tiny story was his first taste of the headlines that were soon to come so rapidly, recording the explosive moments of his life, the high and low peaks of his spectacular career.

A newspaper caption, "John Gilbert's voice squeaks" was his first word of the tragedy to await him in the talkies. Headlines told unreservedly of his romance with an international star, predicted and finally announced the crash of his marriage. Since those early paragraphs, headlines have pursued Gilbert relentlessly, everywhere he walks, until to-day, wealthy, yet embittered by defeat, he refuses to see people and scorns the press.

Read his amazing story—an Arabian Nights tale of a young man's rise from obscurity to the topmost heights of fame—all in the short span of less than ten years. Read it in the words of the headlines, as given here, and maybe you can understand something of the torment in his soul to-day, of the fighting spirit which he must possess and which will carry him back to the heights he gained in the era of silent pictures.

At the height of their great romance, John Gilbert and Greta Garbo made "Flesh and the Devil" and became the greatest love team in screen history

When Leatrice Joy became the second Mrs. Gilbert, John hit the headlines for the first time—for she was famous

Jan. 31, 1922—Another marriage in the movie colony. The latest to worship at the shrine of Cupid are Leatrice Joy, one of the stars of "Saturday Night" and Jack Gilbert, a Fox player. The wedding took place at Tia Juana about two weeks ago.

Jan. 19, 1923—Mrs. Olivia Burwell Gilbert intends to invoke legal aid to obtain a post-divorce settlement from Jack Gilbert. Recently, Gilbert tentatively agreed to pay his former wife $225 a month to escape publicity, incident to a revelation of his Mexican marriage to Leatrice Joy.

March 3, 1923—Remarried to Leatrice Joy at home of Judge Summerfield to make sure Mexican ceremony entirely legal.

April 17, 1923—Laughs at divorce rumor.

May 1, 1923—Signs contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer (Note: the real beginning of the Gilbert career!).

June, 1923—Separates from Leatrice Joy.

Nov. 6, 1923—Reconciled.

Aug. 9, 1924—Wife moves belongings from Gilbert home. Says they are through. Baby expected in month.

Sept. 7, 1924—Daughter, Leatrice Joy II, born to Gilbert and wife.

Oct. 23, 1924—Gilbert named for prince rôle in "The Merry Widow."

Nov. 20, 1924—Father of John Gilbert turns up. Actor finds him extra rôle in "The Merry Widow."

Dec. 7, 1924—Popularity skyrocketing.

May 29, 1925—Divorced by Leatrice Joy.

Career of Gilbert -1931

Nov. 6, 1925—"The Big Parade" opens. John Gilbert acclaimed for greatest acting of the year. Picture and star a sensation.

Sept. 17, 1926—Reported engaged to Greta Garbo, Swedish star. Romance at a high peak.

Feb. 14, 1927—Reported Gilbert and Garbo eloped to Santa Ana to be married, only to be halted at altar by beautiful actress' exercise of woman's prerogative to change her mind.

Feb. 24, 1927—Convalescing after appendicitis operation. Denies engagement to Miss Garbo.

April 10, 1927—Gilbert in dual rôle on police blotter. Actor goes to Beverly Hills police station to demand arrest of another person. So boisterous is Gilbert, that police lock him up.

April 11, 1927—"Must have been under hallucination," says Gilbert.

April 18, 1927—Jail doors clang shut behind Gilbert. "Engaged" for next ten days in serving sentence for disturbing peace.

April 20, 1927—Released from jail on promise to Douglas Fairbanks not to take another drink for year.

May 7, 1927—Buys ocean-going steamer, "Mabel Dell."

July 14, 1927—Gilbert says he is "mad" at Louis B. Mayer because of repeated poor rôles given him. Not speaking to several M-G-M executives because of his new film about rum traffic, which he cordially dislikes.

May 24, 1928—Suffering from lead poisoning as result of faulty make-up.

May 9, 1929—Elopes, with Ina Claire, to Las Vegas, Nevada, after sensational and whirlwind romance with stage star. "I am the happiest man in the world," he tells reporters.

May 10, 1929—Greta Garbo, reported ex-fiancée of Gilbert refuses to comment on marriage. Gene Markey, reported ex-fiancé of Miss Claire, likewise silent.

May 11, 1929—Gilbert's new film production held up as newlyweds celebrate honeymoon.

May 11, 1929—18-year old Marie Stanley, extra girl in film

(Continued on page 80)

The Spanish troubadour above is none other than our John, back in the days when he was struggling to become a featured player at Fox

At top, the very latest picture of John Gilbert, who's now abroad

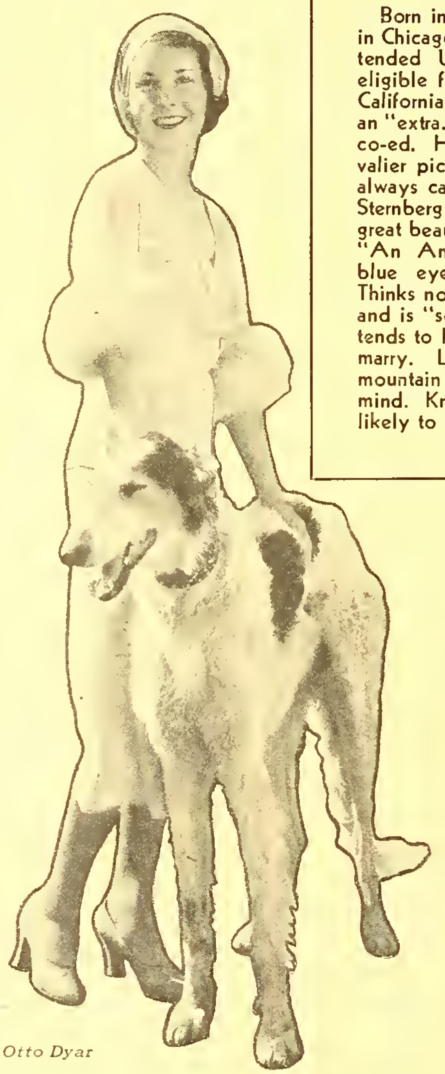
John says he got "the biggest kick in his life" in playing the doughboy in "The Big Parade"

On May 9, 1929, John Gilbert eloped to Las Vegas with Ina Claire (left), after a whirlwind courtship. It was his third marriage. Note Ina's dress, a Chanel creation

Frances Dee Hit The Heights In A Hurry

Two years ago, Frances Dee decided she'd rather be a Hollywood extra than a Chicago co-ed. She was spotted first by a casting director, then by Chevalier, and finally by Von Sternberg. Between the three of them she got the breaks—until now she looms as one of the future great stars. But best of all, she's keeping her head!

FRANCES DEE weighs one hundred and fifteen pounds and is five feet four in her stockings—or five feet seven with little stilts under her attractive heels. All of which makes her, as she says, "a pretty big girl." She's pretty, all right; and as bigness is only a matter of proportion, in her case that's also all right.



Otto Dyar

HELPING YOU TO KNOW HER

Born in Garvanza, California, and grew up in Chicago. Always had the urge to act. Attended University of Chicago, but wasn't eligible for the dramatic club. Returned to California for a summer vacation, and became an "extra." Decided she was through being a co-ed. Her first big break came when Chevalier picked her as his leading lady. Was always cast as a "nice girl" until Josef von Sternberg hailed her as one of the screen's great beauties and gave her rôle of Sondra in "An American Tragedy." Has enormous blue eyes and a determined lower lip. Thinks no one can be happy without love—and is "sort of" in love at the moment. Intends to keep on with career when she does marry. Likes to be alone, preferably on mountain tops. Believes in speaking her mind. Knows where she's going. And she's likely to get there!

Her case might well be labeled "The Triumph of Sex." Starting her career by playing "nice" girls, she probably would have been kept in those awful rôles until showing the first signs of *arterio sclerosis* — but, fortunately, Josef von Sternberg saw her and exclaimed that she was one of the screen's great beauties, as well as the possessor in great measure of that *je ne sais quoi* that did so much for Clara Bow. So the director gave her the part of *Sondra Finchley*, the lureful rich girl, in "An American Tragedy." And for hordes of people she was the high spot of that much-argued-about opus.

She was born November 26 in Garvanza, California, not more than twenty-two years ago. When she was seven, her father's vocation—civil engineering—took the family to Chicago. There Frances grew up, attending Hyde Park High School (famous for its football teams) and then attending the University—which is famous for the lack of them. She would have been graduated with the Class of 1931 if Ole Man Movies hadn't spirited her away.

She always had a great yen to be an actress. They wouldn't let her act at the University—there was something about her not being eligible for the dramatic club—but when she got back to Los Angeles for a summer vacation, she had her chance through some co-ed friends in the University of Southern California. Fox was using college girls for one of those rah-rah pictures of college life. They used Frances, and she liked the game. . . .

She Preferred to Be an Extra

SO she made the Big Decision, and decided to take up extra work rather than return to school. After a period of the seven-and-a-half-dollars-a-day-and-a-box-lunch thing, she won a small part in "Follow Thru," starring Nancy Carroll and Buddy Rogers. In this she attracted the attention of Fred Datig, Paramount's casting director. She was tested, okayed, and placed under one of those try-to-make-good contracts. And she did!

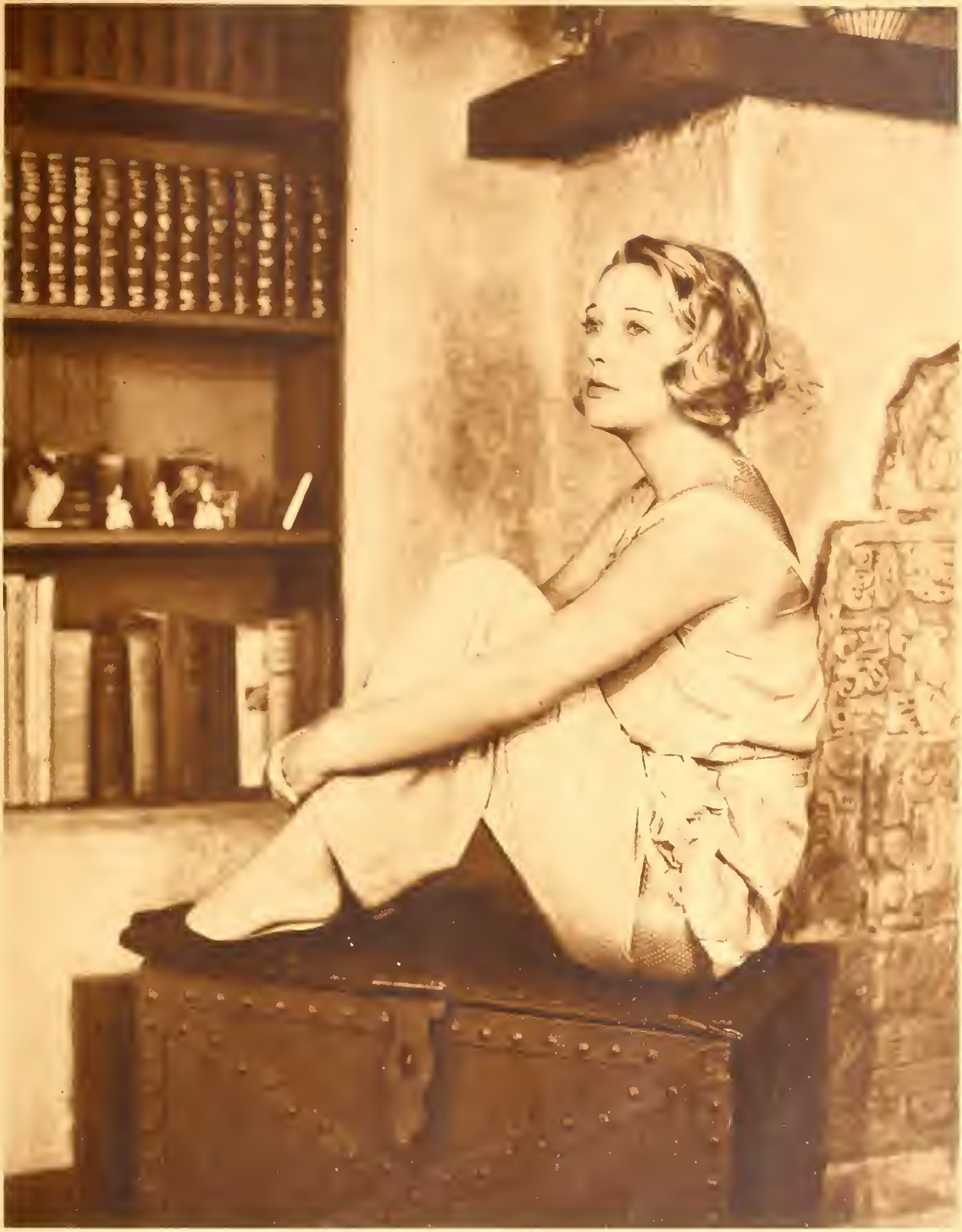
Her first big chance was in Chevalier's "Playboy of Paris." She likes Maurice, who is generally given credit for her "discovery," but she doesn't swoon at the mere mention of his name, as so many local ladies are in the habit of doing. She thinks they both were pretty bad in that opus, an opinion borne out by the box-office returns.

Following that, she worked with Buddy again in "Along Came Youth," the last of those Rogers sweetness-and-light playlets, and then was seen opposite Richard Arlen in "Caught." It was not until "An American Tragedy," however, that she had a chance to prove to the studio what a really swell bet they have in her. Now she has just completed "Rich Man's Folly" with George Bancroft. She is one of this year's thirteen Wampas Baby Stars—which means that the press-agents of the town think she has the goods.

Her name is her own, and when she was a kid in school, she used to hate it. But when she went into pictures and they tried

(*Continued on page 70*)

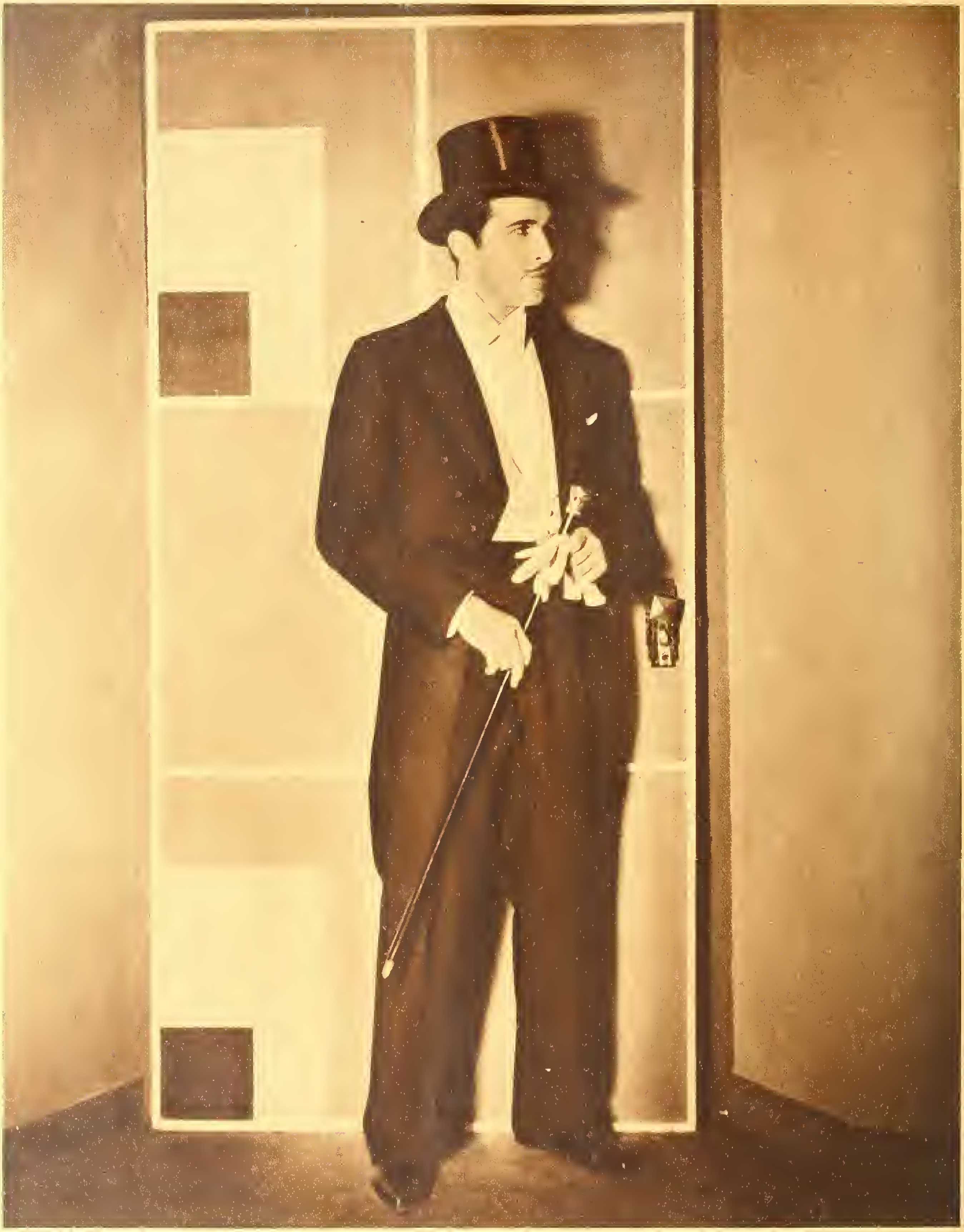
By TERRENCE COSTELLO



Lippman

ONE LIVE GIRL ON A DEAD PIRATE'S CHEST

Dorothy Mackaill acquired a hope chest in Hawaii. It's unusual, like Dorothy, and has a dramatic history. It's a pirate's safe deposit box. And the way she's holding down the lid between scenes of "Safe In Hell," the future Mrs. Neil Miller must be keeping the secret of the wedding date inside



Ray Jones

Off the screen, our John is almost never seen in public. He's a confirmed family man. But on the screen—ah, that's a different story. Give him a cutaway, a white vest, a stiff shirt and a topper, and he's the man-about-town to perfection. Just another proof that John is a good actor—to add to what he does in "Good Sport"

JOHN BOLES

Bachrach

DOLORES DEL RIO

Dolores Del Rio is back before the cameras at last! That is the big news of the month. Though her face gives no hint of it now, she has been desperately ill. You have not seen her for nearly two years—and you have never seen her in an all-talking picture. She starts her screen life anew in the title rôle of "The Dove"

Dyar

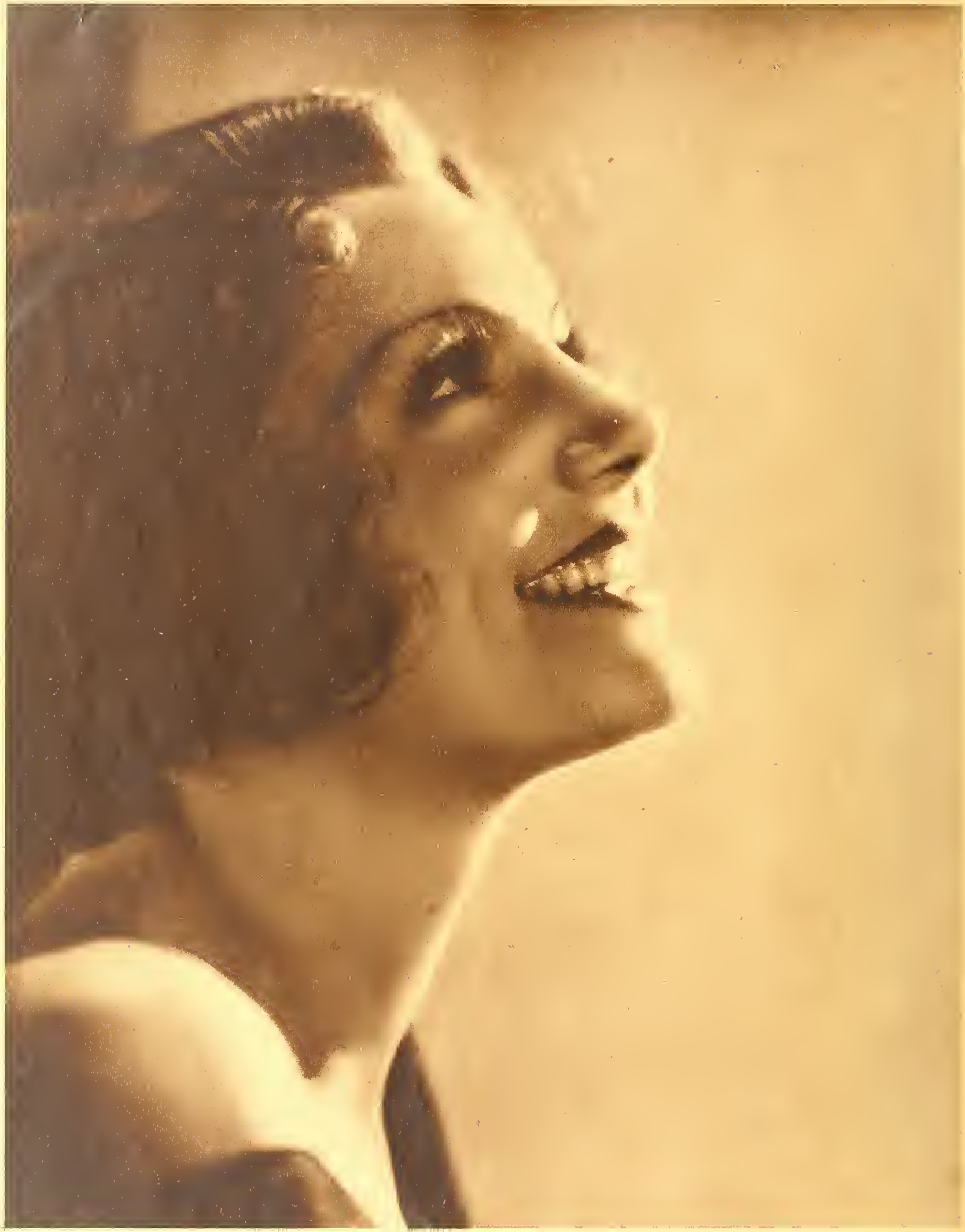
Miriam Hopkins knows what that musical phrase, "Vamp till ready," means. And what's she almost ready for? Stardom, no less! This little Georgia siren hasn't been marking any time, has stolen one picture after another, and now is rehearsing to play opposite Charles Rogers in "The Jazz King"

THEY HAVEN'T PLAYED BUT MIRIAM AND

Dyar

TOGETHER YET PHIL ARE WILLING

Maybe Phillips Holmes can play the piano, and maybe he can't. It doesn't matter. The important thing is that he can play on your sympathies. If he keeps up what he has started in "An American Tragedy" and "The Man I Killed," he'll soon be the leading young tragedian of the screen



Longworth

She flashes a pretty set of teeth, and an even prettier set of eyes—and just catch the happy-go-lucky tilt of her head! On top of it all, she has titian hair—the real kind—and you know what that means! From here, it looks like an unbeatable combination. She'll soon rate bigger parts than the one she has in "Touchdown"

PEGGY SHANNON

THIS OTHER CRAWFORD GIRL IS ALSO A DANCING DAUGHTER

Portraits by C. S. Bull

Kathryn Crawford is no relation to Joan—unless you could call her a dance-step-sister. She's one of the California Crawfords, a singer as well as a dancer, and as lighthearted as she is lightfooted. She can hold her own in any company—and here's how!

When she was sixteen, Kathryn decorated a church choir. When seventeen, she was a singing-dancing star on the stage. Now, just over twenty, she's dreaming of a big screen future. (And why shouldn't she, after "Flying High"?) She even looks like a potential rival for the Crawford who's a star already. But is that her ambition? Kathryn hunches up those cute shoulders—and pretends she doesn't know

MOVIE CLASSIC TABLOID NEWS SECTION

THE NEWSREEL OF THE NEWSSTANDS

Acme

Before his visit to London, Mahatma Gandhi had never heard of Chaplin. When told that Charlie had made millions laugh, he asked to meet him

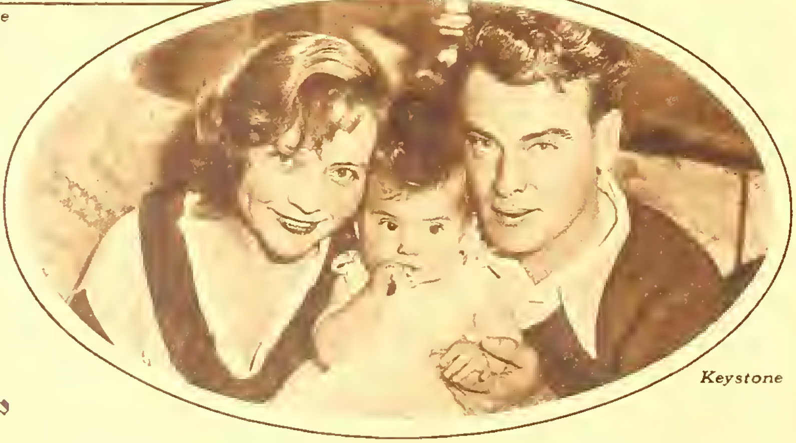
Richard and Jobyna Ralston Arlen reveal that their wedding rings were cut from the same piece of platinum. They add that they have never removed them

* * *

Even Lola Lane was surprised to read that she and Lew Ayres were married. They hoped to keep the wedding secret. See story page 40

Acme

Dorothy Mackaill and her fiancé, Neil Miller, haven't yet announced the wedding date. Friends wonder if they're secretly married already



Keystone

* * *

Nils Asther meets the rest of his family: Vivian Duncan Asther returns from abroad with their new daughter, Evelyn Rosetta, born in Germany

Acme

Elissa Landi sails for England and a visit with her husband, John Lawrence, London lawyer

It Cost Esther Ralston $100,000 To Have Her Baby

BLONDE STAR FORFEITED THAT AMOUNT IN LEAVING SCREEN TO BECOME A MOTHER—NOW MUST SACRIFICE MUCH MORE TO RETURN TO SCREEN

By FAITH SERVICE

Ray Jones

Esther Ralston eagerly sacrificed a film fortune to have Mary Esther and now bemoans fact that she must return to her career

TWO weeks and four days after Esther Ralston became a mother, she had to become an actress again. No tragedy she may play upon the Screen will ever be the tragedy this is to Esther.

She held her baby in her arms, there before my eyes, and tears dropped from her blue eyes upon that little head. Tears of joy because she is, at last, a mother. Tears of regret that she cannot be more mother than actress. I saw what was surely the most precious anointing small Mary Esther Webb will ever know—her mother's tears.

All her life Esther Ralston has longed to have a baby. More than anything else in life, she has wanted this baby. Well, she has had her in the physical sense of the word; she has this little girl with enormous dark blue eyes and Esther's nose and her Daddy's mouth. And now, because she is an actress—with the demands of an actress' life to fulfill—she must sacrifice the precious intimacies of motherhood.

They have made her stop nursing the baby. Two weeks and four days after the infant's birth, she was forced to stop. She had to reduce. She couldn't reduce while she was feeding the child. She had to diet. She had to have strenuous massage. The ample curves of maternity had to be brought down to the proper slenderness of—a star.

"And this," Esther told me, covering that tiny face with kisses, "this is the rôle I am best fitted for. I would love to have seven or eight babies. I wouldn't care if my lap spread from East to West. I wouldn't care if I gained sixty pounds and never lost them. But—"

But she is an actress. She has a career, and the beauty of maternity is not the beauty of movies. And she has to think of that career, has to build for the future, has to work while she can to make the baby's later days secure.

She is going to take the baby into vaudeville with her. Not right now. In two or three months, according to present plans. There will be no sunny nursery hours, no twilight hours of lullaby for Esther and Esther's baby. Trains and strange towns and irregular hours and chilly theaters and curious crowds instead. Husband-and-father George Webb has written a dramatic sketch for "Them"—a sketch in which Esther will appear upon the stage holding her own baby in her arms. "That ought to get 'em!" figures the exploitation expert in the home.

"For twenty-eight years," Esther told me, "I have been doing, mentally, just what you see me doing now—holding my own baby to my heart. The other night, I was walking up and down the upstairs hall with her—spoiling her, they told me, crooning to her, *loving* it. All the dreams of just such a time that I had ever dreamed were going through my head. I shall never know again such perfect happiness. And it was then they talked to me—Daddy (George) and the doctor. Convinced me I owed something to my career. Told me I had been suggested for the feminine lead in the Fox talkie version of 'Fazil' opposite Warner Baxter—*if* I can look the part. In order to look the part, I have had to lose twenty-five pounds in the past ten days and must lose some thirty-five more in the next two weeks. In order to look the part, I must not look the part of—a nursing mother.

"You see, well—Daddy figured it out and it seems that I lost approximately one hundred thousand dollars by having this baby. That, in round figures, is what she cost me. The parts I couldn't play would have totaled that sum. I wouldn't exchange the part I am playing now, with you for audience, for double those parts at double that figure. My name was mentioned for a part in the last Roy del Ruth picture at Warner Brothers. Also, for a part in 'The Greeks Had a Word for It.' There was the part of the Queen in Will Rogers' last picture. Also, a part in John Gilbert's 'West of Broadway.' There were two definite and very substantial independent offers. All told, if I had done the things I might have done, I would be—one hundred thousand dollars poorer to-day."

Esther suffered for twenty-eight dreadful hours before her baby was born. It is claimed that the baby was a month overdue. It was an instrument birth, perilous and agonizing for both mother and child. The baby would have been born dead in another hour.

Esther knew far in advance that she would suffer. Doctors long ago told her that she should never have a baby; some even went so far as to declare she never *could* become a mother—and live.

As the fumes of the anesthetic began to drift away, Esther thought, "Just one more thing can happen to me now—that it will be a girl." She and George had wanted a son so dreadfully. After a time, gaining courage, she asked, "It's a girl, isn't it, Daddy?" The answer came, "*How did you know?*" And Esther, closing her eyes, whispered, "Forgive me, Daddy—I'll do better the next time."

Somehow, that strikes me as being the most poignantly pathetic statement ever issued from the mouth of a new mother.

Esther's baby—she has paid for her in harder coin than money.

Lily Damita Will Not Marry Titled Suitor—Prefers Rich American

French Star Turns Down Prince Louis Ferdinand Hohenzollern For Sidney Smith, Wealthy Broker—Will Marry In Two Years (Maybe)

By HALE HORTON

LILY DAMITA has been rumored engaged to royalty more times than any other actress now alive. Her first and most notable engagement was supposed to have been to Prince George of England, whose parents withheld the seal of approval. Next Lily was all engaged to Prince Louis Ferdinand of the defunct firm of Hohenzollern, only to have family pressure brought to bear again. Now, Lily has followed this up with an engagement to Sidney Smith, of the New York Smiths, and there have been more rumbles of parental objections. There have even been rumors of marriage this time.

Sidney Smith? He is a young New York broker, godson of publisher William Randolph Hearst, a scion of one of New York's oldest and wealthiest families, and brother-in-law of William K. Vanderbilt, Jr. His ex-wife is Florence Rice, daughter of sports-writer Grantland Rice. While at Yale, Smith was amateur heavyweight boxing champ, and has danced many rounds with his friend, Gene Tunney. He possesses six-feet-two of muscle and bone, a disarming smile, and the wallop of a stevedore.

But let's begin at the beginning. Immediately after the Hohenzollerns had broken the engagement between Louis Ferdinand and Damita, they spirited Louis down to darkest Africa, where—his family thought—he would be safe from Lily's blandishments.

"An' when I come to Hollywood," Damita recounts, 'Ferdinand's mama say he can come home to Germany. An' finally they send heem to Detroit to learn the automobeel beeziness. After a while I return to Paris on my vacation, an' Ferdinand call me from London, saying he also on vacation an' want to see me. I haff no time to fight with families. Life ees too short. And besides there was Seedney. So I tell heem I pretty busy.

The Hohenzollerns frowned upon Prince Louis Ferdinand's engagement to Lily—but that didn't matter to Ferdinand

"A few days later, he call me from Southampton and say he been called back to Detroit, an' he make me promise to wire heem when I arrive back in United States and tell heem the name of the hotel I stay at in New York, so he can 'phone me again. An' before I could answer, he cry, "I'll see you in America—an' remember that no matter what the family say, you an' I are steel engage.' 'Engage?' I say. 'What ees thees?' I thought eet was all over. I tried to tell heem so, but he deedn't seem to understand. I guess there must have been a bad connection. So I told heem I'd wire heem from New York and hung up."

Lily had been having a gay time in France, tearing around with such people as Constance Bennett, the Marquis de la Falaise, and William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., who introduced her to his friend, Sidney Smith. The crowd went back to New York five days ahead of Lily, who returned alone. Upon arriving in New York, she wired Prince Louis Ferdinand and he 'phoned her, as advertised, and begged her to stop over in Chicago a few days and he'd get a vacation and meet her there. Due, however, to the press of business, publicity and Sidney Smith, Lily found this impossible—but she told the Prince he might come to Chicago and talk to her between trains.

In the meantime, Smith decided, for one reason or another, that he'd like to see this place called Hollywood, where Lily worked, and decided he'd make a little trip to California, himself. And Lily thought it was a swell idea. "We were almos' to Chicago before I remember that Ferdinand was coming to the train," she recalls, wide-eyed. "I was een one beeg peekle, I tell you! I had to theenk fast!" So she plunged into the mob that met the train—there were some politicians on board—only to bump smack into His Royal Highness!

Lily was in a spot and knew it. The Santa Fe *Chief* was about to leave for Los Angeles. Again she thought fast. She told Louis Ferdinand that he might ride with her as far as the next stop—and she told him about her friend, Sidney Smith, who took himself to the buffet car and gnawed a cigar.

International

Lily met Sidney Smith in France, and when she came back to Hollywood, he came along, too

The prince told the movie star that soon he would be independent of his family and could marry her. Lily pointed out that marriage between them was impossible. She could never live in Detroit. Whereupon the prince set Lily's nerves all jittery by threatening to come out to Hollywood and get a job . . .

"I finally talked heem out of that," Lily sighs. "He couldn' act an' I told heem so. An' there are no other jobs out here at presen'." Three hours out of Chicago, the Prince gave in to the inevitable, took it on the chin and left the train.

"We luff each other vary moch," says Lily, alluding to Sidney. "But we can't be married yet. Seedney does not want to marry me while I am steel een peectures. Seedney, he hate Hollywood. He hate to stand around on the set an' hand me my make-up box! He's a real man!"

"I wouldn't live in Hollywood," Smith told me, "if it was the last spot on earth! You may be sure that Lily and I will never be married so long as she is a movie star!"

"Thees ees no cheap luff affair!" Lily would have you know. "Thees ees vary serious." And from the look in her eye, I have a hunch that this time Lily means business. Business, that is, of a matrimonial nature. They had one narrow squeak—at Las Vegas, Arizona. They would have been married if Lily hadn't refused to give up her career.

And now Sidney Smith has returned to New York and Lily can't go East until May. Furthermore, her contract lasts for two years. And that's a long time, during which many things could happen, including new engagements.

DIETRICH'S NEW ESCORT SAYS HE'S "JUST A FRIEND"

MARLENE SEEN EVERYWHERE WITH HANS VON TWARDOWSKI, FORMER LEADING MAN IN GERMANY, BUT ACTOR DENIES ANY ROMANCE

By CAROL BENTON

Richee

HOLLYWOOD used to recite a little nursery rhyme that ran, "Everywhere that Dietrich goes, Von Sternberg's sure to go." The reference was to the sensational Marlene and her shaggy-haired director, seldom seen in public without one another. Now they have been joined by a third—Marlene's former leading man in Germany, a good-looking young chap named Hans von Twardowski. And Hollywood has begun to chant only the end of the nursery rhyme: "Von Sternberg's sure to go."

The newest "von" in Marlene's life didn't come to Hollywood to woo fame as the Dietrich escort, but to act in American movies. You'll probably have your first glimpse of him in "Grand Hotel." In that projected production, M-G-M hopes to outdo itself, overcome some temperamental differences, and give you not only two, but four stars in one picture. Imagine—if you can—the mysterious Garbo, the flaming Crawford, the romantic Gilbert and the virile Gable all on the screen at the same time! And for good measure, as the fifth principal character in the Vicki Baum story—the doomed invalid, Doctor Otto—the big, blond and handsome newcomer named Hans von Twardowski. There's a lot of talent for you!

Marlene Dietrich and Hans von Twardowski at opening of "Devotion." Where is Josef von Sternberg, her former constant companion?

Before Marlene was "discovered" by Josef von Sternberg in Berlin, she and von Twardowski had played together on the stage and in several motion pictures—one of which, translated, means, "I Kiss Your Hand, Madame."

"She was not an unknown, as people here seem to think," explains Hans in his careful English. "Already she was quite famous. Much more famous than was Garbo in Europe. Dietrich was the star in the revue in which Mr. von Sternberg saw her the first time."

Twardowski has been in Hollywood since December, having been imported to play in foreign versions. But he has been studying English, with the result that he now has a year's contract with M-G-M and the prospect of being in the amazing cast of "Grand Hotel." Surprisingly enough, he gives the credit for his progress to none other than Josef von Sternberg.

"Mr. von Sternberg has help me so much," he says. "I don't know how I should have learn to speak the English without him. With Marlene, too, he works always to make her speak without the accent. Now she talks English so well people say, 'Pooh, she is not a German!' But she learned English when a child, from a British nurse. When I came to America I could only say 'Yas' and 'No.'"

Hollywood rumor has it that Marlene's studio looks approvingly at her new escort, particularly since Mrs. Riza von Sternberg, estranged wife of their brilliant director, has brought suit against Marlene for alienation of affections—a suit that the star is fighting bitterly. However, the suit has seemed to make little difference to either Marlene or her director—for von Sternberg usually makes a threesome when she and von Twardowski are seen together. Von Twardowski laughs at the hints of romance either between himself and Marlene, or between Marlene and von Sternberg.

"We are friends," he declares. "In Berlin, I am often visitor at the home of herself and her director-husband, Rudolf Sieber, who is also my friend. Anyone who knows the Siebers at home knows how foolish is any talk that they are not happy together. When he came to visit her this summer, we were four good friends together—Von Sternberg, Rudolf, Marlene and I. Among ourselves we laugh at the lawsuit Mrs. von Sternberg brings.

"This lawsuit, it is unkind. When Mr. von Sternberg, made 'The Blue Angel,' every actress wanted to play the heroine. In this country, it was just a picture; but in Germany it was the rage. There were streets named 'Blue Angel,' and restaurants. Women wore 'Blue Angel' hats. It was natural that Mrs. von Sternberg, who was an actress, should want to play the heroine herself, *nicht?* But there is nothing—nothing at all—to this gossip of romance between Marlene and von Sternberg. I am welcome at her home here; I should know.

"Marlene is lonesome for her husband. She has no friends in this country. She never goes to parties. In Germany, also, she lives very quietly. Few people know her. But sometimes she must go out, *nicht?* So her director, the only one she knows, goes with her. And now I—an old friend of her own country—take her to picture openings."

Marlene will go abroad for Christmas, just to see her husband, Hans von Twardowski explains. Also, perhaps, she will leave her little girl in Germany, for Maria is now nearly old enough to go to school and Marlene wants her to grow up in German ways. Upon Marlene's return, Hollywood whispers, there might be a part for Hans in a Dietrich picture.

He was in the first great German picture—"The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari." He wants still to play complex, mysterious characters—"men with secrets, strange men"—rather than simple American heroes. He likes Hollywood so well that if "Grand Hotel" shows that he has a real future here, he will become an American citizen.

Marlene's new escort says she and her husband, Rudolf Sieber (above), are happy—and will spend Christmas together

YOUNG SCREEN ACTOR QUITS THE MOVIES AND RETURNS TO THE STAGE

Kent Douglass Turns Down Big Hollywood Offers As He Prefers The Footlights. He Is First Actor To Abandon Promising Screen Career Voluntarily

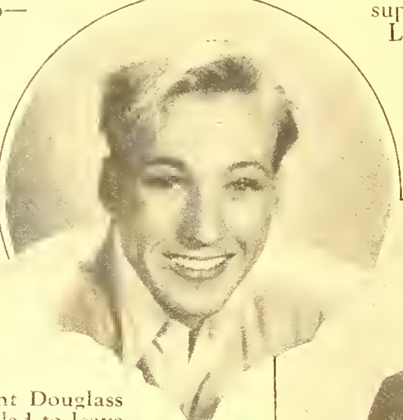
BY J. A. O'BRIEN

White

Left to right, James Rennie, Sylvia Sidney, Kent Douglass and Chester Morris in the stage production of "Crime"—which made all four famous

WITH three studios searching for him for parts in forthcoming productions, a husky blonde youth stepped aboard a New York-bound plane at three o'clock in the morning, and one more picture career came to an abrupt halt. Douglass Montgomery, known on the screen as Kent Douglass, had made good his threat of leaving Hollywood as soon as his option expired. This is all the more surprising since he grew up in Los Angeles and vicinity.

Returning last year from New York, where he had made a name for himself as a stage juvenile, the young actor was greeted in the old home-town with offers from Paramount and M-G-M. He signed with the latter studio—and within a few days found himself with dyed hair, a changed name, and a part that had little resemblance to the sort of rôles that won him an international success with the Theater Guild.



Kent Douglass is glad to leave the screen

Hurrell

At first, apparently, Douglass was believed to have a "black-haired personality," but it soon was discovered that he was more effective in his natural coloring. The name-switch grew out of the fact that the company, with Robert Montgomery already granted stardom, had no wish for another "Montgomery" in its billings. Douglass is said to have agreed to the logic of this, but later found himself unable to get used to the new studio-picked name of "Kent Douglass." The full name that his parents gave him is Robert Douglass Montgomery.

Young Douglass, after a school career in Los Angeles that included association with the largest prep-school theatrical group in the world, made a big hit with the Pasadena Community Players. He then moved on to New York to score with Mary Boland and Pauline Lord, and later to consolidate his place with Sylvia Sidney, Kay Johnson, James Rennie, Kay Francis and Chester Morris in "Crime." Following this, he went into the Guild, giving eloquent support to Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne in "Caprice" and "Volpone." With a Guild company, he went abroad and enjoyed great success. It was on his return from this tour, that he decided to take his first vacation in four years with his family in Pasadena.

Witzel

At fourteen, he was playing Lionel Barrymore's son in "The Copperhead"

"I was attracted to the films at first," he said not long before his abrupt departure. "The crowd was all for them, and that seemed a healthy sign. As a young actor, I wondered if I should be with the livest theatrical enterprise of the period. So I signed. It was a mistake. I messed up everything—terribly. I am better suited to the stage than I am to pictures. I'm going back where I belong."

In doing so, Douglass turned down an excellent offer from Universal, for whom he had made his last two pictures, "Waterloo Bridge" and "Heart and Hand." This agreement was reported to have started in the neighborhood of twelve hundred dollars a week, with increases and promises of stardom. The studio also was willing to let him resume his own name of Douglass Montgomery, even offering—at a cost of thousands of dollars—to call in all the advance advertising on "Waterloo Bridge," in which he was billed as Kent Douglass. But so convinced was Douglass that he is unsuited to the films, despite the success he scored in "Five and Ten" and the two pictures for the Laemmles, that he could not be persuaded to stay.

Erich von Stroheim hoped to persuade him to stay and enact the boy's part in his forthcoming "Walking Down Broadway." But it was too late; Douglass already had signed for a show in New York. Von Stroheim also has gone East, and perhaps they will get together there.

Douglass is the second desertion in Hollywood in recent weeks. Leslie Howard also has turned his back upon the films in favor of the stage. But while Howard's health is such as to demand more peaceful work than Hollywood offers, Douglass left merely from choice. Thus he becomes the first young actor ever voluntarily to resign a fat contract and a bright future in pictures.

He is now playing in New York in the male lead of "Nikki," which appeared on the screen as "The Last Flight," opposite Fay Wray, whose name also is familiar to fans and whose husband, John Monk Saunders, authored the story. In this he is treading the boards under his own name, convinced that a Montgomery does not act so well under any other.

NEW STAR RISKS LIFE TO MEET FANS

LIL DAGOVER, FAMOUS GERMAN ACTRESS, MAKES AIR TOUR OF UNITED STATES ON WAY TO HOLLYWOOD—IN THREE AIRPLANE ACCIDENTS

By
SUE DIBBLE

Longworth

Lil Dagover hails from Germany, where she is even better known than Marlene Dietrich. She's now making her first American talkie, after speaking English for five months

LIL DAGOVER, famous German actress risked her life three times and lost fifteen pounds traveling across the United States to Hollywood to start on "The Captain's Wife" for First National.

Not that she needed to lose them. She is said to have the most beautiful shoulders and back in the world. They have been insured for twenty thousand dollars. But the insurance company didn't count on her taking a trip of thirty thousand miles in fourteen days, visiting thirty cities, traveling in twenty-five different airplanes. Her sponsors wanted her to see America, and wanted America to see Dagover.

In those tumultuous two weeks she gave a hundred interviews in her new English—she had been studying the language only five months—and shook thousands of hands. She met the Mayors of cities and the Governors of States, posed for hundreds of photographs, spoke at a dozen dinners, laid cornerstones, and addressed German societies. She managed a stunning new costume every day from a single large suit case. And she was almost killed in three airplane accidents.

Leaving Washington, D. C., the plane in which she was a passenger, developed brake trouble, rose a few feet above the field and began going around in circles. The pilot managed to make a safe landing and the party was transferred to another 'plane. Again, as they approached Pittsburgh, flying over the Alleghanies—the most dangerous air route in the country—a terrific rainstorm enveloped them. The "ceiling" was so low they were in danger of crashing into a mountainside and finally made a forced landing on a hillside, skidding across a hayfield and stopping a few feet from a tree.

The third accident filled the streets of Indianapolis with newsboys shouting, "Extra! Foreign Movie Star Killed! Lil Dagover Lost In Storm!"

It was almost true. Twenty-five miles from the city, Hubert Voight, the publicity man accompanying the star, looked out of the window of the 'plane into blazing afternoon sunshine, and saw one of those famous Middle Western hurricanes approaching in the shape of an enormous black cloud. Straining his engine to the utmost, the pilot raced the cloud, but it caught up with them. Instantly they were plunged into total darkness, while a terrific wind snatched up the 'plane like a leaf and sent it whirling completely out of control.

"Suddenly we were upside down," relates Voight. "I clutched the side of the cabin with one hand and held Miss Dagover down with my other arm, and we rolled over and over. She was perfectly still, and I thought she had fainted—until the 'plane suddenly fell out of the storm cloud into the sunshine, *one hundred feet above the ground!*

"The pilot managed to wrench us out of the spin and climb above the trees. I looked at Dagover. She was pale but smiling. 'That was nothing at all, compared to the experience I had once, flying across the Alps from Berlin to Rome,' she said. A few moments later we made a forced landing on a stubble field, and raced to the nearest farmhouse. And it was there, while waiting for the storm to abate, that Miss Dagover had her first taste of watermelon. She insisted on eating it everywhere else we went, and I think that's why she lost the fifteen pounds—not because of the strenuous trip. She didn't realize it was especially hard; she evidently just thought it was America!"

This is not Lil Dagover's first trip to Hollywood. Paramount brought her over two years ago, but she never stepped before a camera. It is said that jealousy between two rival producers was the cause. Whatever the reason, she left for Berlin a few short weeks after her arrival. This time, before she would sign a contract, she insisted that the story and director of her first American-made talkie should be of her own choosing.

She was born in Java, Dutch East Indies, of a German father and a French Huguenot mother—and her name then was Lilith Witt. Taken to Germany at the age of six, she has lived there since, except when tempted abroad by theatrical or screen offers. She has been acting since she was twelve.

In Germany she is more famous than Marlene Dietrich. In Paris, she has earned the name of *La Dame Blanche*, because she is usually dressed in spotless white. When she goes to England, she is publicized as "The Darling of the Continent."

She lays claim to a couple of beauty secrets. One, drink a tablespoonful of olive oil in the morning. Two, massage skin with almond oil. And you might add two teaspoonfuls of etheric oil to both. She follows her own advice.

There isn't a bit of doubt that First National has brought The White Lady to Hollywood to rival Garbo and Dietrich. And if energy means anything, she'll do it. She has both Greta and Marlene outclassed in that respect.

Where Greta and Marlene are more or less content to take things easy (both believe in plenty of relaxation) Lil Dagover is restless with energy. She should have no trouble adapting herself to the American spirit, and, given half a chance, develop as large a following as her more famous rivals.

Below, she arrives in New York—little expecting that she's going to do a lifetime of traveling in the next two weeks

Cosmo

Life was just one bouquet and one airplane ride after another for Lil Dagover upon her arrival in America. Three of the twenty-five 'planes in which she rode made forced landings

Mitchell

Lew Ayres And Lola Lane Make Up And Marry

After Two Years Of On-And-Off Romance, Young Couple Surprise Hollywood With "Elopement"—Hoped To Keep Marriage Secret

By JOAN STANDISH

THE battling lovers of Hollywood (Lew Ayres and Lola Lane) went and did what everybody believed couldn't possibly happen—*they got married!* They even "eloped." But as romantic as the event may have been to the outside world, it was in the same class as a Ripley Believe-It-Or-Not so far as Hollywood was concerned.

Less than a month before they sprang the surprise, Lew and Lola weren't speaking to one another. From the very beginning their love has been as stormy as the night-boat ride to San Francisco. One moment they were madly in love; five minutes later they politely and cordially "hated" each other.

Lew and the blonde Lola met when Lew was just scaling the cinema heavens in "All Quiet on the Western Front." At that time Lola was still a brunette. They fell madly in love with one another. Hollywood waited for wedding bells to ring out. Instead, Lew and Lola had a grand fight. It lasted for about three weeks. When they made up (this time more devoutly interested in each other than ever before), Hollywood again waited for—and expected—wedding bells. Instead they had another fight.

For more than two years Lew and Lola cried "Wolf"—and you know what happened in that legend. Well, Hollywood grew cold, too. Ayres and Lane were just a couple of false alarms so far as Cupid was concerned.

During one of their battles Lew's name was linked with Joan Bennett's. Lew and Joan were said to be quite "that way"—until John Considine, Jr., temporarily stalked back into Joan's life. (He lately seems to have gone for good.)

During another break-up, Lew is said to have become ardently interested in Billie Dove. This is just a whisper, but they say Lew is the boy who made Howard Hughes jealous. At least, the young producer spent one entire evening glaring at Lew and Billie as they danced together at Marion Davies' house. After that the Hughes-Dove romance never seemed to get back on the same footing again.

And as for Lola—well, Lola wasn't a little sit-by-the-fire herself. Only one thing burned Lola up. That was when a writer said she and Lew weren't "suited to one another."

"What does she mean—I'm not Lew's type of girl?" she howled. "Lew and I may fight, but we feel the same about everything." (You figure that one out!)

Here are Mr. and Mrs. Ayres with those "just married" smiles. A month before, Lola prophesied they'd marry in haste, the next time they made up

About the middle of August, Lew and Lola had another one of their famous smashes. During that time I went to a theater with Lola (minus Lew). There seemed to be no doubt in her mind but that she and the boy-friend would eventually make up.

"And when Lane and Ayres make up," she hinted, "they really make up. I shouldn't be surprised if we were married in a hurry the next time we do it!" Lola spoke with the tongue of a prophet.

On September 15, a Los Angeles newspaper reporter just *happened* to be walking past the Court House at Las Vegas, Nevada. He was there on an entirely different mission. But the real "scoop" of his trip was when Lew Ayres and Lola Lane came tripping down the steps of the Court House with a marriage license in their hands. "We wanted to keep this a secret," they shouted in their happiness, "but you would have to find us out!"

They selected Las Vegas because an old friend of theirs Judge William E. Orr held court there—and, they drove all night to get there, just as June Collyer and Stuart Erwin had done previously. The Judge was conducting a murder trial when Lew and Lola showed up, and there, in the presence of the prisoner and the jury, Lew and Lola were married. Actor Le Roy Mason (you saw him in "The Viking") and his actress-wife, Rita Carewe, were best man and maid-of-honor, respectively. Lola wore a yellow ensemble with a raft of orchids on her shoulder. Lew wore a big, broad grin. From Las Vegas the young couple left for a honeymoon in the Jackson's Hole country in Wyoming.

Everything is just fine and dandy. Even the studio isn't sore that their most heart-breaking juvenile is all tied up.

But what are all the pretty girls going to do—Joan Bennett and Billie Dove and Joan Marsh? And they do say that John Gilbert was beginning to show a real interest in Lola.

If Lew and Lola make matrimony as interesting as they made their romance—well, it won't be a dull marriage, to say the least.

STUDIO WAITRESS HAS PSYCHIC POWER—FORETELLS FUTURE FOR GARBO AND GABLE

TWO OF JESSIE BECK'S PREDICTIONS ALREADY FULFILLED. HER SIXTH SENSE TELLS HER WHAT SHE SEES IN STORE FOR SHEARER, CRAWFORD AND OTHERS

By JERRY LANE

Jessie Beck, waitress at the M-G-M studio restaurant

"I FEEL that there was a man in Greta Garbo's early life, who is in some way connected with this secret she guards so closely," said Jessie Beck, pretty little waitress in the M-G-M commissary. "There isn't an hour of her day or night when she is free from sorrow. The first time I saw her, I wanted to run off somewhere and cry—there was such a black pall hanging over her . . .

"And soon she will go through a sad experience similar to one she has had before. I'm not sure what the nature of it will be, but it's possible that it will give her a new outlook on life. If she lets herself go and gives in to her natural instinct to like people, she will be an entirely new person by the time she is thirty-two. She will be laughing, gay—a person who vibrates happiness. She'll have a number of glorious love affairs, but they never will last long."

The prophetic Jessie has no idea how she came to have this sixth sense. She's not the seventh daughter of a seventh daughter—but she has Irish blue eyes and maybe that partly accounts for it. Serving the stars is the biggest thrill of her life. She says they relax like ordinary humans when they eat, and they respond to her. She turns very hot or very cold when she feels a premonition coming. Then she stops still. It passes in front of her in the form of a mental picture. For example, often when she's near Norma Shearer, she sees a garden of rosebuds. There are large, ugly thorns on the stems, but as the roses bloom, the thorns seem to fall away.

"That's symbolic of her life," Jessie explained. "She has had many obstacles to overcome in order to reach her present place. She's courageous and has a beautiful spiritual outlook of which the public knows nothing. She will be extremely happy in her marriage. There are more children coming to her—two more at least.

"It was a queer thing about Lon Chaney. He came into the dining-room almost every noon and I had no vision about him. But one day I was rushing through and as I approached his table I was taken violently ill. I felt perfectly well one minute and the next I was doubled up with pain. Another waitress stopped to help me and as we turned back to the kitchen, I saw white flowers all around Mr. Chaney. I wanted to tell him about them when I suddenly realized he knew they were there and was content to have them. He sensed that death was coming to him. He was prepared for it. As we were making salads that afternoon, I told the girls he hadn't long to live. Four months later he died.

A corner of the private restaurant at the M-G-M studio where Jessie Beck, the psychic waitress, serves such notables as Greta Garbo and Norma Shearer

"The spirit of Lon Chaney is coming back, however. It will come over another star on this same lot and people will think it uncanny how the new star resembles Lon.

"Several astrologers have written in magazines lately that Marie Dressler will soon pass on. It doesn't look that way to me. It looks as if she is going to live for quite some time. And her greatest rôle is yet to come. Some new writer has a story in mind that will be submitted to the studio shortly before Christmas and in it Marie will rise to greater heights than she did in 'Anna Christie' or 'Min and Bill.'"

Jessie's predictions have a way of coming true to the last word. She foretold that Cliff Edwards' son was to meet with a terrible accident—she saw a gigantic black engine bearing down on him. Shortly afterward the boy lost both legs in a railway mishap. Now she has a warning for Lawrence Tibbett.

"Within the next four or five months something will occur to hurt him dreadfully. It appears to be either a severe illness or the death of a person he loves very much. He should watch every step he, himself, takes for there are risks ahead for him—as well as happiness such as he has never known. The woman with whom he will find happiness will be rather small and either extremely light or extremely dark. I don't believe he has met her yet, but he will soon.

"The next year will bring many changes in the life of Joan Crawford. She will have two very flattering offers—possibly in connection with radio or stage work. The first, if she is wise, she will refuse, and the second she'll accept. A time is due to come in the very near future when she'll be very glad she has money. She should save every penny against this time, when she will need her entire fortune. I see danger for her if she rides horseback during the next three months. After that she has nothing to fear from it.

"When I see little Jackie Cooper in these visions, he is always drooping as if he were exhausted. Then someone comes along, picks him up and he's all right again. I attribute this to illness that lies in wait for him. If he can circumvent it, he will be great. He'll become very business-like and exacting as he grows older, but he'll never lose that natural charm which has made him famous.

"Clark Gable is still in a potential state. He hasn't begun to reach the heights. Just before he makes his most successful picture, he'll be almost indifferent to his screen career. Unbeknown to Hollywood, he's planning a big business venture that will absorb his interest when he's away from the studio. He hasn't said anything about it because he's the kind that can keep things to himself. All rumors to the contrary, he looks very happy to me in his present marriage. If any discord does come, it will be wholly his fault, for he is ideally mated."

Before she was called away to serve another customer, Jessie said, "I want to help people with my psychic vision. So many lives get all tangled up—I'd like to help straighten them out. Do you think I can?"

Jessie was right about Lon Chaney and Cliff Edwards' son. Will her new predictions come true? Watch your headlines and see!

IS NORMA TALMADGE HEADING FOR DIVORCE?

WHEN STAR PARTED FROM HUSBAND, JOSEPH SCHENCK, THREE YEARS AGO, SHE DENIED DIVORCE PLANS—NOW REPORTED TO HAVE CHANGED MIND

Chidnoff

Joseph Schenck is said to have asked Norma to be sure of happiness before seeking divorce

By NANCY PRYOR

IS Norma Talmadge on the verge of seeking a Reno divorce? Rumors in the affirmative become more and more persistent—even though Norma has long been one star that Hollywood never expected to see in divorce court.

Norma Talmadge and her husband, producer Joseph Schenck, have been separated for three years. Yet both have emphatically denied they contemplated divorce action. Immediately after their break, both Norma and Mr. Schenck gave statements to the press that practically coincided on this point: "Yes, we have parted. But we are not going to be divorced."

Many reasons for this "friendly separation" were advanced by Hollywood. Perhaps the most important was that Norma and the genial Joseph Schenck owned a great deal of property jointly, and their community property welded them financially in marriage, though the spirit of the union might be broken.

Another suggested reason was the great feeling existing between them—on Schenck's part, a deep affection for the girl who was his wife and greatest box-office attraction for so many years; and on Norma's part, sincere fondness for the man who had done so much for her and her family.

Perhaps at the time of the immediate break, Norma *did* want a divorce. It would have given her the freedom she so keenly desired—another life, possibly another great love. It is said that Norma remarked at the time of their parting: "I have had everything in life but great personal happiness. I think that now I am entitled to find that if I can."

And the kindly, wise Schenck, who has guided every step of her brilliant career, who lavishly mounted her productions and watched her climb to a pinnacle equaled only by Mary Pickford, nodded in understanding of his young wife's argument. But because he is so deeply fond of Norma, he wanted her to be sure her real happiness lay in separation from him. It is rumored that he said to her: "Wait. Be sure you are right before you take such a definite step. If you are right, time will only convince you. Time will be the ultimate test."

Cannons

There have been persistent romance rumors about Norma and her former leading man, Gilbert Roland (with her at left). It was after a trip to San Francisco to see him that Norma was expected to fly over to Reno

Alexander

For three years Norma and Schenck have waited to see what time held for them.

In professional activities, both have suffered from the separation. The star of Norma's great fame began to wane following her break with her producer-husband. True, she made several pictures for him after that, but Norma as a talkie star did not register the success she knew as a silent player. Her contract with United Artists lapsed six or eight months before Schenck himself resigned from that organization, turning over his reins of presidency to Samuel Goldwyn. Since leaving United Artists, Schenck has not produced pictures, and like Norma is practically in retirement from active picture work. There is a persistent report now going the rounds, however, that Norma is about to make another talkie—this time for M-G-M.

As for their personal affairs, time seems to have settled in favor of Norma's stand. And now no one would be surprised to see an immediate divorce between these two good friends.

The local prophets who have had Norma heading for Reno said that she would be accompanied by her mother. Norma and Mrs. Peg Talmadge would journey to San Francisco to see Gilbert Roland (Norma's former leading man) with Jane Cowl in their stage production of "Camille." From San Francisco, Norma and her mother would fly to Reno to investigate the divorce routine.

At the last moment it was decided that Mrs. Talmadge had not sufficiently recovered from a recent operation to make the trip North. Norma went up to San Francisco alone and returned to Los Angeles the next day, without a side-trip to Reno.

But the fact that she went as far as San Francisco, as predicted, would seem to bear out the story that Norma *is* thinking of divorce. Perhaps time has given its answer.

Perhaps she has come to envy the happy domestic states of her two sisters—Natalie, married these many years to Buster Keaton; and Constance, whose third marriage (to wealthy Townsend Netcher) is an unqualified success. At least, there is reason to believe that if Norma does seek a divorce she will marry again. There have been romance rumors about Norma and Gilbert Roland.

CONNIE BENNETT'S HUGE SALARY STARTS TROUBLE

UNEMPLOYED RESENT HER WEEKLY WAGE OF $30,000—EVEN SISTER JOAN RECEIVED POISON-PEN LETTERS—WALL STREET AND RIVAL PRODUCERS OBJECT

By AUDREY RIVERS

JOAN BENNETT, lying in a plaster cast in a hospital bed, received a letter the other day. It was not an ordinary fan letter. It ran something like this: "It was a pity it wasn't your neck, instead of your hip, you broke when you tried to show off by riding a horse when you don't know how to ride. *Hips heal.* It served you right, though, you and your sister, earning all that money when other girls can't get any work." It went on in this strain for several pages. Cruel words. Words breathing hate. And it was signed, "The Girl's Club of Hollywood." It was probably penned by an "extra" girl out of work.

Joan Bennett was upset by this letter. She lives quietly, dresses simply. Her salary has never been especially spectacular. But she was reaping the harvest of the sensational success of her sister Constance.

Last spring a local newspaper carried a story about Connie's salary. It was revealed that she was to earn thirty thousand dollars a week from Warner Brothers for making "Bought" for them in a ten-week vacation from Pathé. Big salaries don't ordinarily mean much to Hollywood. It's a poor luncheon at any film restaurant where you can't hear talk of millions. But the news of Connie's good luck came at the height of the depression, when the public was beginning to feel a little hungry, a trifle shabby, and bitterly discouraged.

Moreover, the writer of that article did some playful arithmetic with Connie's salary that caught the imagination. She estimated just how much it would cost Warner Brothers when Connie yawned, answered the telephone, changed her dress, or said "good morning" to the director. She figured that it would take seventy-five dollars worth of time for a lipstick to be used on the famous Bennett lips. Incidentally, the writer of the article earns just a typical newspaper reporter's salary.

That clever little newspaper story was almost too clever. It probably hurt the motion picture industry—not to mention Constance Bennett—more than any one other story ever written about the films. Against the background of country-wide depression, newspaper columnists and editorial writers seized on that tale of the tremendous salary being paid a girl in her early twenties, and made sharp comments about it. Letters began to pour in to the studios, desperate letters from the out-of-work, dangerous letters from the dissatisfied.

The Bennett story, had another effect. Wall Street read about the five-thousand-dollar-a-day salary and gasped. A prominent financial magazine printed an article, "Film Industry's Day of Reckoning at Hand," threatening the movies with reduced loans, and mentioning Constance Bennett's earnings derisively.

The studio that paid the salary argued that box-office returns had justified the investment in Connie's blondeness. They insisted that she would have been a good rental proposition at fifty thousand a week. Other producers protested violently. News of such a salary was bound to make their own stars disgruntled. Some producers even wanted to go so far as to ask exhibitors to boycott her films—but cooler heads prevailed.

When Constance Bennett went to Monte Carlo on her recent European trip, she tried her luck at the tables—and lost. Connie is not a girl one can write about in moderation. Sensational stories as to the amount of her losses appeared in newspaper headlines. It was whispered that she had lost in one evening's play all the money that she earned at Warner Brothers'.

This was not true. From no other source than Connie herself we learn that, though a tidy little sum, she did not toss a fortune onto the green baize tables.

But Connie isn't bandying sums of money about in print any longer. Not since she was deluged with nearly a hundred thousand letters of protest and indignation after a magazine printed an article telling how she spent a quarter million a year on clothes. Not after beggars hounded her for years because it was said that wealthy Philip Plant had settled a million on her at the time of their divorce.

Money publicity has hurt Connie— badly. It has hurt her family. The other day, Richard Bennett, father of Connie and Joan turned on a newspaper woman with withering words when she mentioned money to him. Joan Bennett, lying on a sick-bed, sheds tears over poison-pen letters from girls who hate her for her sister's salary.

Constance Bennett (above) earned $5,000 a day when she made "Bought"—and became unpopular overnight with disgruntled fans, other stars and producers

International

Joan Bennett (below), recovering from hip fracture, receives a letter-of-hate that says "it serves you right, you and your sister, for earning all that money"

LOOKING

GOSSIP FROM THE WEST COAST

Gordon

Charles (Buddy) Rogers is tuning up that mandolin again—and hoping he'll get a chance to play it in "The Jazz King." Buddy's first love, you know, is music, not acting

What's all the scooting for? Mary Carlyle, M-G-M newcomer, is just training for the race to stardom

CLARK GABLE almost had his coat and vest and golf knickers torn off at the preview of "Susan Lenox" in a small town near Hollywood. The only reason **Clark** didn't come home in a barrel is because he managed to outrun the hysterical *femmes* who were waiting for him at the finish of the picture.

Poor Gable! He tried to smile and "be nice" to the crowd until the ladies began to tear and pull at his necktie and his shirt. When one of the small-town vamps began to shout, "Give us a kiss," and all the other small-town vamps seemed bent on putting the suggestion into action, **Clark** made a run for his car, jumped on the running-board and drove to a dark corner a mile away where he was later joined by his wife.

Some folks call it Fame—but that isn't what **Clark** calls it!

IS **Hans** von Twardowski going to supplant Director Josef von Sternberg as **Marlene** Dietrich's favorite Hollywood escort?

Is **Marlene** merely being hospitable in welcoming her former leading man of German films to the Hollywood colony?

Or is **Marlene** so weary of the "romance" whispers that link her name with von Sternberg's that she is entertaining **Hans** to divert the persistent gossip to other channels?

Who wants to know? Just Hollywood.

NOW they are announcing babies a year or two in advance!

Lilyan Tashman Lowe started it when she told reporters that there would be an addition in the home of the **Edmund** Lowes within "two years . . . or else . . . "

And now, along comes **Joan** Crawford and announces to the press that she and **Douglas** Fairbanks, Jr. are "considering" having a baby very shortly. "Perhaps it will help to put a stop to all this divorce gossip about us," says the maternal-minded **Joan**.

Do you like this "modern maiden" angle on motherhood, or are you one of those quaint old-fashioned souls who believe that baby announcements should be found in the vital statistics column?

SEEN *At The Opening Of "Camille" (Stage Version) With* ***Jane*** *Cowl and* ***Gilbert*** *Roland:*

If you remember her in the boudoir scenes in "The Smiling Lieutenant"—and how could you forget them?—you'll see a radical change in Miriam Hopkins in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." But nothing dared, nothing gained!

Norma *Talmadge entertaining with a theater party.* ***Norma*** *in white satin and ermine.*

Norma *Shearer, recently recovered from an illness, wearing a stunning black velvet gown.*

THEM OVER

By DOROTHY MANNERS

Director **Clarence** *Brown and* **Mona** *Maris.* **Mona** *also in black.*

Sisters **Loretta** *Young and* **Sally** *Blane with two unidentified escorts.*

Roland getting a tremendous hand as he stepped onto the stage.

Jane *Cowl, the star, making a big hit with the audience by sharing the honors with her leading man.*

LINA BASQUETTE signed for a dancing engagement at the Embassy Roof—and walked out twenty-four hours later. And was **Lina** mad?

It seems that on the night of **Lina's** grand première, **Harry** Rosenthal (who leads the orchestra at the Embassy) completely gummed the works. According to **Lina's** story, **Harry** mumbled her name in introduction, refused to remove a piano from the middle of the floor, thus forcing the danseuse to dance *around* it, and otherwise conducting himself as though "he was jealous of the applause I received."

So infuriated did **Lina** become that she stopped in the middle of a number and walked off the floor. "I'll never return as long as *that man* is there," she stormed. It's incidents like that that Hollywood loves.

C. S Bull

Back in Hollywood, of course, Anita Page would never think of chucking an ice man under the chin, but up in the High Sierras on vacation—well, that's different. This one is even getting a melting look

AND now it comes out that **Carole** Lombard's illness, which forced her to leave the cast of "The Greeks Had a Word for It," was primarily caused by drastic dieting. **Carole**, like **Joan** Crawford, hasn't eaten a square meal in a long time. Her doctor forced her to go to bed and told the cook to serve her nice fattening meals: baked potatoes, chocolate cake 'n' everything.

We saw **Carole** just recently at the Paramount Studio. She had been out of bed only a couple of days, but the new diet must have agreed with her. She looked wonderful with the five extra pounds she has gained.

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN and **Eddie** Quillan are beginning to loom up as a romantic couple.

For awhile, when these comedy boys stepped out with our prettiest ingénues, everyone merely lifted an eyebrow and remarked, "He's probably handing her a lot of laughs. Nothing serious." But since the grand-looking **June** Collyer eloped with Paramount's funny boy, **Stuart** Erwin—well, Hollywood isn't going to be caught unawares again by these young comedians.

BETTY COMPSON and Hugh Trevor have written "Finis" to their love affair several times. But their latest break seems to be definite.

If you ran into Richard Arlen in the Paramount gymnasium, would you know him? This is how he looks when getting ready for a big screen fight

Richee

Kay Francis shyly introduces the latest thing in underthings in "Girls About Town"

Betty has a new beau. His name is **Irving Weinberg**. He's a broker with lots and lots of money (which makes him unique in this day of broke brokers).

But more important than anything else, **Betty** has stopped insisting that she doesn't plan to be married again.

WHAT do you think of this for a cast? **GRETA** GARBO . . . **JOHN** GILBERT . . . **JOAN** CRAWFORD . . . **CLARK** GABLE in "GRAND HOTEL."

Irving Thalberg (M-G-M executive and husband of **Norma** Shearer) thinks so much of it that it is practically set that these four stars will be united in **Vicki** Baum's sensational story.

Anyway, the folks have had a lot of fun casting the parts. Garbo as the dancer, Gilbert as the young crook, Crawford as the stenographer—everybody agrees on that line-up. But what part is Gable to have? The only other important rôle in the book is the invalid from the country. Does Gable look like an invalid to you?

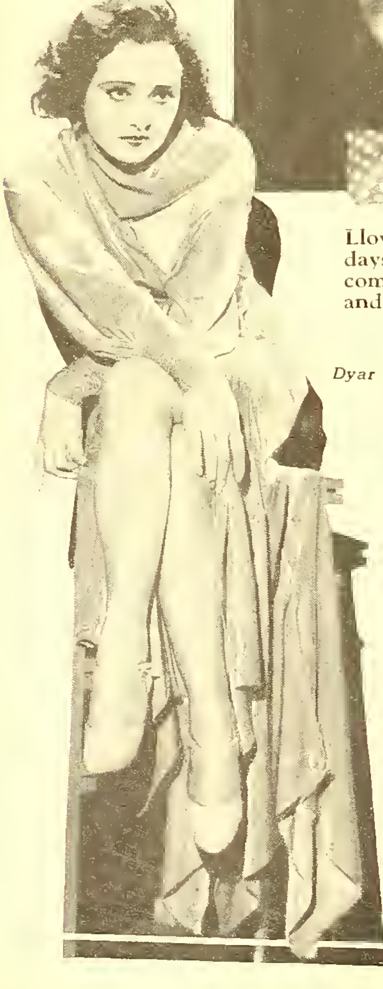
ANOTHER intriguing feature of the casting of "Grand Hotel" is the temperament involved when these four Big Names get together. What about billing, 'n' everything?

In the original story, the two women never come together. But there is a great deal of "business" between the two principal males. What ho?

A couple of pages back, Miriam Hopkins was looking straight at *you*. But this time she's disturbing the peace of mind of Fredric (*Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*) March. A most distracting person, this Hopkins girl!

Freulich

Lloyd Hamilton's face is bright these days. Once "down and out," the famous comic cocked his cap over the other ear and has made a big comeback in Universal two-reelers



Dyar

Under contract for several months, Vivienne Osborne is through sitting on the sidelines. The well-known Broadway actress breaks into talkies in "The Beloved Bachelor"

MARLENE Dietrich is threatening to go back to Germany because her feelings have been hurt by the suits brought by **Riza** von Sternberg, estranged wife of **Josef** von Sternberg. You remember those suits, don't you? Alienation of affections was one. Libel, the other.

As **Marlene** is merely a guest in this country, she feels the immigration authorities might ask her embarrassing questions about her continued stay. There is no doubt but what **Marlene** has taken **Riza** von Sternberg's charges very seriously—perhaps much more seriously than they really warrant.

"I was just learning to be so happy here," sighs **Marlene**.

If she does return to Germany, it is said she will remain long enough to make a talking picture based on the life of Cleopatra. She'll probably go back for Christmas, to visit her husband, even if she doesn't plan to stay. And her little girl will go along. **Marlene** says that soon, alas, she must start **Maria** in school—in Germany.

ROBERT WILLIAMS pulled a funny one (but maybe it wasn't so funny to **Ann** Harding) at the Carthay Circle première of "Devotion." In taking his curtain call at the end of **Ann's** new starring picture, **Bob** said: "It has been wonderful making this picture with Miss Bennett." He looked panic-stricken for a moment, coughed, and then left the stage.

IF THERE is any star of the screen who would not resent a break like that, it is **Ann** Harding. She's a grand scout. **Ann** spent the entire intermission autographing fan books and chatting with boys and girls who had broken through

Tallulah Bankhead idly wonders what the headlines will say about her third talkie, "The Cheat." It looks like her best

the police lines to mingle with the movie folk.

Gloria Swanson, looking very beautiful in an ermine coat and very happy on the arm of Michael Farmer, was there.

Constance Bennett and the Marquis de la Falaise (Gloria's Ex) sat two rows in front of them. Gloria didn't seem to mind.

Of course, Ann's close friends, Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. were there to wish Ann well on the occasion of her third première at the Carthay. (Ann, by the way, is the first talkie star to have three such openings.)

The Wampas Baby Stars showed up in a body. Two rows in the middle of the house had been reserved for them and their escorts.

Someone must have told Marion Shilling that she very closely resembled Billie Dove. She has been doing it ever since.

SEEN *At Ann Meredith's Beauty Parlor:*

***Ruth** Chatterton in black-and-red pajamas trying not to mind that a fat lady tourist was staring her out of countenance.*

***Vilma** Banky in a brown sport suit visiting Hollywood from her Lake Arrowhead home.*

***Virginia** Valli Farrell getting her hair waved before going shopping for "one of those new hats."*

***Virginia's** small nephew being mistaken for "a boy the Farrells have adopted." They haven't adopted one.*

***Mrs. Elliott** Nugent reading a movie book aloud to **Mrs. Robert** Montgomery who was getting her hair dried.*

IT takes quite a lot to surprise Hollywood. But even the gossips were staggered into a dazed state when John Gilbert and Ina Claire showed up at a dinner party together, arm in arm and seemingly on the very best of terms!

Considering that Ina and John had gone out of their way to dodge each other up until then, the gesture was sensational, to say the least. However, even the most romantic optimists hardly look on this as the beginning of a reconciliation.

Both John and Ina have a hankering for the sensational and when the novelty of shocking their friends and enemies has worn off, they will probably settle into that vague category of "good friends" without the hint of a romance that surrounds them at present.

THERE is a persistent rumor that Norma Shearer would like to have another baby.

The rumor was *so* persistent for a while that it was actually whispered Norma was expecting another "blessed event." The studio denies this—but her close friends insist that Norma does not believe in a "one-child" family and that she would like a little sister or brother not too much younger than Irving Thalberg, Jr. to grow up with him.

(*Continued on page 74*)

Ford Sterling takes off his fedora to the talkies. They have made him, like Lloyd Hamilton, even more popular than in silent days. He's appearing in Paramount shorts

Shalitt

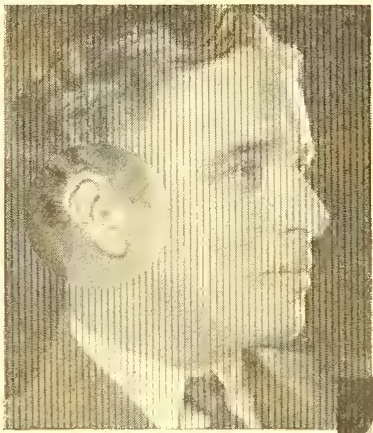
Lilyan Tashman suddenly remembers that she used to be a Follies dancer and takes to the Cuban Rumba in "Girls About Town." It's quite a dance, as Lil does it

Dyar

Why Chaplin Is A Genius —Science of Faciology Tells You

Did you ever notice Charlie's pointed ears? They tell the story of his great talent for comedy. The secret of the success of every star can be found in some outstanding facial feature. If you have similar features, now is the time to find it out. Read this article to the end!

CHARLES SPENCER CHAPLIN—Charlie Chaplin to you—is a small, whimsical, gypsy type who has come up from the slums of London to be the world's greatest master of humor and pathos. He has an amazing talent for pantomime—expressing more with a mere gesture than most actors can express with ringing words. The critics don't mind telling you that he is a genius. And the science of faciology—reading character by the face—tells you why.



Charles Chaplin

Chaplin has had hundreds—yes, thousands—of imitators. Countless small men of his type have bedecked themselves with derbies, baggy pants, floppy shoes, trick mustaches and canes, and made money by mimicking him. His eyes, nose, mouth and chin have been seen in some of his imitators. But they all lack that certain something in their faces that makes Chaplin a genius. Study his face closely. There is one feature that stands out as different, and peculiar—a hint of his dislike of noise and love of whimsical action. *That is his pointed elfin ear.*

The dictionary tells us that the word "elf" means "a tiny spirit, in human form, delighting in tricks; a sportive child." It is his pointed ear, sloping almost imperceptibly into the cheek, that gives Chaplin his sly, mischievous, elfin quality. You never hear of elves growing older—and Chaplin's screen character today is no older than it was fifteen years ago. This pointed ear also gives him his shyness—a characteristic he still has despite his screen triumphs and his many love affairs.

He'd Like to Be Different

HE reveals his whimsical, unsatisfied longings only to his most intimate friends—just as you, if you have the same type of ear, do likewise. He loves to lie cross-legged (like an elf), while he dreams aloud of the strange great things he would do if the fates were kind. He feels sadly fated (like the elves) to do small, amusing, frivolous deeds, when he would be a doer of great and serious deeds. Denied this, he thumbs his nose in elfin spite, and pretends he doesn't care.

Compare Chaplin with another great comedian, whose brand of humor is as different from Chaplin's as his face and dominant features. Will Rogers' most conspicuous feature, all others being equal, is his large, round-ended nose. And doesn't he relish poking it inquiringly into Old Mrs. World's business? Remember his open letters to Calvin Coolidge, then President, called "Letters from an Unofficial Ambassador to the Courts of Europe"?

If you shared with Will Rogers his type of nose, the law of averages would have this to say about it—and you. The chances are that it would denote quick thinking, common sense, purpose, sincerity and lack of egotism. Many explorers in new fields have had just such a nose. It isn't a bit unusual that Will has flown all over the Old World and the New, making homespun observations about all he has seen and heard.

Rule 1 For Success

WILL ROGERS' "nose for news" will always be his outstanding feature, just as Chaplin's ear is the trademark of his quaint personality. But if Will Rogers had spent his life time trying to be and act like Charlie Chaplin, or vice versa, you would never have heard of either. The secret is that both have obeyed that modern injunction: "Be yourself." They have been sharp enough to see themselves as others see them.

Jean Harlow

Richard Barthelmess

Chaplin's pointed, elfin ear gives a hint of his dislike of noise and love of capers. Jean Harlow's unusual eyebrows hint that she could be a sculptress. Richard Barthelmess has the chin of a born fighter

BY WILLIAM E. BENTON

We are all as different as we look, yet we have the same number of features—so it is the little differences between our most prominent or outstanding features that stand for the big differences in our personalities. Most of us, however, either through education or business training, spend our days trying to be like John Jones or Sadie Smith, trying to fit into the social groove. We don't take time out to see ourselves as others *might* see us—if we only gave them the chance. We don't take the time, except perhaps when we go to the movies and see people who remind us of ourselves.

The unerring eye of a casting director, scanning a group of actors and considering their ability to *look* a part, as well as act it, consciously or sub-consciously scans their features for a preponderance here or there. With every actor and actress who has risen to stardom, it is the one accentuated feature that has stressed their fitness for the parts they were cast to play—the parts that made them famous.

Chevalier's lower lip is his greatest asset. Connie Bennett's prominent jaw marks her as a stronger personality than the usual blonde. Will Rogers has "a nose for news." Joan Crawford's eyes make her a natural dancing daughter

Maurice Chevalier

Constance Bennett

Connie's Valuable Chin

CONSIDER the beautiful, appealing face of Constance Bennett, with all its soft curves, the large eyes, the rainbow-shaped eyebrows, the cupid's-bow lips. These are not unusual. But there *is* something unusual about Connie's face—one feature stronger than the rest, one feature that makes her an exception among most blondes. Note the wide, straight chin and jaw. This speaks a universal language—and means dependability and a firmness most unusual with her type in general.

This, you may be sure, is the feature that catches the casting director's eye—and stamps Connie as a girl to play a lovable, intelligent personality, yet one who could go through soul-searing trials and remain adamant to temptation, if she were being true to a principle or promise. Imagine the change in her appearance—and the corresponding change in her personality—if she had a small, rounding chin and jaw! If you take a pencil and shade off the point of her chin and gently curve the straight jaw, you will see how you have weakened her strongest facial characteristic.

The point is this: each of us has some outstanding characteristic that, like Constance Bennett's jaw, may be a worry to us, but in reality is the index to a mental quality that should be developed to make us stand out as an individual or a personality. If you share this type of chin with Connie, you are lucky.

Will Rogers

Joan Crawford

Maurice Chevalier has splendid, clear-cut features—all the features of a charming fellow, but the lower lip literally and figuratively stands out and demands attention and analysis. Is it any wonder that he was chosen to play the lead in "The Love Parade"? You might say anything you liked about his mouth, but you could not honestly say it looked puritanical or in the least repressed.

Gayety in That Lower Lip

IF you also have the Chevalier lip—which was known in the days of royalty as the Hapsburg lip—you have a love of luxury and abundance, and look with disdain on your thin-lipped brethren. If there had been enough people with this kind of lip in the United States, the Eighteenth Amendment would never have become law. Over-indulgence in the luxuries of life is a tendency with people who have such a lower lip. However, Chevalier's early life was so full of deprivation that he shares with Chaplin a desire to conserve against possible lean years in the future. If you have this sort of lip, your strong-desire nature will make you a convincing talker. Whether engaged in love or business, such natures can enthuse and inspire the objects of their desire by their passion and warmth of expression.

Gloria Swanson's light gray-blue eyes, which tip up at the outer corners, are decidedly more feline than bovine in expression—shrewd, calculating, and alert, awaiting the psychological moment to spring into action. Cecil de Mille took her as a graduate of Mack Sennett's Bathing Beauties, but he saw much greater possibilities with the keen mind that those eyes revealed than with just parading her small, well-molded body.

If you have eyes like Gloria's, you are more alert by night than by day and detest sustained effort—preferring to await the proper moment, and then, by a clever exertion of energies, quickly attain your end. Sometimes this quickness of action finds you rushing headlong into something that more deliberate judgment would have shown you not worth the effort. Such eyes have an Oriental slant and show a mind that appreciates the Orient. Gloria Swanson should have a fling at being a siren of the East—it would further enhance the mystery of her charm.

(*Continued on page 77*)

Are You Up-to-date About Billie Dove?

You think you know Billie Dove? Well, you don't—not until you read this story. She's different since her return to the screen. There are certain things she doesn't do or say or like—and here, for the first time, you learn what they are and get brand-new ideas about the brand-new Billie. You'll be surprised!

BY ELISABETH GOLDBECK

"THE New Billie Dove" is not a publicity myth. Billie no longer has many of the characteristics that used to distinguish her. Physically, she has not changed—except for hair that has gone suddenly and attractively grayish. Any man, asked to describe Billie negatively, would look at her with pleasure and say promptly, "Well, she's not ugly. And she's not deformed."

Because of her rarely beautiful face and figure, Billie Dove will never be without the admiration of men. And like any other girl she is not averse to their flattery, and not happy without their attentions.

Moreover, her beauty is no longer at a disadvantage. Her taste in clothes does not in the least resemble what it was two years ago. She no longer appears in feathers and bows. She now dislikes fussy clothes, a great deal of jewelry, and too much make-up, and she is never overdressed.

Billie can never be accused of indiscretion. She will make no statements about children, mothers, religion, sex, or any of the other controversial subjects. Nobody could be more tactful and cautious than Billie.

She cannot be inveigled into making any unkind personal remarks, or even general remarks that might possibly be interpreted as being aimed at some individual. She will not consciously offend anyone or pick flaws in anyone.

She is not garrulous. She isn't inclined to confide the details of her private life, except to a few intimates. And love affairs are a tabooed topic.

She's No Housekeeper

BILLIE is not domestic, but she doesn't mind admitting that she's romantic. She can't bear raw onions or toupees, and she hates to dance with a poor dancer—which attitude you'd expect from a former Follies girl.

She dislikes box seats at the theater, and box lunches.

She doesn't like to shop for clothes more than twice a year, and she never buys short evening dresses or uncomfortable clothes. She doesn't like brown, a color which she finds very depressing. She objects to wearing hats, and in summer manages almost never to wear one. She doesn't believe in foolish extravagance, but she thinks some extravagances are justifiable.

She doesn't like to be alone, but she'd rather be alone than with somebody she doesn't like. She won't listen to certain people on the radio, and never fails to shut off women radio announcers. She doesn't like gossips.

Billie never gets seasick, not even in an airplane. She dislikes closed 'planes, and never flies in anything but a small open one. She doesn't want to give up flying, although her studio wants her to, and will not allow her to fly during a picture. She has not yet made a solo flight, and hates to see her brother solo. She particularly dislikes flat tires when making a landing.

Unlike most actresses, Billie does not pine to go to Europe and live in a villa on the Mediterranean, when she retires from pictures. Moreover, she does not miss New York, and prefers not to live in any city. She has no love for cold weather.

How She Passed That Year

BILLIE is not intellectual, but she never misses a chance to develop and improve herself. She makes no secret of her interest in the arts, in which she herself dabbles with paintbrush and pen. That's how she spent most of the year she was away from the screen.

Nobody could be daintier or more feminine than Billie, but she is unmoved by the sight of blood, and does not turn a hair while engaged in her favorite sport of watching operations. She is not often depressed.

She doesn't think she is conceited, and is equally disgusted with both vulgarity and prudishness. She doesn't like pessimists, or people who are always complaining. She can't stand people who talk out loud at the movies. (Nor can anyone else.)

(*Continued on page 81*)

Hal Phyfe

JAMES DUNN

Pardon the grin, folks, but Jimmy can't help showing you how it feels to get the breaks. When Old Man Opportunity knocked at the Dunn door, Jimmy put out the "Welcome" mat, and became a sensation overnight. Since "Bad Girl," he has shown his heels to all other young hopefuls in "Sob Sister" and "Over the Hill"

After being a likable menace all day in "Arrowsmith," Myrna Loy (above) takes to her studio couch and finds relaxation in a magazine and a quiet smoke (let the ashes fall where they may). Greta Nissen (right), nursing that tired feeling after a hard day on the "Devil's Lottery" set, finds solace in lounging pajamas, a cigarette, and a snug corner of the divan

When Bette Davis (above) gets home after a day's work on "'Way Back Home," the li'l girl rests her weary head against the wall behind her bed, and tries to decide if pulling down a book will make her sleepy. Kay Francis (right), home from work on "The False Madonna," is never too tired to read—not if she can don negligée and curl up on the chaise longue

WHEN HOLLYWOOD CHICKS COME HOME TO REST THEY MAKE THEMSELVES COMFY ON A FEATHERED NEST

Joan Marsh (above) goes a little farther than the other girls in seeking relaxation. She unleashes her hair, kicks off the shoes that have been simply killing her and tucks her tired tootsies into slippers. Then for a quiet nap! Irene Purcell (left) winds up the day by putting on parlor pajamas and stretching out on her big divan. That tired feeling disappears in the fun she has with her toy animals

Marilyn Miller hasn't gazed into a movie camera since she made "Sunny," almost a year ago. But she's smiling. She has been having a good time. Hasn't she been back on Broadway, and abroad? And didn't she time her return just right? For musicals are coming back—and she'll dance in "Her Majesty, Love"

MARILYN REVIVES THAT SUNNY DISPOSITION

Paul Lukas Is A Love Expert—That's Why Women Love Him

Ever since Paul Lukas was a youngster in Budapest the fair sex has played a prominent part in his life. He has developed into one of the screen's greatest love experts—since he's young enough to offer excitement and old enough to offer experience

BY GLADYS HALL

PAUL LUKAS was born on a railroad train, a sufficient number of years ago for him to omit the date in his biography. The train was moving very fast in the direction of Budapest. Paul has been moving very fast ever since.

The son of well-to-do parents, it was supposedly written in the Lukas horoscope that the youth should follow in the footsteps of the father, who conducted a large and prosperous advertising business. Else wherefore sons? argued Lukas *père*.

Paul had one sister. She died in girlhood. His sister's death is one of the two things Paul cannot talk about. He tries to and is dumb. Her passing was his deepest hurt. It changed the gay and smiling face of life for him. He never forgets pain. He nourishes grief; old injuries and slights and injustices live within him.

Paul had a happy, carefree childhood. He doesn't remember much about it because it was so smooth and carefree. He lived in an exclusive residential district of Budapest. His maternal grandmother had a farm in the country. Paul and his sister spent their Christmases and Easters on the farm. And Santa Claus and the Easter Bunny and other figures of legend came there to keep them company. There were Yule logs and snow on the ground and stockings hung and carols sung.

When Paul was ten he had a gang. He was the leader. They called themselves the "Chicagos." They were so named because on the outskirts of Budapest there was a lively section called Chicago where ladies bright with paint, and gay with feathers, walked the squalid streets. The young "Chicagos" (and their leader) observed these ladies from ambush with awe and admiration.

Paul's most vital statistic is expressed in three words—his own: "Women — women — WOMEN." Wouldn't you *know* it? His life, from youth up, has been divided into two major interests—women and the theater. Other things are but pale shades of these.

Paul was interested in little girls when he was a very little boy. He had no illusions then and he has none now about the reason-for-being of that alluring sex. Little girls were made to be kissed by little boys, and largely, by himself. He did what their birthrights demanded of him—and has been doing the same ever since, either in shadow or in substance.

Takes to Acting

PAUL was educated in the best colleges in Hungary, and developed into a good scholar. He was a very strong and virile lad. In 1912 he was in the Olympic games at Stockholm, carrying out a wrestling assignment.

In 1913 he was doing the requisite military service of his country. He thought the world was his. He led the kind of a life a movie actor leads when he is playing a young officer on the screen. There was unlimited money from the parental source. There was wine and there was song—and there were women. Paul had sweethearts hidden here—and not hidden there. Once, he told me, he was an unmarried bigamist and had two sweethearts at one and the same time. They began to suspect the situation, and if ladies could fight duels—there would have been one.

After which came the War. It has been told to what a nauseous extent Paul loathed the War for the wanton killing of good fellows who might have been good companions in a more civilized state of affairs. It has been told how he feigned shell-shock so adroitly that he fooled his superior officers and was invalided home.

He returned home to face another war—father versus son—meeting in the front-line trench of Advertising versus Acting. Paul capitulated to

(*Continued on page 72*)

ENOUGH OF HIS LIFE TO EXPLAIN HIS REPUTATION

Is a Hungarian who hails from Budapest. Has been interested in women all of his life. Had plenty of sweethearts in his youth, one of whom he married. The marriage failed. Was a wrestler at the Olympic Games in Stockholm in 1912. Served with Hungarian forces in World War. Was invalided home and took up acting, but hasn't made much money at it. Played on stage in Budapest and Berlin, and clever acting brought him to Hollywood and a screen contract. If he had his life to live over again he would not have pursued women so soon or so often. Second marriage is successful, his wife being an Hungarian, blonde, *chic* and of striking appearance. Loves flying, but senses the futility of everything when in the air, including theaters and women. Is fastidious about his clothes. He is as suave and sophisticated in real life as he is on the screen. Has two police dogs, but envies people with children. Is six feet tall, weighs nearly two hundred pounds, has hazel brown eyes and wears a toupee. Looks just as dangerous without it.

The Rooftops of Hollywood

—The Latest Fad Of The Movie Stars

The stars are all up in the air nowadays since they've taken to the rooftops of Hollywood. Roof gardens, terraces and penthouses have sprung up everywhere in the movie capital. Some of the stars use the roofs for luncheon, others to bathe in the sun. For a moderate cover charge you may see the stars dining and dancing most every evening—under the stars

One of the gayest spots in Holly-
awnings and a Nile green dance
is the central

THERE is always something new in store for the stars. They are the best little discoverers in the world. When they aren't busy discovering some new mode or fashion or some novel way to dress a coiffure, a salad or a boudoir they turn to the paths of entertainment or pleasure for new discoveries. They may not have discovered Agua Caliente, Waikiki, Malibu, Arrowhead, Catalina and other pleasure spots, but they were the pioneers who put these places on the map. Ever since they discovered the eating places adjacent to the hills of Hollywood and Beverly—the Brown Derby (both of them), the Montmartre, the Embassy and other restaurants, the world has beaten a path to the doors and made them internationally famous.

Genevieve Tobin is a New York actress who could never get enough sunlight in the metropolis, but since she took up residence at the Beverly-Wilshire at Beverly Hills she has gone in strenuously for sunbaths on the hotel's rooftop

Yes, indeed, anything that's worth discovering will be discovered in due time by a movie star. What do you suppose took your favorites down to Caliente? Didn't they want to get away from it all and discover what made the roulette wheels go round? Didn't they want to be the first to eat the sandwiches that Eddie Brandstatter named after them in the Montmartre and Embassy?

You would think there is nothing more to discover—but then you don't know your Hollywood rooftops—the latest fad of the movie capital. Here is the screen colony, largely populated with New York exiles. These New Yorkers are accustomed to elevators which carry them to the high places. What could be more natural than a New York player trying to capture something of the spirit of the metropolis by looking skyward, or looking on an elevator as a sweet reminder of high life among the skyscrapers?

In The New York Manner

IT may be that the New Yorkers didn't start the rooftop fashion at all. But it can't be denied that Hollywood is growing up and taking on metropolitan airs. The town does boast of several skyscrapers—and it seems to be going in for roof gardens, terraces and penthouses in a large way. Since the movie stars like to go places and do things—the rooftops are catching the crowd. You can bet your Eugenie hat that once the leaders of the movie colony start something the rest follow like a flock of sheep. The leaders have started to dine out in the open, up in the air. And all of Hollywood has fallen in line.

The boys who boost the climate may think that the migration skyward is all wrong—that one doesn't have to take the elevator to be benefited by the sun. The climate boosters overlook the desire of the stars who want to get their feet off the ground. The architects, on the other hand, are doing their darnedest in trying to inject big city ideas in the town. Hollywood isn't going to let New York get ahead of her in the matter of living above the city. We haven't much of a city here, but we're determined to be several flights higher than the customary second floor.

BY MARK DOWLING
AND LYNN NORRIS

Ewing Gallaway

wood is the roof garden of the Roosevelt Hotel. It has pale green and orange floor. This roof is one of the favorite lunching places of Laura La Plante who figure facing you from the near-by table

By The Light Of A Silvery Moon

LOOKING skyward we find two of the town's best restaurants are up where the stars—as they say in the ads—can dine beneath the stars. One is the Embassy roof, the other the Roosevelt roof. This here Embassy roof used to be an exclusive club which catered only to picture players. But it has gone democratic and is now open to the public. Your aunt from Dubuque would be all a-flutter could she drop in there for lunch. She would have to give up a dollar-and-a-half of her tourist money for the cover charge, but she would be amply repaid in seeing Jean Harlow (platinum hair and all) parked under one of the gay umbrellas and ordering her favorite salad. In contrast to Jean there is Gloria Swanson who has acquired the Embassy habit. Aunty might not like platinum blondes—and Gloria's hair is as black as night. If she has a photographic mind she would remember that Gloria lunched there recently with her very newest escort, Michael Farmer and was decked out in a tan wool suit and a white hat that made all the other girls turn to stare enviously. (It was at another club that Gloria and Michael caused gasps of astonishment by appearing dressed exactly alike in white flannels and dark blue coats!)

The Embassy roof has a flock of good customers. If you know your faces you could spot Evelyn Brent, Betty Compson, Norma Talmadge, the Lowell Shermans (Helene Costello) and a host of others equally as famous. Lilyan Tashman, who knows what to wear and how to wear it for every occasion, has the crowd coming to the Embassy—just to see what creation she is affecting for the day. Leave it to Lil—a smart show-woman!

When it showers (loyal Californians call them high fogs) the guests simply dance through the French glass doors inside without losing a step.

As for the Roosevelt roof, visitors are disconcerted to find, on taking the "up" elevators, that you go down to this roof, which is on top of the third story addition. Centrally located on Hollywood Boulevard, it catches everyone in town who feels like dining up and out. The roof is decorated

(Continued on Page 66)

Ann Harding has one of the highest homes in Hollywood and every night, when weather permits, she cuddles up to sleep on the roof

The Hollywood Athletic Club roof is a favorite haunt of Buddy Rogers whenever he's unable to get to the beach. Between the two places he develops a tan that lingers the year round

TAKING IN

LARRY REID'S SLANT

MONKEY BUSINESS

The Four Marx Brothers are at it again—making you laugh in spite of yourself. You have heard talkative Groucho wisecrack and pun before, you have seen silent Harpo snitch everything in sight, shake hands with an agile foot, and digest some luscious hardware, and you have seen Chico imitate a bewildered Italian, while Zeppo plays a romantic juvenile—but, somehow, their brand of nonsense still is funny. This time, they're on and off a steamship—mostly on—chasing blondes and racketeers and being chased in turn. It's Groucho's picture—for his gags (for the most part)are new, while the other three mad, mad Marxes are merely repeating amusing past performances. There's a bit of music, for good measure.

THE SPIRIT OF NOTRE DAME

At last, here's a football picture that *is* a football picture. And if there had been more of Notre Dame—and less of Hollywood—it would have been better yet. You never forget that Lew Ayres, who stars, is a product of the studios, not of Rockne—especially when he is stripped in the gymnasium alongside the real Notre Dame huskies. You can blame this on the artificial story, which reveals Lew as a grandstand player who turns slacker, but redeems himself at the last moment. The high spots of the picture are the shots of Frank Carideo, the Four Horsemen and other real-life Notre Dame heroes, scenes from real games, and the startling resemblance of J. Farrell MacDonald to the late Knute Rockne.

SUSAN LENOX, HER FALL AND RISE

They come together—the Great Siren of the screen, and the Great Lover—and the result is a personal triumph for Greta Garbo and Clark Gable. They alone make "Susan Lenox" a picture you don't want to miss. The story is by no means novel, the dialogue has a tendency to be heavy, and the action is slow. Again, Greta gets an unfortunate start in life, becomes a "lost lady," and then falls hopelessly in love with a young architect (Gable). Their romance looks like the tragic kind until the end—which is unexpected. Greta looks the best that she has since "Anna Christie," and Gable makes the most of his Big Opportunity.

NEW ADVENTURES OF GET-RICH-QUICK WALLINGFORD

This bright, breezy opus is going to bring back to William Haines all those fans he has lost by a succession of slight, silly comedies. It's a knockout, to speak in plain American. Haines doesn't fit author George Randolph Chester's conception of his likable crook (who was plumpish), nor is Ernest Torrence molded along the lines of *Blackie Daw*—but the two of them are hilariously real. Haines has never been better, and Torrence likewise is excellent, but you're likely to go home chuckling about the antics of Jimmy (Schnozzle) Durante—a Broadway comic who is insanely funny.

THE TALKIES

ON THE LATEST FILMS

THE HONOR OF THE FAMILY

This is the last picture Bebe Daniels made before she temporarily retired from the screen to welcome Barbara Bebe Lyon into the world—and it's going to remind some of the folks that Bebe used to be a comédienne, back in silent days. But never along such lines as these. She's an adventuress, a woman of the world, and a woman who knows her wiles. She teams up with two engaging rascals (Warren William and Alan Mowbray) to separate a wealthy old chap from his money—and plenty happens while the trio are playing their tricks, including a duel, a kidnaping, and a murder. It's a lively, amusing picture—not only because of Bebe, but because the producers have cleverly modernized an old story.

THE ROAD TO RENO

This little drama shows you where to get a speedy divorce and where to toss away your wedding ring afterward, and it also shows you a Lilyan Tashman who is startling as a platinum blonde. It isn't likely to slow up traffic much on the highway to Reno. It's interesting, considering it's a problem drama, but it never gets under your skin. The fair Lilyan is slightly bored by the fact that she is in Reno to acquire her third divorce, until she meets William Boyd, who is only too familiar with her type—and until her pretty daughter (Peggy Shannon) meets Charles "Buddy" Rogers. In the mouth of Buddy are put most of the picture's arguments against divorce—and Buddy doesn't seem to enjoy it. Lilyan, as usual, stands out.

PALMY DAYS

"Palmy Days" boasts Eddie (Eyes) Cantor, Charlotte (Legs) Greenwood, music, hilarity, and more pretty girls than you have seen in a year. It's the first big musical comedy since "Whoopee"—and while it doesn't have the "class" of its predecessors, it's much better fun. Slyly, it banters Florenz ("Glorifying the American Girl") Ziegfeld—for besides kidding the palm-reading industry, its avowed purpose is "to glorify the American doughnut." Eddie is an efficiency expert in a cruller factory where the girls are employed. But the plot—such as there is—doesn't matter. The important thing is that Eddie is at his comic best—particularly in the chiropractic sequence with the eccentric Charlotte, the gags are funny, the music is tuneful, and the pretty girls can dance.

SOB SISTER

The more you see of newspaper pictures, the more you wonder if reporters really are as faithful to their managing editors as the dramatists would have you believe. Certainly the notion is a bit hard to swallow in "Sob Sister," in which a girl reporter on a scandal sheet is in love with a reporter on a rival paper, but insists on "scooping" him on his best stories. Happily, however, she is kidnaped by a gang of cut-throats and the tale turns into good old-fashioned melodrama, which gives you your money's worth of entertainment and excitement. James Dunn, living up to the promise he showed in "Bad Girl," is the reporter; Linda Watkins, an eye-filling and talented newcomer from the New York stage, is the girl who keeps him busy.

Our Hollywood Neighbors

(*Continued from page 10*)

indignant spectators, and started up the aisle. One of the inebriates turned and wagged a reproving finger at Chester.

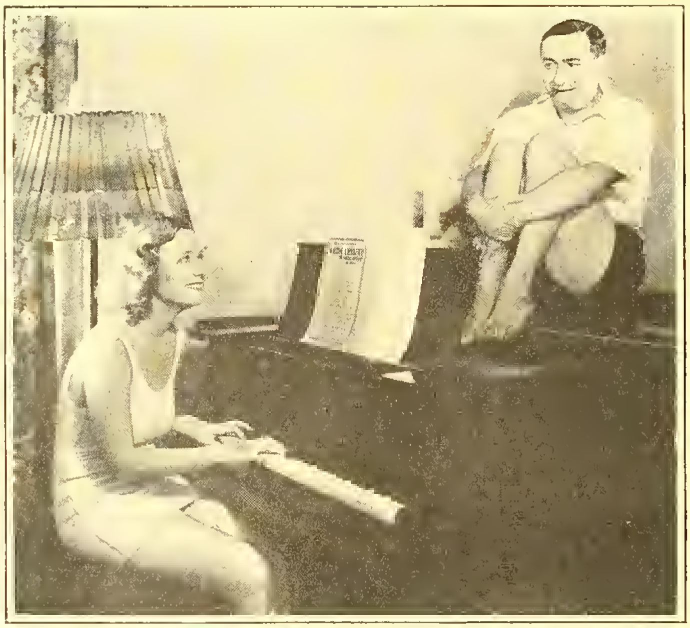
"Talkie, talkie," he chided.

VICKI BAUM hasn't exactly endeared herself to the fashionable starry ladies in Hollywood.

Vicki, who wrote "Grand Hotel," and is editor of a European fashion journal, broke forth with the opinion that she didn't think screen actresses dressed smartly at all. It seems that they all tried to look alike, dress alike and act alike. Now that *was* a broad statement for Vicki to make. Even disregarding the fact that Constance Bennett, Gloria Swanson and Lilyan Tashman set the styles for the feminine world, all screen stars do not look or act alike. Mary Brian doesn't act like Polly Moran, and Daphne Pollard doesn't look one bit like Charlotte Greenwood.

Tender feelings of Hollywood society have been salved somewhat. Madame Baum arrived at a fashionable dinner party with one of the strangest riggings seen in these parts in weeks. She not only didn't look a bit stylish, but every other woman there had that comfortable feeling of superiority over a shabby sister.

After her remarks people expected Vicki to look like Patou on dress parade every time she ventured out of her house.



Kornman

You can tell that Ona Munson's in love with director Ernst Lubitsch, the way she lets him plant his feet on her Baby Grand. Some say they're married, while others say they're about to be

NOW that the honeymoon trip is over, Lew Ayres and Lola Lane are settled in Lew's little house for the time being. Lew has a lease on the place until February, and Lola figures it would be a shame to move and lose the rent money. They'll have a bigger house of their own next spring.

I saw them both at a beach party the other day, and if Lola ever tries to write a novel of small-town life Sinclair Lewis might just as well start traveling. Lola is an ex-Main Street girl, and she knows what she's talking about. She played the piano in the local movie emporium and even sang during the tender sequences. During a touching scene of mother love she broke forth into a plaintive "M is for the million things she gave me."

The best anecdote of all concerns the time she returned to her home-town after achieving recognition in Hollywood. She was persuaded to give a benefit performance for something or other. Her younger sister was to play her accompaniment while she sang. Lola was dressed in her best Hollywood gown, a long, trailing affair. She swept onto the stage. Kid sister stepped on the train of the gown and Lola sat down, suddenly and very hard. It spoiled the entrance and the gown, but the benefit netted $400.

Lola doesn't intend to give up her own movie career just because she has become Mrs. Lewis Ayres.

PATHE gives out the surprising information that Constance Bennett's next picture will be based on cryptography. My, my, that ought to drag the public to the box office. If you don't like La Bennett maybe you'll be nerts about cryptography. Or maybe I'm wrong. Cryptography means writing in secret letters, and it is the first time a screen story has been based on this fascinating subject. I've seen a lot of screen stories that seemed to be secret writing. At least I could never figure what it was all about.

Really, a Bennett story doesn't matter much. The public would go to see Connie in a film about hatching mountain trout. But weren't those other producers mad when Warner Brothers paid Connie thirty thousand dollars a week while making "Bought"—and liked it!

WHETHER you like the idea or not you're going to listen to a lot of warbling on the screen this coming year. Motion picture producers decided a year ago that musical pictures were dead. Now they've decided that resurrection day is here. I don't know how they figure those momentous things, but strike up the band it is going to be.

Pola Negri will accommodate with two ditties in her picture, "The Woman Commands." Gloria Swanson is playing an operatic star in "Tonight or Never." Irene Dunne vocalizes in "Marcheta," and "Palmy Days" and "Flying High" are just that musical. Lily Damita turns songstress in "The Woman Between," and Paramount has signed Jeanette MacDonald at a fancy price for two Chevalier pictures.

I'm offering this suggestion free. Wouldn't it be just dandy for Garbo to sing "When Yuba Plays His Tuba" in "Mati Hari"?

OF course, it's all very well to be informal, but some folks allow as how Jack Oakie makes it too much of a good thing. The other night at the Cocoanut Grove in the Ambassador Hotel Jack arrived wearing flannel trousers, blue shirt, white tie, and of all things, a tuxedo coat. I couldn't see the shoes. Probably riding boots.

MAYBE you don't know much about Jimmy Durante now, but you will want to know of him when you see "New Adventures of Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford." He is one of the few sensational comedians to arrive in Hollywood in several years—completely, insanely, hilariously funny.

He's the guy that thought up the song "I Ups to Him

(*Continued on page 71*)

Dusting Powder. Particularly gifty in plaid metal box of blue and coral. Contains lovely puff. $1.

Sachet . . . in a charming jar, is a perfect selection for the "little gift," for which one wants something new and different. 75c

Toilet Water is a gift every woman, young or old, appreciates — and how much more, when the scent is Seventeen! $1.25.

A Compact that gleams like onyx! . . . so sophisticated, thin and lovely. Single $1, Double $2.

Seventeen Perfume in enchanting bottles in 3 sizes. This is the famous scent created to inspire the mood of youth Flacons at $5, $2 and $1.

Toilet Water
Bath Powder
Sachet
Compact
Perfume

Toiletries enough to keep some girl happy for months! Seventeen Compact, Rouge, Lipstick (in matching black and silver cases.) Seventeen Soap and Face Powder. Talcum in frosted glass jar. Toilet Water. Sachet. Brilliantine. French-cut flacon of Seventeen Perfume. The Stunning box will prove most useful after contents are removed . . $10.00

Let's go Christmas shopping right here on this page

Seventeen Face Powder, Toilet Water and Sachet are flatteringly framed in this stunning box with black and silver lining. The price is no indication of the impressiveness of this gift! . *$3.*

Seventeen Perfume and the beautiful Seventeen Compact, that's slim and elegant as a costly watch. Particularly easy to mail. . . . *$2.*

Seventeen proves your Christmas giving may be superb . . . while costing very little.

THIS page is printed in plenty of time to save you from almost *all* those haunting Christmas worries!

Just look at these pictures. Read the descriptions, and note the modest prices. Why, you can check off 80% of your entire list, right here on this page!

For these Seventeen toiletries combine the usefulness and hint of luxury that define the Perfect Gift. Here are toiletries that every woman uses . . . but so smart and new . . . so gaily fragranced . . . so alluringly packaged, in graceful jars and bottles!

How absurd to fuss and worry over Christmas shopping, when it can be as easy as this.

Seventeen

A Bath Set de luxe . . . *three big, luxurious cakes of Seventeen Soap, and gay metal box of Dusting Powder* . . . *$2*

Seventeen Two-Tone Face Powder . . . a double Seventeen Compact—selling regularly for $2—and a flacon of Seventeen Perfume. . . . *$5*

The Rooftops of Hollywood

(*Continued from page 61*)

with pale green and orange awnings. The atmosphere is further augmented with a fountain in the middle of the Nile green dance floor. This same dance floor is a playground for guests on the upper floors. And do they love to play? The Coney Island carnival spirit prevails among the movie players who lean pajama-ed elbows on the window sills, above, and toss peanut shells and pennies to their friends below. If they miss their targets and hit the visitors—well, the visitors feel themselves honored. It's equal to collecting autographs. These movie players are just chock-full of animal spirits!

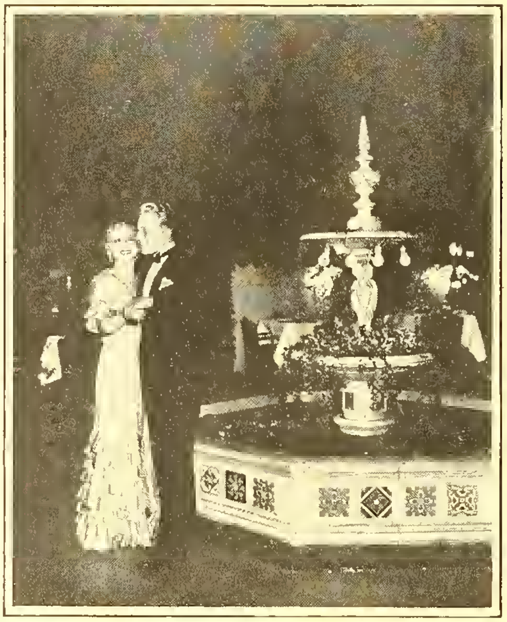
The Roosevelt roof is a favorite haunt of John Boles. And Sally Eilers and Laura La Plante are two of its best customers. It was on this roof that Queena Mario, the opera star, gave a dinner before her concert at the Hollywood Bowl. The roof has the same cover charge as the Embassy—and for the price of it you can feast your eyes on the town's most beautiful actresses. It appeals to the younger set—such as Marion Nixon, Helen Twelvetrees and the Wampas Baby stars. And all the big five-thousand-a-week stars gather on the roof's festival nights—just so they can take home the souvenir trinkets and paper dolls. By the way, the frogs' legs and broiled pheasant are grand (no advt.).

When the Notre Dame football players were here making a picture for Universal, they were given a luncheon on this rooftop, probably with the idea of showing them that Hollywood is as cosmopolitan as the other places they've visited.

The Hollywood Athletic Club has a more masculine flavor about it. Here is where the town sheiks take an elevator to get that brown sepia served by the sun. These Hollywood tans aren't acquired entirely at the beaches—not by a long shot. Take Johnny Mack Brown and Richard Arlen for example. You couldn't help but admire their tans in their latest pictures. And you probably made up your mind when you saw their mahogany shades that you'd hop to the beach or the old swimming hole, over the week-end, and acquire a similar color. Well, the fact remains that they got their tans at the Athletic roof—which is also responsible for the continuance of the Buddy Rogers and George O'Brien tans. Most of the actors have beach homes, particularly Buddy and George—but a tan disappears if you don't keep it in the sun. The roof being convenient, these two stars can usually be found there, between shots at the studio.

Hollywood has its penthouses, too—indicating that it's keeping pace with New York—and most of them are leased to movie stars. There's a penthouse at the Roosevelt originally built by Joe Schenck—and once occupied by Norma Talmadge. Its erstwhile upkeep was fairly reasonable, but it now rents for four hundred dollars a month—*and is now rented to someone not in the picture business.* Incidentally, seven hundred and fifty dollars per month is the usual asking price of a Hollywood penthouse.

There's another penthouse, one of the beauty skyspots of Hollywood, atop the new modernistic apartment on Sunset Boulevard—and we hear that Greta Garbo has been looking at it, probably with the idea of getting away from snooping camera fiends who may lurk in the shadows of her present home, waiting to snap her. The Garbo evidently believes that a penthouse would escape anyone's prying eyes except an aviator's. And if he soared too closely he might make an unhappy landing.



"Let's dance close by the fountain," whispers Gene Raymond into Judith Wood's ear as they are caught in a close-up on the roof of the Roosevelt. Together with other members of the younger set they enjoy the open spaces of the hotel

Mary Brian and Buddy Rogers have been carrying on a romance, but it hasn't reached the serious stage as yet. Mary and Buddy are partial to the Embassy Roof when they want to look into each other's eyes and say sweet nothings

James Oviatt, the owner of Los Angeles' most famous haberdashery, who caters to all the well-dressed actors, has a roof bungalow atop his store in town—and gives parties (and what parties!) for all the stars he knows. And he knows most of them by their first names. This modernistic setting is one of the best-known penthouses in the world, with finishings and furnishings from Europe, terraces of flagstones—and featuring a real barbeque pit—out in the open. Ferns and niches of moss make the garden look genuine—and the view which overlooks the city is enough to take the breath away.

Mervyn Leroy, the director, lives in a roof apartment at the Colonial house, and there's another at the Chateau Elysee which is sometimes rented by picture players.

Speaking of penthouses brings to mind the story—and stop us if you've heard it. It seems that when rooftops were known in Hollywood merely as coverings to keep the rain out, some fellow from New York mentioned penthouses. At the mention of the word the host flushed scarlet, and his features horror-stricken, he whispered—"Penthouses! Don't you know enough not to mention things like that before ladies?"

Fashion parades, squash courts and dinner tables are cluttering up the Hollywood skyline. Ann Harding even has a bed atop of her house in the hills—and sleeps there when weather permits. If she's out there in the daytime she can keep an eye on her husband, Harry Bannister, who, when he soars too close to the house in his plane, can be warned away from the chimney.

Jackie Cooper has gone rooftop, too. He has a workshop on the roof of his garage—and just to prove that the older stars haven't a monopoly of the air he builds toy planes in the shop and shoots them off.

Neil Hamilton has also gone in for the rooftop fad. Rumor has it that he is building a gymnasium on the roof of his Hollywood home. Some rooftops are rigged out with tennis courts. Only expert racqueteers, one imagines, would have the courage to play on a rooftop unless it happened to be well screened. But we hear that John Gilbert and Robert Montgomery are as sure of their drives as Big Bill Tilden.

One star who has gone rooftop in a big way is Lew Ayres, who was not content with a simple, garden-variety of roof, but built a tower on top of it. He has to climb a lot of stairs to peer through his telescope—astronomy being this young man's hobby.

His telescope has an eleven-inch lens (which takes it out of the toy class)—and some of the best astronomers in the country advised him to build it. Lew can see way beyond the Big Dipper, and tell you about stars you never thought existed. If the depression hits him he can lug his telescope to the sidewalk and charge ten cents a head for a close-up of Venus or Mars.

Somehow lunching or dining in the open air with the stars brings out their best wisecracks. Eddie Cantor lunched at a rooftop restaurant just before he returned East. And he can crack wise with the best of them, including Wilson Mizner and Groucho Marx. He leaned back against his chair, his eyes popping in the best Cantorian fashion, when his boss, Sam Goldwyn, admitted that he (Eddie) had made him a lot of money and he loved him (when a Hollywood producer admits that an actor has made him money and that he loves him it is an occasion). Cantor replied with a typical nifty. He had just received a telegram from Flo Ziegfeld, for whom he had also made a lot of money—and who loved him, too. "Can a gigolo have two lovers?" Eddie demanded of Sam.

And so the rooftops of Hollywood are having their innings—and it's every player to his favorite roof. The town is dining and dancing and sun-tanning with the stars under the stars. All aboard, roof cars now running! Watch the stars eat and dance—watch them make love! Step lively!!

An Interview with Irene Rich's Dermatologist

"My dermatologist taught me that a pretty jar is no guarantee of beauty—but the name of Woodbury's is!" . . . IRENE RICH

"Quench your skin's unceasing thirst

. . . and you keep it smooth, unlined and youthful!"

No one admires Irene Rich more sincerely than the famous dermatologist who has supervised her skin care for years.

"Every woman should profit by the example of Irene Rich," Dr. K —— says. "She has kept a young skin in spite of years and weather and studio work. Her secret is that she has never allowed her skin to dry out, as the skin tends to do very rapidly after your teens.

"At my suggestion, she has always followed a regular routine to preserve the natural supple quality of her skin. That routine is simply Woodbury's Cold Cream and Woodbury's Facial Cream . . . Cold Cream for softening and 'quenching' the skin . . . Facial Cream as a powder foundation for protection against weathering.

"Using Woodbury's Creams every day . . . 2 or 3 times a day . . . she *puts back* into her skin fine oils to replace the natural oils that keep skin soft and smooth.

"Woodbury's Creams are what creams should be, according to dermatology. They are compounded from skin specialists' formulas. They are light, quick-melting, deeply penetrating. They replenish parched skin cells with rich essential oils, and so prevent shriveling, aging. Miss Rich would pay any price for things so important to her career, but I couldn't suggest any better means of protecting and preserving her skin. The Woodbury trade mark is utterly reliable."

Woodbury's

COLD CREAM · FACIAL CREAM

AND · ALLIED SCIENTIFIC · BEAUTY · AIDS

. . .

Woodbury's quick-melting Cold Cream and Facial Cream (the perfect make-up base)—the same creams recommended by Hollywood dermatologists—can be had at all drug and toilet goods counters. Also all other Woodbury Scientific Beauty Aids.

TREATMENT FOR DRY SKIN

by a famous Hollywood Dermatologist

At Night: After washing your face with Woodbury's Facial Soap, smooth on Woodbury's Cold Cream, and leave on overnight. 50¢ in Jar; 25¢ in Tube . . . During Day: Soften and smooth your skin with Woodbury's Cold Cream before going out and again after exposure. Apply Woodbury's Facial Cream as a powder foundation. 50¢ in Jar; 25¢ in Tube . . . For Lines and Wrinkles: Use Woodbury's Cleansing and Tissue Creams in daily facial treatments. 75¢ each.

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John H. Woodbury, Inc., 6312 Alfred St., Cincinnati, O. In Canada, John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ont. I would like advice on my skin condition as checked, also samples of Woodbury's Cold Cream and Facial Cream, and Woodbury's Facial Soap and Facial Powder. For this I enclose 10¢ to partly cover cost of mailing.

Oily Skin ☐
Dry Skin ☐
Course Pores ☐
Wrinkles ☐
Blackheads ☐
Sallow Skin ☐
Flabby Skin ☐
Pimples ☐

*Name*________________ *Street*________________
*City*________________ *State*________________

© 1931, John H. Woodbury, Inc.

The Most Baffling Brunette—
Who Is She?

(*Continued from page 19*)

And wears them forever. Or so it seems. But she buys them good. And very plain. Which is beyond Hollywood's comprehension. She never glistens or glitters. But the very plainness of her smartly-cut clothes remains fixed in the memory long after the glitterers are forgotten.

She loathes platinum. And wears only gold—either green or yellow. And very little of that.

She uses one scent. She mixes *Oeubre de Delhi* (Babaeu's) with Chanel's Number 5. She claims the former is too musky, the latter too sweet. But put them together and she has a scent that makes strong men tremble. They would leave home that instant, if it weren't for Junior.

She loses weight more readily than most people gain. She eats chocolate ice cream by the quarts. And runs madly to the scales to count her gain. She has lost pounds.

Just What Color Are Her Eyes?

HER eyes are gray. Her eyes are green. Her eyes are brown. Her eyes are hazel. It depends on the person who looks at them. But no one ever takes a good look and remains the same.

Her eyelashes go places and do things. They travel for inches and curl enchantingly.

Her voice is deep and throaty and husky. Her hands are brown and slender. She is tall and slim. With the smallest foot on the lot.

She's alluring, sirenish. Without ever dreaming she is. And she's devoted to her husband. And her dog, Snifter.

And she has a mania for wearing men's trousers. At the drop of the hat, she'll put on men's pants. She wears blue linen ones to drive about in. In the summer she wears white flannel ones on her husband's yacht. And blue ones in the winter.

Her husband comprises the entire yacht crew. He steers and runs aft. She, the passenger, reads and runs after. And cooks.

She never puts on airs. Or entertains royalty. Or has her love life written up. But she has been places. And has plenty of charm and talent behind her. And knows several things.

She always prided herself on her culinary ability. Then came her honeymoon. And she was particularly anxious to display her talent. The first night out on their yacht, she was in the midst of an elaborate meal when the gas gave out. It was a January night. Cold and dark. And here they were without a single *filet mignon*. Or a bit of mushroom sauce to pour over it. Huge tears rolled down her cheeks.

"I can't think God would let this happen to me on my wedding night," she cried. And then a friend's yacht suddenly hove in sight. "I knew it," she called excitedly, "here comes God!" So they dined on the friend's boat.

How She Baffles Reporters

SHE'S a puzzler to interviewers. A certain writer, with an appointment, walked serenely onto her set a few months ago only to have our heroine let out one scream at the very sight of her. Which sent the writer home in hysterics.

Another writer, without an appointment, recently walked onto her set to glean a few words from Ida, the maid, and although this actress had worked hard until after midnight, she graciously insisted on seeing the writer herself, and gave plentifully of her time and candy "nigger babies."

But she's likely to send the next writer running like a turkey over Cahuenga Pass.

She's even-tempered, as a rule. But when she does let go, it's with a sudden bang. And it's over in a minute. She expects everyone else to be over it, too. She can't tolerate sulking.

Her household consists of a French cook, a Norwegian gardener, an Irish butler, a German laundress, a colored maid, a Scotch dog, a Persian cat and an English husband. A complete League of Nations. And they get along beautifully. The dog (Scotch) even eats with the cat (Persian).

She saves money. And keeps a guiding hand on her household. She knows what everything costs and what they are going to have for every meal.

She has a passion for books. On the set, at luncheon, at home, a book is never out of her hands. She reads until the Hollywood book shops beg for mercy. They can't keep up with her.

Proving She Isn't Cold

SHE never gushes or bubbles. And has been accused of being cold.

But one day, she alighted from Rabbit before the studio door, with Snifter sniffing hysterically behind a nearby bush. She walked up the steps when Snifter suddenly decided to give one exploring sniff to a bush across the street.

She looks even more baffling without a mask—but Kay Francis can't help that. And you can't help knowing her, after reading this story

Suddenly it happened. There was a screech of brakes, an agonized howl. Little Snifter lay quietly in the street. By this time everyone had rushed to the windows. They saw her fall to her knees. Tenderly and quietly, she gathered him up in her arms. Someone took the wheel of her car. She stepped in beside him, still holding Snifter in her arms. Tears rolled down upon the stricken little Snifter. They rushed him to the dog-and-cat hospital. But she couldn't stay. The actors and director were waiting. So all day long she worked hard without a word of complaint. And at the end of the day rushed to the hospital with her make-up on. To be greeted by a cocky little Snifter, completely recovered.

Her house is literally polluted with canary birds that sing wildly all the time. She owns three cats, one rabbit (besides the car), hundreds of goldfish and a bevy of bullfrogs. It's a wild menagerie.

Which doesn't ruffle her nerves a bit. But the least noise outside her home drives her mad. She never attends a gangster picture. The shooting leaves her prostrate.

She Gets What She Wants

SHE knows exactly what she wants. And goes after it. She began at a tender age. For instance, she owned a lovely pair of lace-trimmed panties when a little girl. They were the pride of her life. So one morning she decided she would wear the lace-trimmed panties. And promptly set up a howl when her mother ignored her wishes and put on the plain muslin ones, without a speck of lace. So she proceeded to hang by a nail on the back fence until nine pairs of plain muslin panties were completely ripped off.

In order to cover an embarrassing situation, she finally emerged, triumphant but soundly smacked, in her beloved lace-trimmed panties.

She still gets what she wants. But seldom, if ever, is compelled to hang by a nail in the back fence to get it.

She acts promptly on every impulse. She decided, at one o'clock Friday morning to take herself to Honolulu. At noon, that day, she sailed. In white trousers.

If an appointment for a still picture or rehearsal is set for two o'clock, at two o'clock she's there. And waits exactly forty-five minutes for the others to appear. Never a minute more or a minute less. Then she puts on her hat and goes home. And try to get her back again!

She works hard when she works. And loathes to work overtime. She'll growl about it to every passing electrician, actor and prop-boy. And work like a Trojan while she's doing it.

Kay Francis (Shucks, I would give it away!) is a good sport. Ronald Colman will tell you that. A little incident happened while they were making "Raffles."

She was dressed in an elaborate, low-cut evening gown. With four (count 'em) long trains. Kay was to walk sedately and in a dignified manner (and can she do it?) up to the waiting Ronnie.

Producers, executives, officials all stood about. There was a breathless hush. Suddenly they noticed a worried little pucker about her eyes. Her smile grew set and fixed. The pucker deepened.

One train had wrapped itself completely about her ankle. Then another. Two more steps and suddenly there was a resounding smack before the astonished Mr. Colman. Kay had landed squarely on her nose, velvet evening gown, dignity and all.

The train had thrown her. The director groaned. The executives gasped huge gasps. And Kay sat and howled with glee.

"Every one falls for Ronald Colman," she said.

She seldom attends parties. Or openings. She stays at home and likes queer things like books and hysterical canary birds.

And all the time there is an air of suppressed excitement about her. As if something gay or slightly risqué or very passionate were about to happen. It never does. She's a siren with a housewife complex.

And pardon me for not mentioning it before, but the yacht-cruising, aft-running husband is Kenneth MacKenna, who's now a director as well as an actor.

Kay thinks he's grand. He probably is.

Anonymously Yours

(*Continued from page 12*)

When she wasn't looking he went to two other men in the party and borrowed twenty dollars from both of them. Back to the tables he hurried. His wife found out about the loan, as wives will, and hurried, furiously, to stop him. In the meantime he'd won something like $400. She took it away, paid the other chaps their twenty dollars, and pocketed the rest. That was that.

* * *

EVERYBODY likes the long lanky comedian who made a smashhit in a recent war picture. Everybody, that is, except the boys at the studio, where he tells them, at length, that he is the best and highest-salaried comedian in the profession. His conceit is all the more unpleasant since the character he plays on the screen is modest and homespun, and there are rumors that he is going to be let out.

* * *

THEN there is the young man about town who went to a party and told a pretty ingénue that she was a nymphomaniac. Next day he remembered having done something pretty awful and called her up to apologize. She accepted the apology rather blankly and he knew it was all right—she hadn't known what the word meant.

* * *

HOLLYWOOD'S most popular guest is the foreign star who arrived here some time ago to make pictures but hasn't—for some reason—made any as yet. She has all the old ideas of stardom—effective entrances, hints of millionaire lovers, and hordes of escorts. Of course, that is not new or particularly thrilling to Hollywood.

She wears, however, a peculiarly sticky brand of lipstick. In addition she likes attention and will walk to the end of the garden with various attractive men during the evening. Hollywood can always be sure of the identity of her latest flame—he comes back trying to wipe off the lipstick.

* * *

FOR some reason, newspaper writers and columnists have been writing lately about the tremendous salaries earned by picture people. There's always a good story, in times like these, in a little girl who rates a pay check every week of $30,000. Men and women outside of Hollywood, who think themselves lucky if they still have their jobs, quite naturally resent such tales and sometimes their resentment keeps them from attending the theaters where the little girl's pictures are showing.

It's unfair. The figure $30,000 a week would be a million and a half a year—if it weren't for the fact that the little girl only works for a certain number of weeks. The rest of the time the salary stops. In any other profession or business than films a person who earns as much money for her company as the little girl does would make just as much, and probably be much more sure of a regular pay check.

* * *

THE depression has hit Hollywood just as hard—if not harder than the rest of the country. You don't hear of many stars building new homes nowadays—they know they're lucky if they can keep up payments on their old ones. And the lavish and fantastic parties of the old days are—unfortunately—a thing of the past. Nobody has gone to a dinner this year and found a $100 check under his plate, and that used to happen in Hollywood sometimes, when a host felt particularly like splurging.

Others *can't be* "just like Kotex"

—substitutes don't offer this safety and security

IT is not enough for a sanitary pad to look like Kotex. To be safe, sanitary protection must be as hygienically made as Kotex. Immaculate. Clean. The kind of product a hospital approves.

So, when tempted to try a substitute, don't be satisfied with the careless statement, "just like Kotex." Ask how this substitute was made. Where. By whom.

Health is involved

Demand a complete answer to these questions. You have a right to know—your health is involved. Be very sure before you sacrifice the absolute safety of Kotex.

And when buying sanitary napkins already wrapped, inquire of the clerk: "Is this Kotex?" Thus you'll make sure of getting nothing but the genuine Kotex.

Kotex is bought by hospitals in enormous quantities—for it fully meets their requirements. Kotex, indeed, is made with hospital care. In surroundings of immaculate cleanliness. Modern methods are used throughout, so hands never touch Kotex in the making. As soon as made, Kotex is sealed in dustproof packages.

Every precaution is taken for your comfort as well as health. Kotex is treated to deodorize. It is adjustable. And it is made of laminated layers of Cellucotton (not cotton) absorbent wadding. These layers absorb away from the surface, which remains soft and delicate.

Kotex is sold at all drug, dry goods and department stores. Or, singly, in cabinets by West Disinfecting Company.

IN HOSPITALS . . .

1 *The Kotex absorbent* is the identical material used by surgeons in 85% of the country's leading hospitals.
2 *Kotex is soft . . .* Not merely an apparent softness, that soon packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, lasting softness.
3 *Can be worn on either side* with equal comfort. No embarrassment.
4 *Disposable,* instantly, completely.

The new Kotex Belt

brings new ideals of sanitary comfort! Woven to fit by an entirely new patented process. Firm yet light; will not curl; perfect-fitting.

KOTEX

Sanitary Napkins

THE SALVATION ARMY has over two thousand centers, always open, with a welcome for the poor and distressed. In normal times these outposts of social welfare minister to the limit of their capacity. During the past year the work of helping and healing has increased almost beyond calculation. Men and women who never before knew poverty have been added to the ranks of the hungry. Ashamed, bewildered, they have sought the aid and advice of The Salvation Army. Thousands of homes have been saved from ruin. The unemployed have been fed and clothed, turning a menace to society into an asset.

An Even Larger Program is Demanded This Winter

The contribution of The Salvation Army to the solution of the unemployment problem in national emergency relief, Christmas baskets, family welfare and a dozen other forms of assistance, will cost over $4,000,000.

We Rely on Our Friends to Give Us That Amount

HOW MUCH WILL YOU GIVE?

Mail your contribution today to

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THE SALVATION ARMY
120 West Fourteenth Street
New York, N. Y.

or, if you prefer, to your local resident officer. Gifts may be allocated to any specific purpose or district.

Frances Dee Hit The Heights In A Hurry

(*Continued from page 26*)

to change it, she fought for it like a lioness protecting her cubs.

She has a truly dramatic face, even without make-up, and a thin line of white shows beneath the irises of her eyes, denoting passion (so the character-readers say). She suggests romance and tragedy and the tragedy of romance. She has probably the most enormous bright blue eyes in the world. These are made even larger at times by her trick of widening the lids when she is excited or puzzled or pleased. She always crosses her legs when she sits down.

She likes Garbo, roses, Dietrich, orchids, diamonds and colorful personalities. She hates geraniums and dull people. She dotes on tailored clothes, blacks and blues, for daytime wear. Then straight into evening gowns. No afternoon frocks for Frances! In this, her tastes are identical with those of another smart, good-humored girl, Madge Evans.

She doesn't like to eat, and she eats only enough to keep alive. Occasionally, however, she will go on a "food bat," and then she makes up for lost time. There are young men who will be shocked to learn that Frances really doesn't care for food. But they have just been unlucky—happening to take her out when she was hungry. Usually, her appetite fits that lovely old phrase, "bird-like." She answers the telephone herself and she doesn't ask, "Who's calling, please?"

She has no marked preferences in men—doesn't select her friends according to their jobs or professions. Her one requirement is that a person be interesting. Otherwise—pfft! She has one of those petal-texture skins, and the lower lip of her bright mouth protrudes slightly, indicating determination. A success mouth. And very nice to look at.

Love's Important to Her

OF love and such things, she says: "One cannot be happy without love. Life simply has no purpose without it—none. I want to marry, but I don't think that marriage alone can mean happiness. I can't imagine absorbing myself in it completely. I'd have to have something else to do, too. It isn't enough by itself—it can't keep one sufficiently occupied. I think it best when combined with a career."

She is "sort of" in love just now. She can't quite make up her mind. She has never been engaged or married, but will be. She is honest in a fashion almost unknown among the females of the films—frank and outspoken. She has a curious habit of playing with the tips of her fingers. She says that despite her appearance of poise, she actually is as jumpy as a witch and as flighty as a March hare.

She lives with her family in a charming substantial home in the 100 block on Gower Street in Los Angeles. Important members of the household are her sister's children, two blonde beautiful babies to whom Frances claims she "loves to come home." But only when they're not crying. She wants some children of her own—someday.

She swims and rides and plays tennis. She doesn't care about dancing particularly. She has a mild interest in shows, if they are dramas. Most of all, she likes to drive up to mountain tops by herself, to sit and think and "invite her soul." She likes to be alone, and adores views from peaks and the idea of becoming a great actress. Above the fireplace of her living-room is a painting of an actress doing a heavy emotional scene among a lot of very dramatic shadows. Frances looks at this from time to time—with much appreciation.

When she is working, she goes to bed early. But when she is between pictures, she doesn't worry about lines in her face. Perhaps because she doesn't have to—yet. Paramount is sending her around a great deal, making personal appearances. Her house is usually cluttered with bouquets presented at these affairs. "It's sort of like a funeral parlor, with all that ribbon on them," she admits. "But I don't mind so long as the flowers are roses." She has an anonymous admirer who sends her vases and ash-trays.

She isn't saving any money. She's extravagant and knows it and doesn't care. "I suppose I'm being typical of Hollywood," she confesses carelessly. "But why worry? Why worry about money, least of all?"

She likes German phonograph records and has one doleful affair that she plays all the time. She likes tango orchestras, real ones, not the synthetic brand. She uses two lumps and lemon in her tea. She doesn't drink alcohol, and that cigarette in "An American Tragedy," despite the practised manner in which she handled it, was the first she had touched in months. Her hair, which is naturally curly, is a great deal lighter in life than it screens. It is brown.

"Time" is the only magazine she reads. Her library contains books by Galsworthy, Arnold Bennett, Remarque and others of the moderns, interspersed by sets of Dickens, Macaulay and Tennyson. Her backyard is a grass plot strewn with flower beds and garden swings. Her mother is just such a handsome woman as Frances undoubtedly will grow up to be. They share a maid.

What She Thinks of Spoil-Sports

CRITICS of the younger generation annoy her. "For the most part, their criticisms are based on a lack of opportunity to enjoy the very things for which they are reprimanding the youngsters" opines Frances, "People who are busy living have small time for fault-finding. It's only those on the shelf who become carping and petty and devoid of any sympathy or understanding for the whys and wherefores of the new age." (Tell *that* to your Aunt Arabella!)

She likes dinner parties, and prefers the Cocoanut Grove in the Ambassador Hotel to all other night-clubs "because it's the most colorful." She will buy a new dress for a dinner party, but Heaven help the hostess who puts her next to a dull man! She goes for soft drinks exclusively. She is amazingly healthy (as a motion picture actress these days had better be), and long hours on the set do not fray her disposition. She will voice her opinions of people whom she doesn't like—and they are not few—with directness, wit and utter conviction. She used to spend her summers in Kentucky and likes Southerners.

She also likes the people of Chicago, but oh! not the climate. She has never been abroad. She has a passion for jade, and she wants awfully to travel in the Far East—in strange, exotic and colorful places not overrun by tourists. She reads biography almost exclusively now, thinking it more satisfactory than fiction because it tells of real people doing real, live things.

She drives her own car, and she drives it fast. She loves beaches and sailboats and will lie for long hours face downward in the sand, watching the boats and thinking. She thinks a great deal, and with the sincere conclusions of the well-educated, well-balanced girl. She may philosophize, but her feet are grounded on personally-observed facts. She knows where she is going—and here is one bet that she gets there!

Clark Gable's Fight for Fame

(Continued from page 21)

Garbo was trained, and Dietrich and Emil Jannings and Pola Negri. That's how I trained Clark. Watch the way he moves now on the screen. He has poise, sureness, grace. He's not only a good-looking actor—*he's a good actor*. And he learned it, working with me in our bungalow till the daylight came through the windows.

"PERHAPS some movie success comes easily. I can tell you that Clark Gable earned his by hard work. When he couldn't study any longer, he would go out and tinker with his car for a rest, or drop in at a garage and talk with the men. All the gas station boys and mechanics know him and like him. He never was one for a social life, never liked to dance especially. And he tires easily as those big men do."

There is anxiety in her kind brown eyes. "I've read everything written about him, I go to see all his pictures. He can be so great if they handle him right! I'm sorry I can't talk to him, advise him like a friend right now when he needs it more than ever. Since he has been on the screen, writers have come around—asking questions. They seem to think I must feel bitter. It's strange how people hope to find out something bad about a man who makes a big success! But, as a matter of fact, Clark has lived a remarkably clean life.

"This talk about 'gratitude' makes me sick. I did what I could for Clark Gable because I wanted to do it more than anything else in the world. To-day my chief feeling is pride. Though he is now married again, I'm still Mrs. Gable and I shall keep the name always. You see—I'm terribly in love with him—"

Our Hollywood Neighbors

(Continued from page 64)

and He Ups to Me." He thought it up while he was in the hospital. Another one of his comedy songs had a weird beginning. He wrote "Wood" when he became inspired by a lumbermen's catalogue which explained all the uses of wood. When he finally introduced it on the stage the climax came with one of those Chic Sale structures being carted out in front of the footlights. The lumbermen didn't think of that, but Jimmy did.

Born on New York's lower East Side, his parents wanted him to be a policeman. Two of his brothers were on the force, but Jimmy didn't grow tall enough. He learned to play the piano instead. His first job was at a third-rate fight club where he entertained the cash customers between rounds. One night a fighter, for one of the preliminaries, didn't show up. Jimmy was shoved into the ring. He lasted about one minute.

M-G-M, where he is under contract, are as excited over Durante as they are with Clark (Pash) Gable. And believe me, that's getting pretty excited.

Here and There: Robert Montgomery has been dashing around town in a $35,000 Miller Special racing car. You can shift from second to third at one hundred miles an hour—that is if you're a brave man. Bob doesn't own it. He just borrows it for the thrill. Anita Stewart dancing the tango with her husband at the Cocoanut Grove. Anita is just as lovely as ever, and looks younger than a lot of Baby Stars. Gilbert Roland has gone stage actor, appearing with Jane Cowl in a revival of "Camille." On the opening night he took more curtain calls than Bernhardt on a farewell tour.

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Bacteriological tests show handkerchiefs used during colds may contain M. Catarrhales, Staphylococci, Streptococci and Pneumococci.

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Dirty handkerchiefs are a menace to society!

Paul Lukas Is a Love Expert—That's Why Women Love Him

(*Continued from page 59*)

advertising for a few months and found that slogans and the smell of ink gave him another kind of shell-shock. He was pleasant, but firm. His father told him he could depart if it pleased him, but he could depart without funds. Paul departed, penniless. He knew what it meant. There would be no more rosy apartments, no more expensive ladies. But there would be the Theater—his other and, perhaps, greater Love.

Paul joined the Actors' Academy of Budapest. He got a job tutoring two small boys, for which he was given a substantial midday meal and no more. He went for days without breakfasts or dinner and for days without a clean shirt, which was worse. Paul is fanatically fastidious about his appearance, as are all Casanovas.

He bore these hardships philosophically while they lasted. But they bred in him a violent hatred of being poor. In all of its aspects. He sees nothing romantic about poverty. Money is vitally important to him. He isn't wealthy now. His salary is still below the thousand-dollars-a-week mark. Which is somehow surprising, considering the name he has made for himself on the screen.

Paul made his stage début in the Comedy Theater, Budapest, in the title rôle of "Liliom." During the years he appeared at the Comedy he also appeared in plays by Lajos Biro and Ernst Vajda, both of whom have since come to Hollywood and to Paramount. Paul also played every character ever conceived by Shakespeare, Shaw, Oscar Wilde, Moliere and Galsworthy.

He made his first screen appearance in Berlin, in the Ufa production of "Samson and Delilah." (He played *Samson*.)

A few months later Paul was cast in "Antonia." Adolph Zukor was in the audience. If you put two and three together you will know that the next day Paul signed a contract that brought him to America to play with Pola Negri in "Loves of an Actress."

During the time that Paul was at the Comedy he married for the first time. This is that other thing Paul will not talk about. One gathers a pitiful, tender tale of young love and garrets, with too little to eat, and the Wolf breaking down the door and gnawing at young Romance. But one doesn't *know* . . .

Thoroughly Domesticated

PAUL met his second wife while he was playing in her home-town. It was just before he made "Antonia" and attracted the attention of M. Zukor. He appeared upon the stage that certain night. SHE was sitting in the stage box. He looked at her just once *and knew that he loved her*. Without wasting any time, he gave instant and successful pursuit—and they were married. Mrs. Paul is blonde and *chic* and colorful. She dresses in red and black by preference, and is distinctly an Hungarian type. She doesn't look the housewife as her husband would have her, but resembles the decorative type who lends background to elite social functions. Paul would have you believe that he is the boss in his own home. There can be only one and he is that one. He says, "My house in Hollywood is a little piece of Hungarian territory. My wife is an Hungarian wife. Other women may work—*but not my woman.* She is married to me. That is her occupation and her career."

If Paul had his life to live over again he would do two things differently. He would come to America five years earlier than he did—and he would not have pursued woman so soon or so often. He says that he is tired, not physically, but mentally. What interested him and intrigued him once, interests and intrigues him no longer.

Which, of course, makes him a good husband. He admits it. He says, *"I do not cheat."* He adds that if his wife did, or even appeared to, it would be "bang over the head—and out she goes!"

Paul is six feet, one and one-half inches tall. He wears a toupee for pictures, but looks even more dangerous without it. He weighs 186 pounds and has curious hazel brown eyes.

He is lazy, which is one of the reasons why he loves flying. He gets a feeling of the futility of all earthly things when he is in the air. Even the Theater and Woman look small and insignificant viewed from the clouds.

Seeks Success—Not Happiness

HE is jealous. He wants success—what he has had does not begin to satisfy him—he wants more of it—and more and more. He loves being an actor. He is not happy. He knows that life is futile when you consider that there is only one certainty and that one Death. But he doesn't think about it.

He has two police dogs. They are his hobbies and his pets. He never goes to parties and seldom gives them. He reads all of his press notices, reviews and the cards sent in from previews and chuckles or groans over each and every one of them. I caught him going over them. There were more chuckles and exclamations of "Splen-did—splen-did!" than there were groans.

His wife came into the Paramount Commissary where we were lunching and Paul arose and gallantly kissed her hand.

He envies people with children.

He is exactly what he seems to be on the screen, suave, sophisticated, a little tired, rather touching, rather naughty, young enough to be exciting and old enough to be mellow with experiences savoured and lost.

If you are in love with him on the screen you'd be more so if you met him off, wife or no wife, toupee or no toupee. These Hungarians from Budapest have a manner all their own, especially when they have the dash and bearing of Paul Lukas.

Did You Know That—

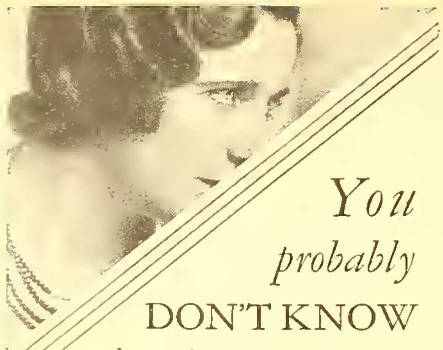
Johnny Weismuller, the swimming champ, has been signed to play *Tarzan* in M-G-M's talkie version of Edgar Rice Burroughs' famous African yarn?

Ronald Colman, now vacationing in Italy, has signed a new contract with Samuel Goldwyn to make two films a year for the next five years?

Jimmie Durante will henceforth be billed as Jimmie (Schnozzle) Durante because the "Schnozzle" goes over big with the youngsters?

Now that musicals are coming back, Stanley Smith—who almost became Buddy Rogers' rival—is returning to Hollywood from Broadway?

Many actors who played gangsters are now looking for jobs?



You probably DON'T KNOW *that* GRAY HAIR IS A DISEASE!

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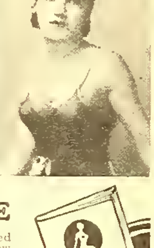

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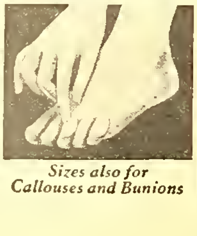

Can the Newlyweds of Hollywood Stay Married?

(*Continued from page 23*)

weathered "break-ups" before matrimony. It will take more than one misunderstanding to wreck the Farrell's matrimonial barge—Virginia is so surely guiding it into calm waters with her complete understanding of Charlie's temperament.

Gable Married For Keeps?

CAN *Clark Gable Stay Married?*

Clark recently said: "Neither my wife nor I ever expect to be married again. She is my ideal woman. I hope I never fail as her ideal man."

And Hollywood, remembering that Clark has been married before and that he is younger than his wife, sighs: "Ah. . . . "

If Clark Gable and Rita Langham can stay married, it will be a great thing brought to pass between a man, a wife and that most exacting mistress of all, Fame. The only other two men upon whom she has bestowed her hysterical favors so lavishly have been Rudolph Valentino and John Gilbert. And they could not stay married! Twice did the experiment fail for Rudy. Three times for Jack.

Perhaps time will prove that Clark Gable is to be the exception, but his marriage will have to be successful in the face of many upsetting factors—things which he may neither welcome nor want, but things which must be accepted when Fame has been wooed.

There will be constantly the spectacle of other women . . . ghostly women, lovers only through the medium of letters and messages . . . but women whose presence will be constantly *there*. There will be more intangible women—famous, daring, beautiful, *experimental* women. Women who will say, as I heard one woman say just recently: "I want that man."

Other Dangers He Must Face

THERE will be whispering, well-meaning advisers, with their ever-present philosophy of playing to the crowd: "Be happy if you must in your home, but don't let the public suspect. There are worlds to conquer yet, worlds that are only hampered by the story of happy domesticity."

There will be money . . . more money . . . big money . . . new philosophies . . . new values of life . . . invaded privacy . . . the spotlight of publicity turned upon every move . . . gossip that reads headlines into the most casual misunderstanding.

These are the problems of the Clark Gables—the most interesting of all Hollywood marriages to inspire conjecture. Young Doug and Joan . . . Sally Eilers and Hoot Gibson . . . Sue Carol and Nick Stuart . . . Helen Twelvetrees and Frank Woody . . . all matrimonial fledglings of the past two or three years. Can they stay married?

Only time and the depth of their love and understanding can really answer that question. All four couples are temperamentally suited to one another. That, in any other town in the world, would be enough. And perhaps, in these four cases, it will be enough in Hollywood. The odds have been with them so far!

No one ever sees Helen Twelvetrees any more—she's that content to stay home evenings. And Sally Eilers, for all her great rise in popularity, still prefers Hoot's ranch (and Hoot) to the bright-light spots. Sue and Nick have had to deny divorce rumors—but they *do* deny them. The younger Fairbankses are thinking of an heir or heiress.

They all *want* to prove that they *can* stay married!

8th Prize

WHY (I) CHANGED-TO-MARLBORO CONTEST

Capt. M. B. Driscoll, Washington, D. C.

So long as smoking was confined to men, it was only a habit. Since women have taken it up, smoking has become an art.

As a habit, any old cigarette would satisfy. An art, however, demands discrimination. After I had learned that smoking is social, I soon learned that the Marlboro is a social asset. Looking at smoking as a social art, I look more to the appearance and effect of the cigarette.

The Marlboro is dainty, individual; and for distinction, there is no cigarette superior to the Marlboro. It is the cigarette of Society. That is why I changed to Marlboros.

M. B. Driscoll

. . . 55% more in safety and enjoyment at only 5 cents more in price

MARLBORO

PLAIN or IVORY TIPPED

America's finest cigarette

ONCE upon a time there was an average man who decided to become a Great Inventive Genius.

His first creation was a cake cutter—a tin hoop with sections like an orange. You just pressed the hoop down over the cake, and the sharpened sections cut the whole into perfect wedge-shaped pieces.

The Inventive Genius, eager to cash in on his creation, sought some advertising counsel. But the first thought of the Advertising Man was to see the cutter in action. Would it really cut cake?

Properly indignant, the Inventor challenged the suggestion. The cutter was hustled off to the practical kitchen of a woman who serves advertisers in a very practical way.

On the appointed day a lovely layer cake was baked expressly for the try-out. Then the dreadful truth was demonstrated. *The beautiful tin cutter merely squashed the cake!*

The household devices you see advertised in this magazine have all been tested and tried. They positively do what their advertising says they will do. All this is determined *before* they are advertised here.

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reproduced from any clear photograph, tintype or snapshot you mail us. No photo too large nor any snapshot too small. We guarantee return of your original photograph.

Send as many photos as you wish at this bargain price

Size 8x10 or 11x14 in.

Only 49c *each*

Send No Money Simply mail us the photo, with your name and address, and in about a week you will receive a beautiful enlargement that will never fade. We will also send with the enlargement an illustrated circular describing several of our most popular frames. From this circular you can choose the frame which we are giving FREE with every enlargement ordered in colors.

ARTWAY STUDIOS,
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5707 W. Lake St.,
Chicago, Ill.

Check Size Wanted
☐ 11x14 in.
☐ 8x10 in.

Please send enlargements from enclosed photo. I will pay postman 49c plus postage for each enlargement. (If 50c each for each enlargement is enclosed with this order, we pay postage.)

Name . . .

Address . . .

Town . . . State . . .

Looking Them Over

(*Continued from page 47*)

JOAN BENNETT'S *Ex*, John Martin Fox, is about to become an *Ex* again.

The second Mrs. Fox, who was **Polly** Perkins, daughter of a well-known banker, is suing on the grounds of non-support. This is the same complaint **Joan** made.

Divorced twice within two years, on the same grounds, is quite a record.

CONSTANCE BENNETT is good and mad again and this time (for a change) it isn't the press that has aroused her ire. No, **Connie** is "burned" with none other than her illustrious father, **Richard** Bennett.

It seems that there has been a life-story of the Bennetts, accent on **Constance** in particular, running in a New York paper. Papa Bennett is supposed to have put his O.K. on the yarn. **Connie** says the entire story was fabricated out of whole cloth, Papa or no Papa.

The Bennetts are usually in some sort of a fuss, and they usually make up—so what?

WRITER **Gene** Markey was **Gloria** Swanson's devoted suitor before she went to Europe and met **Michael** Farmer.

Now that **Gloria** and Farmer, who was once engaged to **Marilyn** Miller, are back in Hollywood and very much That Way about each other, **Gene** might be expected to feel a little upset about it.

This is the second time the sartorial Mr. Markey has come out second-best in a Hollywood romance. He was "engaged" to **Ina** Claire when she eloped with **John** Gilbert.

By the way, **Sally** Blane has been going places with Mr. Markey lately.

NO longer can **Joan** Crawford complain that **Greta** Garbo and **Norma** Shearer are drawing all the good stories on the M-G-M program. **Joan** has been assigned **Katherine** Brush's "Red-Headed Woman" and what a part that is!

For the purposes of the rôle of the socially-ambitious stenographer, **Joan** will dye her hair back to its natural auburn shade and the picture will be shot in Technicolor.

WHEN December rolls around **Douglas** Fairbanks will be off on another one of his long jaunts.

This time **Doug** is traveling by airplane over South America. Director **Victor** Fleming and several cameramen will accompany the athletic **Doug**, who is far more interested in his travelogue films than any further experiments in the dramatic field.

Mary Pickford is not going along—in spite of the divorce-rumor hounds. She may join **Doug** later, traveling by boat.

THE baby of **Ben** and **Bebe** Daniels Lyon, named **Barbara Bebe**, has the same initials to carry through life as her mother's and father's—"B.L." **Bebe**, **Ben** and **Barbara** Lyon—cute what?

The baby was born on Admission Day (September 9), a proud State holiday in California. "She's a true Californian," proclaimed the baby's little Spanish great-grandmother, "born on Admission Day during Fiesta Week, which celebrated the hundred and fiftieth birthday of Los Angeles."

COLUMBIA Pictures were successful in getting an injunction against **Barbara** Stanwyck and now **Barbara** is back at work on that lot. To all outward appearances the hatchet has been buried and things are hearts-and-flowers again.

Gossip has it that **Frank** Fay had as much to do with the reconciliation as the Judge and **Barbara**'s lawyer. **Frank** grew awfully weary of those "cause of it all" stories which broadly hinted that he was responsible for **Barbara**'s walk-out.

It was damaging publicity which might have had every producing company in the business down on **Frank**. Mrs. Fay's little boy has never been accused of being dumb!

LIL DAGOVER arrived in Hollywood with the usual fanfare of newspaper photographs and American Beauty roses. In keeping with all the ancient, time-worn traditions, she also gave her views on American men:

"American men are nicest," remarked Warner Brother's new German film find, "when they are around middle age. They are so kind and understanding."

According to reporters who interviewed her, **Lil** is not at all "bashful about herself."

She frankly informed them that she has the most beautiful back in Europe, said to be insured for twenty thousand dollars.

Like **Marlene** Dietrich, the Dagover has a husband in Germany and a daughter, **Ava Maria** Witt, ten years old. Her first American picture, "I Spy," will be directed by **Michael** Curtiz.

WINTERGREEN
SPEARMINT
PEPPERMINT FLAVORS
BEECH-NUT GUM
ALWAYS REFRESHING

Between friends

..and between smokes

When the embers burn low in the fireplace, and you're ready for that last smoke—refresh your taste-sense with the cool, minty flavor of Beech-Nut Gum. No, it's not just imagination—Beech-Nut makes your taste-sense keener—makes each smoke taste like the first one of the day. Try it yourself before you light the next one . . . And remember always, there is no other gum quite so flavorful as Beech-Nut.

Made by the Beech-Nut Packing Co., also makers of Beech-Nut Fruit Drops and Mints.

Peppermint, Wintergreen and Spearmint Flavors

Beech-Nut Gum

MAKES THE NEXT SMOKE TASTE BETTER

HOLD-OVER Romances:

Mary Brian and Russell Gleason.

Wynne Gibson and Roger Manning.

James Dunn and Molly O'Day.

Ivan Lebedeff and Thelma Todd (*alias* Alison Loyd). This one went cold for a little while, but it seems to have warmed up lately.

THE Fox picture, "Skyline," was unreeling before the press at a studio preview. A girl, playing the rôle of a stenographer, walks into Thomas Meighan's office and leaves a note on his desk. She turns . . . just a flash . . . and she is gone again. The girl was Marjorie White, formerly featured player.

A couple of days later Marjorie announced that she was leaving pictures for the New York stage.

MARRIAGES-TO-BE-EXPECTED ANY-MOMENT-NOW:

Sharon Lynn and Benjamin Glazer.

Ona Munson and director Ernst Lubitsch.

Dorothy Mackaill and Neil Miller.

ARLINE JUDGE and Wesley Ruggles announced their engagement to a small group of friends at a dinner party following a local football game. Wesley had lost so much money on the game that he had to take a lot of kidding as to whether or not he had enough money left to pay for the beautiful square-cut diamond Arline was wearing.

This romance began six months ago when the director of "Cimarron" met the pretty little girl from New York on the RKO lot where they are both under contract.

Incidentally, one New York paper headlined the announcement to the effect that Arline was to marry Charlie Ruggles, who is Wesley's brother.

Janet Gaynor has gone abroad—along with husband Lydell Peck—to see Paris. It's her first visit to the scene of "Seventh Heaven"

WHAT with all the movie stars eloping to Las Vegas or Yuma, Arizona, in attempted "secret" ceremonies, the formal wedding of Rita La Roy to Ben Hershfield, motion picture artists' agent, was agreeably different—at least to the hard-working newspaper boys.

Rita and her groom not only announced the date of their wedding, but went in for ushers and bridesmaids and all the other trimmings so dear to the local writers. The ceremony took place at the Temple Israel in Hollywood and Rita's bevy of attendants included June Clyde, Sue Carol, Claudia Dell, Roberta Gale, Lita Chevret and Sally Blane. Lola Lane would have been there, too, if she hadn't been honeymooning with Lew Ayres.

LORETTA YOUNG appeared in court under the name of Gretchen Withers, and told the Judge all about the difficulties of her married life with Grant Withers. The basis of the divorce action was "non-support," Loretta relating many instances where Grant failed as a good provider.

Once, she claimed, he made her a gift of a hundred-dollar piece of lingerie—and she was very grateful until she discovered that the garment had been charged to her personal account.

"I also paid all the grocery bills," she stated.

The pretty little ingénue was awarded her decree.

SYLVIA ULLBECK, Hollywood's demon masseuse, should worry if the movie stars get a "mad on" her because of those revealing articles she wrote about them. Sylvia has other plans. For one, she is planning to become a star herself—a stage star.

Edith Ellis, who wrote "White Collars," has penned a play for Sylvia, and as soon as it is whipped into final shape, the little Swede will take off for New York.

"Let them get mad!" scoffs Sylvia. "It is too bad that movie stars cannot bear to be painted as human beings instead of gods and goddesses!"

WOULD you like to know what a movie star carries in his pocket? Ramon Novarro opened an envelope sent over to him from the Turkish Bath establishment on the lot the other day and containing the contents of his suit he had left to be pressed. Item one was a handsome gold and black cigarette case; item two, a watch, very plain; item three, a tiny gold box the size of a postage stamp, containing saccharine tablets to be used in the place of sugar at lunch; item four, a prayer book with his brother's picture pasted in the front; item five, a rosary, and item six, a cigarette lighter of gold.

WHEN the stars are interviewed at lunch Metro pays the lunch checks for both interviewer and player. "You'd be surprised," said the studio official who okays the checks, "how much more heartily some of the big stars eat these days!" One we interviewed recently, ordered for his dessert, two pots of coffee, two pieces of apple pie, and two helpings of ice cream—on the house!

IT was Jimmy Durante, a vision of superb sports outfitting who may be described as a walking example of What the Well Dressed Golfer will wear. He came from his dressing room, preceded by three flunkies each reverently carrying a new bag of expensive golf clubs. A purple limousine waited at the curb. Meeting the eye of a fellow player Jimmy looked abashed and then grinned. "I was only a cheap vaudeville actor," said Jimmy "then I ups to Hollywood, and now I'm a movie star. To de links!" he bawled, and settled back on the purple cushions.

This Durante, or "Schnozzle" as they

Girls Do Well in Art

DO YOU like to draw? Develop your talent, make the most of your natural ability! Get into Commercial Art—a field where youth is an asset, not a handicap, and where you are paid as much as a man of equal ability.

Federal Graduates Are Successful

Many Federal school students and graduates—girls as well as men—are making $2,000, $4,000, $5,000 and $6,000 yearly—some much more. Art is a vital part of modern business—millions of dollars are paid yearly for illustrations and designs.

Learn at Home in Spare Time

Why spend your time in wearisome routine work that gets you nowhere? Many Federal students have quickly doubled and tripled their former incomes. The thorough Federal Course prepares you quickly. Contains lessons by leading artists. You get personal criticisms on your lessons.

Test Your Ability Free

Test your natural sense of design, proportion, color, perspective, etc. Find out how much talent you have. Send for Art Questionnaire today. We will also send our book, "Your Future," explaining the Federal Course in detail.
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Send me your Art Questionnaire and book, "Your Future," without cost or obligation.

Name..

Present
Age.......Occupation..............................

Address..

How Society Women and Stage Beauties Banish

FAT

THE SAFE WAY

Once you start to take a half teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts in a glass of hot water every morning before breakfast your fight on fat is WON!

Herein are the facts why Kruschen is different from and superior to other reducing treatments:

Kruschen is more than just a mere laxative salt—it's an ideal blend of 6 SEPARATE minerals which not only eliminate poisons and waste accumulations but which help every gland, nerve and body organ to function properly—which brings a marvelous degree of robust health, chic slenderness and physical attractiveness. Many women hasten results by going a little lighter on potatoes, pastries and fatty meats.

Mrs. Bessie Evans of Jamestown, N.Y. writes: "I lost 14 lbs. before starting the second bottle of Kruschen—I am not only delighted with the big loss of fat but I feel so much stronger and healthier. I heartily recommend Kruschen to all overweight women."

Start TO-DAY to look and feel years younger. An 85c bottle of Kruschen lasts 4 weeks and is sold by leading druggists thruout the world.

KRUSCHEN SALTS

"It's the LITTLE DAILY DOSE that does it"

50 cents a box—

"Margie"

A New Shade In LABLACHE Face Powder

All of the exquisite charm of LABLACHE, known for over 50 years as the

FACE POWDER of QUALITY

in a shade that blends with any complexion.

Ask your Druggist for "MARGIE" the new all-complexion powder, or send to us for sample (no charge.)

BEN LEVY CO.
125 Kingston Street
BOSTON, MASS.

are debating calling him to catch the kid's love of a nickname, is considered one of the big bets of Hollywood at the moment. He is accompanied frequently by an individual whom he designates grandly as "me manager." "I suppose you look after Mr. Durante's investments for him?" the manager was asked. "Investments—what investments?" said the manager disgustedly, "What would he invest? He hasn't saved a red, not he! Every old bum who knew him when, every friend he ever had is welcome to what he's got!" Jimmy's check is split three ways now, his partners Jackson and Clayton getting a third each, though they are not working.

IT'S amazing how many people there are who feel they have a right to a share in movie salaries. **Marie Dressler** gets letters often begging for "just a tiny share of one week's check which wouldn't mean anything to you and would set me up in business for life." **Buster Keaton** had a letter the other day from a youth who suggested he send him a hundred a week so he could live apart from his family who didn't understand him, and study art. "Of course if you wanted to make it a hundred and fifty it would be even better," he added. **Connie Bennett** had a letter not long ago from a girl who said the mortgage on their house was to be foreclosed unless she sent five thousand at once. A few days later she received a brisk and reproving note, "Why don't I hear from you in answer to my letter?" it asked. "Kindly let me know at once when we can expect the money for the mortgage."

GRETA GARBO has moved again. She has lived in many houses. One of them was taken by a scenario writer who immediately issued invitations to four hundred guests for a grand house-warming. However, it never came off. We understand the host was put under observation, because he tipped with hundred dollar bills, which in a time of depression does seem eccentric to say the least!

ONE of the oddest divorce complaints we have read was that of **Eleanor Hunt**, against her husband **Rex Lease**. "He made fun of me because I studied philosophy," said the bride. Looking at **Eleanor** and remembering she was once the pride of the Follies, we could almost get a giggle out of it ourself!

THE speakeasies move so fast these days in Hollywood that one is never quite sure of finding one's favorite drink emporium doing business the next time he visits it. Two young writers at midnight the other night decided to stop in and have a drink at one of these select speaks. They rang the bell. No answer. They knocked. No answer. Getting more thirsty by the minute they banged on the door with fists and feet, only to fall back in horror as the door burst open and a lovely blonde movie star appeared with blazing eyes. "What do you mean by coming to my house like this?" she stormed. It appeared the speakeasy had closed one night the previous week and she had moved in the next day.

BEN LYON admits that once he used to rush off the set to call up his broker for the latest stock quotations and Wall Street figures. "Now," says Ben with a grin, "I call up home every morning for the only figures I'm interested in—the baby's weight." Miss Lyon is six weeks old now but **Ben** says that she is like other ladies and won't admit it. "She says she's only a month," says **Barbara Bebe's** daddy.

A SCENARIO writer tells this on himself, proving that **Greta** has a sense of humor. She used to pass the window of his office on her way to the stage every morning, and always glanced inside. He returned her glance eloquently, and flattered himself that she was beginning to fall under the influence of his charms, a feeling heightened when one morning she half stopped and almost smiled. Rushing hatless out of the office he followed Garbo along the walk, saw her glance coquettishly back, and let a letter drop from her fingers before going into the stage. With wildly beating heart he ran to pick it up—an invitation from Garbo perhaps, or, at the very least, a tender note. But instead he found himself staring down at the heading of a local Mineral Water Company. "Dear Miss Garbo," the letter ran, "May we call your attention to our superior service in furnishing table water."

MR. and Mrs. **Irving Thalberg**, Mr. and Mrs. **King Vidor** (**Eleanor Boardman**), Mr. and Mrs. **George Fitzmaurice** (**Diana Kane**), Dr. and Mrs. **Harry Martin** (**Louella Parsons**), **John Gilbert**, **William Haines**, **Hedda Hopper** and several others were jointly hosts at the big party which welcomed **Marion Davies** back to Hollywood after six months in Europe. And what a party! It started off the Hollywood Fall social season with a zest.

One hundred and sixty-eight close friends of Marion's were invited to the Indian Room at the Ambassador Hotel. The elaborate suite had been transformed into a bit of the Old West. There was sawdust on the floor and the orchestra men were disguised as cowboys.

This party had been so ballyhooed in the newspapers that it was necessary for the hotel management to rope off an aisle in the lobby so that the distinguished guests would not have to fight their way through the crowd that had begun to arrive as early as four o'clock in the afternoon.

Billie Dove got a great big "ah" from the crowd when she appeared in the foyer to be photographed with **John Gilbert**. **Billie's** gown was daring, to say the least. The waist of Billie's gown was composed more of oodles of pearls and a corsage than of material. Pearls must be coming back, girls. **Ina Claire**, who arrived with **Joel McCrea**, wore plenty of them, too. **Ina's** gown was of white satin.

Constance Bennett is one of the few movie stars who does not believe it necessary to appear in a different gown at every social event. Connie wore the same blue dress and ermine jacquette she had worn to the première of "Devotion." **Joan Marsh**, wearing her Wampas Baby Star début gown, arrived with **Charles (Buddy) Rogers**. **Lily Damita** was in black elaborately trimmed with fur. **Marion**, the guest of honor, was in white satin with a red velvet jacket trimmed with ermine.

THIS is an apology. We're always sorry to do any actor an injustice.

Several months ago, we pointed out under the caption of "the funniest sight of the month" the fact that **Montagu Love** had walked into the Embassy Club waiting-room, which was crowded with women, selected the only remaining chair and seated himself while his wife *stood* at his side.

A very charming note from **Monty's** very charming wife explains and corrects what we misunderstood as discourtesy.

". . . . had you known that it was really Monty's first day out of bed after three months of the flu, I am sure you would not have cast such an aspersion on his seemingly unchivalrous action. It was I who insisted he take the chair . . . ."

Sorry, **Monty**!

Why Chaplin Is a Genius—Science of Faciology Tells You

(*Continued from page 49*)

Why John Gilbert Has Hunches

JOHN GILBERT'S prominent round-ended nose—sharper than Will Rogers'—attracts the attention of the character-reader. If you have this type of nose, you are poetic, philosophical, intuitive, art-loving and fun-loving. If you have followed the hectic fortunes of John Gilbert on the screen and in private life, you will see that these characteristics made him a star on the screen and spoiled his domestic life. This does not mean that if you have this type of nose, you cannot find happiness in domesticity; but it does mean that you'll have to curb your tendency to be a playfellow to do so.

John Gilbert admitted to me that he is all of the things that his strongest feature betokens, especially as to his strong hunches or intuitions. If you have this rounding, ball-pointed nose, don't overlook your hunches. You'll often be called strange and erratic, as John is—but you'll be forgiven much, as he is, for your ability to cheer others when they are in difficulties.

People who have prominent eyes like Joan Crawford's have a wonderful command of words and music, make good linguists, and are good story-tellers. Also, they are sensitive—almost super-sensitive.

Richard Barthelmess looks like a picture from the title page of "When Knighthood Was In Flower." The strong chin marks him as a natural defender of distressed womanhood, and as a man able to take care of himself among other men. The dimpled cleft in the chin modifies the combativeness of his face somewhat—but doesn't take away your assurance that he is the type who could be depended upon in a crisis.

Jean's Promising Eyebrows

JEAN HARLOW is the type of woman that has gone down through the ages as the calm centers of emotional storms. This type always has and always will appeal to man's protective instinct—looking passionate and keeping cool. Note the sharp curve of Jean's eyebrows—high at the outer edges, much lower at the nose, with which they shape a well-defined "Y." Like the ancient Greek sculptors, Jean has an amazing genius for form—a genius which, in her case, allows her to visualize just how she will look in any pose she takes. She could be a sculptress if she chose, even though it may never have entered her mind to try.

Marlene Dietrich has an artistic and musical face. Note the ears as an outstanding feature. Marlene's ear is like that used in the advertisement: "Have you an ear for music?" She has—and so have you, if your ears are similar. Marlene likes bits of music in her pictures. Remember that she sang tauntingly in "Morocco" and played a sinister piano solo in "Dishonored?" Just looking at her, you'd expect her to move rhythmically

So, you see, no matter what your features may be, those particular strong ones that are most unusual for your general type are the ones that give greatest promise for your development into an outstanding personality on or off the screen. See the best films that you can and study those stars whose success seems to depend on a feature, such as we have noted in this article. Pick one whose strongest feature is similar to your own. This will help you to know yourself—and, if you take another lesson from the stars, you'll be yourself. Shakespeare said, "All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players."

FREE • *Margery Wilson's* "CHARM-TEST"

What are *your* sins against charm? Are you self-conscious? Do you lack poise? Do you fail to express your personality vividly, glamorously? Do you know how to make people *like* you? Send for the "Charm-Test" . . . and find the key to personal triumph.

ARE you one of those charming persons whom everybody likes to know? Are you always invited places, just because others enjoy your company so much? Does interest quicken when you step into a room, as if the very air were charged with the vibrant force of your gracious personality? Do you, in short, possess that most precious of all human qualities, CHARM?

Perhaps you envy those glamorous personalities you sometimes meet . . . on the screen, for instance. You are thrilled and uplifted as they weave the spell of their enchantment upon you. Just to watch them is a refreshing and stimulating experience. They have won the world by the sheer force of beautiful self-expression.

But did you know that these fascinating stars have consciously and deliberately developed their personal charm, as everyone must do who would be admired and loved. Did you know that there are certain simple, definite rules and principles by which you can become ever so much more charming?

MARGERY WILSON

America's authority on Charm *whose advice on this subject has been sought by the socially prominent as well as by actresses of note, and whose fascinating book called "Charm" is used as a text in exclusive finishing schools. Would you like to have Margery Wilson tell you, personally, how to develop your own natural charm? Send for her interesting "Charm-Test".*

Famous Directors and Screen Stars Say

that Margery Wilson's method of charm cultivation is the way to social, financial and professional success. Margery Wilson, herself one of America's loveliest and most lovable women, is recognized as an authority on this vital subject of Charm. She has made a lifelong study of it; including a text book that is used today in exclusive finishing schools. She has won a great personal success, on the screen and in society. She knows all the secrets by which the dramatic stars and the distinguished social leaders enhance their charm.

Now Miss Wilson offers to teach *you* how to develop your own natural charm. First send for the Charm-Test, so that Miss Wilson may study you as an individual. Then learn how easily you can overcome your faults . . . how you can rid yourself once and for all of any feeling of self-consciousness, diffidence or "inferiority" . . . how you may give free and glorious expression to your inner personality . . . how to be perfectly poised and at ease on every occasion . . . how to walk beautifully . . . how to gesture gracefully and expressively . . . how to be a charming conversationalist (even though you are not a "good talker") . . . how to be always sure of doing and saying the right thing . . . how to employ some of the delightful little French "tricks" of manner that are so fascinating.

The "Charm-Test" may open the door to a fuller, richer, happier life. Send for it now.

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Charm is necessary for success everywhere. Read Margery Wilson's book if you would learn its secrets.
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(*Director "Cimarron"*)

Anything that impresses a person with the importance of charm is invaluable. I don't see how anyone interested in life can afford not to read your book. **D. W. GRIFFITH**
("*The Great Master*")

To capture the elusive spirit of "Charm" and analyze it for personal cultivation, as you have done, is indeed a boon to all who wish to enhance their power. My sincere compliments.
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RUPERT HUGHES

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TEN SECOND REVIEWS

The Age For Love
Billie Dove returns to the screen—lovelier than ever, and a better actress—as a woman who wants to have both a career and a home-life. Billie enlivens an overworked story. (U. A.)

Alexander Hamilton
George Arliss takes the part of a young man—and scores his greatest triumph. He is the young hero of Colonial history whose life was filled with drama and intrigue. (W. B.)

An American Tragedy
Theodore Dreiser's powerful novel about weak youth loses some of its force in its screen version, but should not be missed. Phillips Holmes is a bit wooden as the hero; Sylvia Sidney is very real as his victim. (Par.)

The Arizona Terror
Ken Maynard pursues—and gets pursued—all over the landscape, with the result you expect. Just another Western. (Tiffany)

Bad Girl
Viña Delmar's story of the young couple whose love was almost wrecked by parenthood becomes a moving little movie, in which Sally Eilers is the girl and James Dunn—a sensational newcomer—is the young husband. (Fox)

The Bargain
Lewis Stone changes jobs with his son (John Darrow), and each learns he has made a mistake. Interesting, but slow. (F. N.)

The Big Gamble
A racketeer makes Bill Boyd insure himself for a big sum, and then gives him a year to live. Thrills from start to finish. (RKO-Pathe)

Blonde Crazy
James Cagney and Joan Blondell team up to part the trusting from their cash, and the result is a crook picture that's both dramatic and amusing and has a courageous ending. (W. B.)

The Brat
Sally O'Neil, away from the screen two years, makes a spirited comeback as the street waif who reforms the wealthy family that adopts her. (Fox)

Business and Pleasure
A Yankee steel magnate goes abroad and has some far-fetched adventures. Not up to Will Rogers' usual standard. (Fox)

A Dangerous Affair
Jack Holt and Ralph Graves get together and treat you to a melodrama that has everything from comedy to thrills. One is a police lieutenant and the other a reporter—and they're out to solve a murder mystery. (Col.)

Daughter of the Dragon
Dr. Fu Manchu passes on, but leaves his daughter to carry out a bit of vengeance. Notable chiefly because it brings back Chinese Anna May Wong and Japanese Sessue Hayakawa. (Par.)

The Dreyfus Case
The most sensational treason case in modern history becomes the subject of an absorbing picture. Made in England, with Cedric Hardwicke a realistic *Dreyfus*. (Col.)

East of Borneo
A cast-off wife follows her physician-husband to the South Seas, and there attracts the attention of a native prince. Spectacular jungle melodrama, featuring Rose Hobart and Charles Bickford. (Univ.)

Expensive Women
Surprising the customers, Dolores Costello briefly returns to the screen as a glamorous woman of affairs. (W. B.)

Fanny Foley, Herself
Edna May Oliver as a vaudeville headliner whose two daughters are a bit ashamed of her. More heart-throbs than humor, which isn't what you expect. All in color. (RKO)

Fifty Fathoms Deep
Adventure far below sea level, with Jack Holt and Richard Cromwell involved. Unusual. (Col.)

Five-Star Final
Exposing the methods that scandal sheets sometimes use to boost their circulations. Powerful and bitter, with Edward G. Robinson convincing as an editor who swallows his conscience. (F. N.)

Friends and Lovers
Lily Damita, Adolphe Menjou, Eric von Stroheim and Laurence Olivier (a promising newcomer) try to settle that bothersome question: Is friendship between men stronger than love for a woman? Jumbled melodrama. (RKO)

The Gay Diplomat
The old story of the intriguing adventurer, played with a bit more dash than usual by Ivan Lebedeff. (RKO)

Graft
Regis Toomey, as a cub reporter, solves a murder mystery and ends a political scandal. It moves fast. (Univ.)

The Guardsman
The most sophisticated comedy of the year, and boasting the best acting. Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, from the stage, enact the story of the jealous husband who disguised himself and made love to his own wife. (M-G-M)

Guilty Hands
Executing a "perfect" crime, Lionel Barrymore almost gets away with it. Packed with suspense, with an ending that will tear you out of your seat. (M-G-M)

Huckleberry Finn
Mark Twain's great story of boyhood suffers considerable revision, but Junior Durkin and Jackie Coogan manage to make it entertaining just the same. (Par.)

I Like Your Nerve
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., down in Central America, kidnaps a girl who has already been kidnaped. Breezier than young Doug's usual rôles—and, on the whole, disappointing. (F. N.)

Lasca of the Rio Grande
A triangle story built around a Mexican dancer, a Texas ranger, and a mucho bad Mexican. There's more local color than excitement, and only Dorothy Burgess stands out. (Univ.)

The Last Flight
Four ex-aviators try to forget the war in company with Helen Chandler. Three meet with accidents, until only Richard Barthelmess is left. It might have been an excellent study of post-war emotions if it hadn't become a melodrama. (F. N.)

The Mad Genius
Again, John Barrymore hides that romantic profile, appearing this time as a bitter, crippled dancing master who wrecks the lives of two young lovers. Sombre, but fascinating. (W. B.)

The Mad Parade
A glimpse of women in the front-line trenches, with nary a man in sight. Unusual, but unreal. Evelyn Brent, Louise Fazenda and Irene Rich top the cast. (Par.)

Merely Mary Ann
Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell in a little opus about a boarding-house maid-of-all-work and a struggling young composer. For those who like their movies sentimental. (Fox)

Murder at Midnight
Alice White returns to the screen in a small rôle in this mystery thriller, in which there are four murders—no more, no less. (Tiffany)

My Sin
Tallulah Bankhead struggles with another trite story (this time about a lady with a dance-hall past) and proves she is one of the screen's best actresses. (Par.)

Pagan Lady
As a Havana barmaid who teams up with rum-runner Charles Bickford, instead of missionary Conrad Nagel, Evelyn Brent does a potent bit of smoldering. (Col.)

Penrod and Sam
Two typical American youngsters, as imagined by Booth Tarkington and played by Leon Janney and Junior Coghlan. As human as it is humorous. (F. N.)

Personal Maid
Nancy Carroll rises above her surroundings despite the fact that she listens to her conscience. Nancy is much better than the story. (Par.)

The Phantom of Paris
Wearing a Van Dyke beard and doing all sorts of other mysterious things, John Gilbert makes this his best talkie. (M-G-M)

Platinum Blonde

Jean Harlow likes unusual men—and marries Robert Williams, a breezy reporter, who does his best to get along with her. Amusing. (Col.)

Rebound

Ina Claire marries Robert Ames, who also is on the "rebound" from a previous romance—and their marriage is One Of Those Things. It's witty and wise, and not for children. (RKO-Pathe)

Riders of the Purple Sage

A talkative revival of Zane Grey's famous yarn, which has a stampede, a pistol duel in a courtroom, and a forest fire for thrills. George O'Brien is the hard-riding hero. (Fox)

The Road to Singapore

For a change, William Powell is in the South Seas instead of swanky hotels—but he still loves another man's wife (Doris Kenyon this time). Slow, but interesting. (W. B.)

Secrets of a Secretary

Some more misadventures befall Claudette Colbert on the fringe of society. Not important, but you'll like Claudette—as well as newcomers Herbert Marshall and Georges Metaxa. (Par.)

Secret Service

Richard Dix treats you to some mystery and suspense, as only he can do it. Good melodrama. (RKO)

Shanghaied Love

If you like blood-and-thunder stories, here's a good one—all about romance and mutiny on a tramp steamer. Richard Cromwell, Sally Blane and Noah Beery are on hand. (Col.)

Side Show

Substituting for an entire troupe of circus "freaks," Winnie Lightner proves that she's not only a comedienne, but a great mimic. (W. B.)

The Sidewalks of New York

Buster Keaton, as a well-dressed landlord, tries to collect his own rents in a tough tenement district. It's slapstick, but good slapstick. (M-G-M)

Silence

The story of a man who is silently going to the electric chair for another man's crime, acted out intensely by Clive Brook. (Par.)

Smart Woman

Mary Astor retrieves her husband from a gold-digger, with the help of amusing Edward Everett Horton. Horton saves it from being dull. (RKO)

The Sin of Madelon Claudet

Helen Hayes, of stage fame, comes to the screen in a sad little story of mother-love. Here is some real acting, if not a great movie. (M-G-M)

The Spider

While magician Edmund Lowe is holding forth on the stage, a murder occurs in the theater. He solves the mystery with some exciting tricks. (Fox)

The Squaw Man

Cecil de Mille makes a strong talkie of the story about the exiled Englishman who "marries" an Indian girl. Warner Baxter is fine as the hero, and Lupe Velez is even better as the tragic, inarticulate squaw. (M-G-M)

The Star Witness

A law-abiding family witnesses a gang murder, but are cowed into silence—all except Gran'pa, played for all the part is worth by Chic Sale. The most human gangster picture of all. (W. B.)

Street Scene

The biggest thing that Hollywood has done since "All Quiet." It's a vivid cross-section of life in a crowded city street, with Sylvia Sidney and Estelle Taylor standing out in a great cast. (U. A.)

The Struggle

Life among the downtrodden masses, as powerfully depicted by D. W. Griffith, who has gathered together a convincing cast from the stage. You'll like Zita Johann. (U. A.)

This Modern Age

Handicapped by having an immoral mother, Joan Crawford almost goes to the depths, herself. Joan at her best, perhaps to prove she has outgrown this sort of thing. (M-G-M)

The Unholy Garden

Ronald Colman returns to the adventure type of story, and you see some entertaining heroism and villainy in a bleak African outpost. (U. A.)

Waterloo Bridge

The tragic romance of a young soldier and a girl of the London streets, beautifully acted by Kent Douglass and Mae Clarke. One of the year's best pictures. (Univ.)

West of Broadway

Returning from the war a disillusioned man, John Gilbert marries Lois Moran and almost fails to make the best of his bargain. An odd rôle for our John. (M-G-M)

Wicked

Elissa Landi becomes a mother in prison, has her child taken from her, and then, upon her release, is desperate until she finds the child. The women might enjoy it, but not the men. (Fox)

Women Go On Forever

Clara Kimball Young, long a star in silent days, returns to the screen in the unexpected rôle of landlady of a dramatic boarding-house. (Tiffany)

Marguerite Churchill doesn't make any claims to being one of the best-dressed women in Hollywood—but there's no reason why she shouldn't. Here's her own idea of a negligee—brocaded georgette, peach shade, and plenty of it. Marguerite has just finished "Ambassador Bill" with Will Rogers

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The Headline Career of
John Gilbert—1922-193

(*Continued from page 25*)

colony, attempts to commit suicide b
inhaling gas in kitchen. Found by frier
later with note and photo of John Gilbe
clasped in hand.
May 12, 1929—Rumored that alleged goc
friends of Gilbert are wagering that ma
riage will not last the year.
May 22, 1929—Gene Markey guest of G
berts at Beverly home.
July 21, 1929—Gilbert and Miss Clai
start on honeymoon to Paris togethe
Will be gone three months.
Sept. 5, 1929—Gilbert cables denial fro
Paris of rift in married life. Says repor
caused by their separation at a Frenc
resort, "utterly ridiculous."
Oct. 12, 1929—Returns from three montl
abroad. Explains "separation" story b
saying he took auto ride alone at nigh
Oct. 15, 1929—Reported to have lost co
siderable of his fortune in stock mark
crash.
Oct. 19, 1929—"His Glorious Night," G
bert's first talkie opens. Voice doesn
register well. Audience giggles.
Nov. 20, 1929—Gilbert and bride of sever
months begin temporary separation. Mov
into separate houses. Says this is on a
count of Ina's twenty trunks and ca
pentering which must be done.
Feb. 1, 1930—Director says Gilbert ha
chance to make good in talkies in "Ge
tleman's Fate." Voice all right if give
chance.
Feb. 11, 1930—Jim Tully worsts Gilbert i
fist fight at Brown Derby restauran
Fight aftermath of enmity aroused b
magazine article written by author tw
years ago.
Feb. 13, 1930—Gilbert says he "isn't licke
yet." Results will be different if he an
Tully meet again.
Feb. 21, 1930—Tully and Gilbert shak
hands at party given by Herman Manki
wicz, scenario writer.
Mar. 9, 1930—Gilbert will not play i
Chaplin silent pictures.
Mar. 22, 1930—Ina Claire back with Jac
in his house.
Aug. 27, 1930—Ina Claire goes to New Yor
to appear in "The Royal Family." D
nies separation from Gilbert.
Feb. 14, 1931—Gilbert fails to meet wife a
station upon her return from New Yor
Off playing tennis. Miss Claire announce
they have agreed to separate.
July 19, 1931—Ina Claire files suit for d
vorce. Claims her husband said she ha
"too much intellect." Asks on groun
of mental cruelty.
July 22, 1931—Gilbert reported to be d
voted admirer of Hawaiian princess. Pa
ing ardent court.
Aug. 5, 1931—Divorce granted to wife.
Aug. 7, 1931—Gilbert and Marjorie Kin
reported to be "that way." Hawaiia
princess romance off.
Aug. 9, 1931—Gilbert described in news
paper story as "most wretched man i
world. Has salary of $500,000 yearly, ha
youth and fame. Had an internationa
romance with the most famous woman i
the world, domestic life with a glowin
beauty. When talkies came he was on to
of world with ten million women ad
mirers."
Sept. 13, 1931—Gilbert and Miss Clair
going places together. "Certainly we ar
divorced, we are just good friends," say
Gilbert.
Oct. 15, 1931—Gilbert arrives in New York
en route to Europe for a three-months' va
cation. Reporters note that Lupe Vele
traveled overland on same train and als
is headed abroad. Still another romance

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, of MOVIE CLASSIC, published MONTHLY, at CHICAGO, ILL., for October 1st, 1931. State of ILLINOIS, County of COOK. Before me, a NOTARY in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared STANLEY V. GIBSON, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher of MOVIE CLASSIC and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Stanley V. Gibson, 1501 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.; Editor, Laurence Reid, 1501 Broadway, New York City, N. Y. 2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) MOTION PICTURE PUBLICATIONS, Inc., the stockholders of which are Robert E. Canfield, 15 William Street, New York, N. Y., as Voting Trustee (Silver Screen Publications, Inc., Equitable Owners) and Silver Screen Publications, Inc., c o William S. Pettit, Far Rockaway, N. Y. The stockholders of Silver Screen Publications, Inc., are William S. Pettit, Far Rockaway, N. Y., Mrs. E. V. Brewster, Great Neck, N. Y., Henry L. Terhune, 1 Wall Street, New York, N. Y. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent, or more of the total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) NONE. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. 5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is— (This information is required from daily publications only.) STANLEY V. GIBSON, PUBLISHER. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of September, 1931. Shirley Banks. My commission expires April 29th, 1935.)

Are You Up-to-date About Billie Dove

(*Continued from page 50*)

She has no patience whatsoever with women who announce they are dieting and at the same moment help themselves to another spoonful of whipped cream. She doesn't play Bridge.

Ten-course dinners do not appeal to Billie. But she doesn't like dinner without dessert, and she never worries about keeping thin. She doesn't take cream in her coffee.

Noisy people and affected people are not on her list of friends. She has an aversion to stained teeth, and feels very much the same way about crawly bugs.

She doesn't like to let other people wrap her Christmas packages or address her Christmas cards. She doesn't let her secretary answer her fan mail if she can possibly find time to do it herself.

Billie doesn't like people who don't like dogs, but she herself is not very fond of any breed except Scotch terriers, which she adores.

People She Doesn't Like

SHE doesn't like people who tell lies and people who are grouchy in the morning. She would rather not make plans too far ahead. Banquets and long speeches are among her pet abominations, which also include trashy novels, broken fingernails, and scratchy pens.

She doesn't like to change servants often, and has no trouble keeping her servants for long periods. There are not many foods that she dislikes. She hates to find the morning paper missing, and doesn't like to rush out of the house without any breakfast. She doesn't like a disordered room, or a dull gray morning. She never gets up until eight o'clock between pictures, and never later than quarter of seven during a picture. It never takes her less than an hour and a quarter to bathe, dress, and put on her make-up.

She is not happy when she has to make a personal appearance, and she does not think it is wise for an actress to make them. She does not like long auto rides, empty fountain pens, or telephone booths, and she hates berets on men.

She doesn't like to see a married couple quarreling in public. She does not talk about her own late marriage to director Irvin Willat.

She is not superstitious.

She can't bear to play diplomats' wives on the screen, and can't bear to remember when she did play them. She has never been as happy in her work as she is under the management of Howard Hughes.

She doesn't allow any publicity to be sent out unless she sees and approves of it.

Nobody can give Billie Dove instructions in the art of keeping her own counsel. Her romance with Howard Hughes, now reported extinct, and the rumored current one with rancher Robert Keniston, have had no light shed upon them by Billie.

She doesn't trust everybody, and she needs no assistance in protecting herself against people.

In short, Billie is not so dumb.

Have You Heard That--

Jeanette MacDonald, who will be with Chevalier in his next two films, is all set to go to Paris next spring to sing (in French) in the title rôle of "The Merry Widow"?

Olive Borden is playing the rôle of a screen star in the stage play, "Louder, Please"?

Phillips Holmes and Nancy Carroll will be together for the fourth time in their next picture?

Bert Lahr, star of "Flying High" doesn't like Hollywood? (Says you have to please too many people.)

New Beauty Discovery

RAE JUVENAY

RAE JUVENAY now presents American women with a great new skin culture discovery that has amazed the most severe beauty critics of the Continent. An ingenious little suction cup moved over the face instantly evacuates the deepest skin pores and leaves the skin immaculately clean. The smooth, rounded flange of this suction cup, at the same time, kneads the nourishing cream deep into the tissue and draws a richer blood supply to the skin surface.

The Rae Juvenay suction cup is also the finest facial exerciser known. What the calisthenics of exercising does for the body, Rae Juvenay does for the face. It breaks down surplus fat cells and draws up the blood supply to quickly carry them away and leave more graceful facial contours. For the undernourished skin, it likewise helps to build up new and healthier tissues by speeding up the blood flow into the finest capillaries.

It brings a natural ruddy glow into even the most sallow cheeks and revitalizes the skin with a charming beauty that is almost unbelievable. This revitalizing power of the vacuum suction cup used with Rae Juvenay cream is so effective that it even smooths out wrinkle lines with faithful daily application. Yet the complete Ensemble is priced at only $2.50. If your favorite department store cannot supply you, send check, money order, or currency direct to us and your order will be mailed same day it arrives. If you do not instantly agree that this is the finest facial combination you have ever possessed, your money will be instantly refunded without question. HARRIETTE ARMS LABORATORIES, 575 Keith Building, Cleveland, Ohio.

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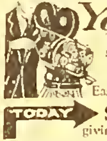

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Movie Classic's Letter Page

(*Continued from page 8*)

sonality, Clark Gable. At last, Hollywood has found an actor who can play opposite Garbo without seeming like a schoolboy. Give him a great big hand in your wonderful magazine and please give us lots of photographs of him.

LEDA FICETOLI,
Chicago Heights, Ill.

* * *

Every Maiden's Prayer

HAVE just secured a copy of your most charming magazine, MOVIE CLASSIC. It is very interesting from cover to cover—never dull—and I've instructed my newsdealer to reserve a copy for me every month.

Believe I'll try for one of the monthly prizes. Wait until I rub my rabbit's foot for luck. Here goes:

Every Maiden's Prayer
For a Man With—
Ramon Novarro's charm
John Gilbert's fire
Paul Lukas' sincerity
Warner Baxter's hair
Doug Senior's smile
Maurice Chevalier's lips
Clive Brook's reserve
George O'Brien's physique
and
Lawrence Tibbett's voice.
Amen.

J. WASSO, JR.

* * *

Harpo's Fate

THERE'S fate for you. Harpo Marx was only one of thousands when he tried to get into silent pictures. He could only secure a minor part. However, now that the screen has found its voice, it is the voiceless one of the Marx quartette who is the outstanding comic of the four. His film career must be the greatest paradox in screen history.

M. STEVENSON,
Cleveland, O.

* * *

Straight Stuff

YOU give your readers information straight from the shoulder. I am going to give you my opinion straight from the shoulder. Your magazine is simply charming! It possesses a certain something which other magazines of its kind lack and that is a frank and entertaining way of letting people know what's what. And you can give your readers credit for one thing—the ability of knowing a good magazine when they see one.

LILLIE KAUFMAN,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

* * *

Thalia Reigns Supreme

I AM not a rabid picture fan. I am a woman who allows herself only a modicum of time for the theater and its attendant publications. I do not try to know all the everbudding new players and there are any number of veterans whom I have never seen.

But I have rules which I hold inviolate: I must go to smile over Charlie Chaplin, to chuckle over Marie Dressler and Polly Moran and to simply scream over the Marx Brothers. I make it my business to witness all their excellent performances.

Yes, it is Thalia, the comic muse, who reigns supreme with me. Like everyone else I cannot afford to miss an opportunity to laugh. "The merrier the heart, the longer the life."

However, Melpomene, the tragic muse, has her share of adulation when I see an occasional Arliss, Barrymore, or Garbo film.

But, I say, long live Thalia!

BEATRICE B. COLIN,
Worcester, Mass.

* * *

Sylvia's Mistake

WHY do writers keep assuming that Clara Bow is down? She has been sick, yes, but never down. Ask her fans. Then get Einstein to help you and just try to count those fans.

Elissa Landi was met on her arrival in London by her husband, Mr. John Lawrence, prominent London barrister. After a year's absence it must have been quite a treat to have the Missus back with him, even if it is only for a brief stay

Of her two successors, I admire Peggy Shannon. She is a wonderful actress, beautiful, modest and lovely. Miss Shannon is also discreet and silent.

Sylvia Sidney also may be good, but after she told the press what she thought was wrong with Clara Bow, I was disappointed in her—as if anything was wrong with Clara Bow, and as if it became Miss Sidney to say so if there was. Many a rival actress has deplored the fact that there was not half enough wrong with Clara.

You don't hear Miss Bow criticising her successors or any other actress.

O, well, don't feel too badly about it, Sylvia. Perhaps it was just a slip of the tongue and we won't hold it against you this time. We all make mistakes. Better luck next time.

M. B. B.,
Taft, Cal.

R. R. DONNELLEY & SONS CO., CHICAGO

That Spells an Excellent Magazine

MY first reading of 'your magazine
MOVIE CLASSIC, makes me want to
tell the whole world what I think about it
My dear Mr. and Mrs. America, I want
tO tell you that MOVIE CLASSIC, with its
viVid character sketches and wealth of
motIon picture news is simply the most
marvElous magazine ever placed on the
market.
Comedy and tragedy have their places
aLl through its colorful pages.
I Am an earnest purchaser for many reasons
It Satisfies old and young due to the variety
of uSeful material. It is fair to those alluded to
and wIns the hearts of the fans. It is unbiased
and exCellency is the only word that applies
to
My, yours, our MOVIE CLASSIC.

MAXINE J. STICKLE,
Los Angeles, Calif.

* * *

Likes Our Pictures

WHOOPEE! That sure was great. I just finished going through the new MOVIE CLASSIC. I have several other movie magazines, but MOVIE CLASSIC sure has them all beat by a mile. I especially like the gravure sections, crammed full of lovely photographs. I usually clip out my favorites and these sections sure add to my picture collection.

ORA MAE YOUCK,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

* * *

Knows We're the Best

MOVIE CLASSIC—and how! It's the best magazine I've read in many years and I know because I've taken them all. MOVIE CLASSIC beats them all. It has everything that all the other movie magazines have combined.

I would like to put in a word or two for George O'Brien. He goes to the head of the class when it comes to acting in Western pictures. I would hate to see him dressed up in a tuxedo acting in one of those silly up-to-date romances because he belongs in the great out-door pictures.

MELVIE KAUPPI,
Hancock, Mich.

* * *

More Bouquets

I LIKE MOVIE CLASSIC's short and pleasant come-to-the-point interviews. It sure is different than any other magazine on the market. The news and gossip are written very chatty and are the real stuff.

Good luck to the best magazine in the field—MOVIE CLASSIC!

HILDA KURZ,
New York, N. Y.

* * *

Another Pleased Customer

RETURNED from the corner drug store with a copy of your new magazine—MOVIE CLASSIC—about two hours ago and if you are a good guesser you know that I've been between the two covers of your smart movie book because I found it very interesting. I must admit it is the best ten-cent magazine that can be bought.

Your selection of photographs for your picture sections is just what I wanted. I enjoyed the Tabloid stories because they tell the story without a lot of words and make snappy and easy reading.

MRS. EDW. G. T.,
Cleveland, O.

twice the beauty

from face powder if you use

princess pat

the

famous

almond base

makes it

different.

Face powder gives the greatest beauty when it is *softest*. The characteristic of Princess Pat face powder, which invariably brings delight, is its *unusual* softness. It gives to the skin a new, velvety smoothness — beauty that is natural, and not "powdery."

All the many advantages of Princess Pat face powder are due to its almond base. And since no other powder possesses an almond base, Princess Pat is bound to be different — bound to be a glorious experience when it is used for the first time. No woman really knows the excellence to which powder can attain until she has tried "the powder with the almond base."

A Difference With a Reason. So many powders are described as impalpable, or fine, or clinging or of purest ingredients. But do you find that these virtues are *explained?*

If Princess Pat lacked its marvelous almond base, it, too, would lack explanation. But every woman knows that almond in its various forms is the most soothing and delightful of all beauty aids.

The usual base of face powders is starch. The slightest thought must convince any woman that almond as a powder base is preferable to starch in the very nature of things.

Consequently there really *is* a reason for the difference immediately noticeable when Princess Pat face powder is tried.

And Your Skin is Actually Improved. Of course Princess Pat is used primarily for the greater beauty it gives immediately — as powder — as an essential of make-up. It is preferred for its dainty fragrance; for the hours and hours it clings — longer than you'd dare hope.

But there is something additional to account for the preference of women who know. The almond in Princess Pat is definitely *good for the skin*. All the while your face powder is on, the almond exerts its soothing, beneficial qualities. Continued use of Princess Pat almond base face powder is an excellent preventive of coarse pores. It helps wonderfully in overcoming either oily skin, or dry skin. For it helps make the skin *normal* — in which event there cannot be dryness or oiliness.

Yes, Princess Pat *does give* "twice the beauty" from face powder — and millions of women use it for this reason.

PRINCESS PAT

Princess Pat
Princess Pat Cream
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The popular Week End Set for this coupon and 25c (coin). Contains Princess Pat Rouge, Lip Rouge, almond base Powder and three creams in liberal, attractive sizes. Also new booklet of valuable beauty secrets.

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It isn't only that Camels are made of the choicest tobaccos—fine Turkish and mild Domestic tobaccos expertly blended. . . .

It isn't only that these fine tobaccos are cleaned by a special vacuum process that whisks away all the peppery dust.

It's that *all* the goodness of these fine, clean tobaccos — *all* the rare fragrance, *all* the delightful aroma — reaches you factory-perfect — prime, mild, *fresh!*

The Humidor Pack does that — seals within germ-safe, moisture-proof Cellophane *all* the natural freshness — seals it so tightly that wet weather cannot make Camels damp, nor drought weather make them dry.

So just try Camels—fine cigarettes kept fine — as a relief from stale, parched, dried-out cigarettes.

Then you'll see why millions of folks like you are finding the cool, smooth, throat-friendly pleasure of Camels something well worth cheering about!

Tune in CAMEL QUARTER HOUR featuring Morton Downey and Tony Wons — Camel Orchestra, direction Jacques Renard — Columbia System — every night except Sunday

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Smoke a fresh cigarette
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● *Don't remove the moisture-proof Cellophane from your package of Camels after you open it. The Humidor Pack is protection against perfume and powder odors, dust and germs. Even in offices and homes, in the dry atmosphere of artificial heat, the Humidor Pack delivers fresh Camels and keeps them right until the last one has been smoked*

CAMELS

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